SEPT 14,
1935

Liberty

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THE SIN THEY DO – *A Startling New Novel of an American G*
by VIÑA DELMAR

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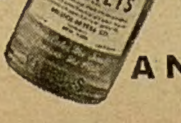

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

SEPTEMBER 14, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 37

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
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YES—Let's Share the Wealth

SHARING the wealth is a popular slogan these days. Some of our citizens who have nothing would like such a division, and the situation is so harrowing for some of them that they can hardly be blamed. The administration has started a colossal spending program—another way of spreading the wealth through taxation.

But suppose it were possible to divide the wealth of the country, giving every citizen an equal share. What would happen to the business of the country? Would the owners and employers continue to work as energetically and enthusiastically if practically everything they had earned were taken from them?

The amount each citizen would acquire would probably approximate about one thousand dollars in stocks, bonds, or mortgages. And a few million of our people who are worth more than one thousand dollars—perhaps three, four, five, or ten thousand dollars—would probably object more strenuously to parting with their hard-earned property than those who are classed as millionaires.

And how about the justice of such a procedure? Stealing is stealing, regardless of the method used. If one has honestly earned a competence, has saved a few thousand dollars in property or securities, and it is taken from him to divide among his fellow citizens, we would have to call it stealing. There is no other name for it.

Every man who is imbued with the spirit of true Americanism wants to earn his way through life. He has no desire to become a highwayman or burglar. He wants to feel that every dollar paid to him has been acquired through his own personal efforts.

Now let us take a concrete example. Suppose the wealth of the country were to be divided. Ford's magnificent plant for manufacturing automobiles would have to be converted into a stock company. The value of this great organization would be passed, through stock certificates, into the hands of millions of owners. Would Mr. Ford take the same interest in promoting the business? Would he have the same enthusiasm, the same desire to create new models in extending the sale of his products throughout the world? He would doubtless consider the division of his property so unfair that he would give it but little attention thereafter; and identically the same situation would prevail with any other large or even small business organization.

Naturally, one must have a whole-hearted, keen interest in a business to give it his entire time. Any one who builds up a large enterprise knows nothing about working hours. He often awakens in the middle of the night and contrives plans for the promotion of his interests. Many executives in developing their businesses work one hundred or more hours every week. No one ever built up a business on a thirty-hour week. No one ever acquired a competence on a thirty-hour week.

Throughout all nature every species of life must work for the privilege of living, and the human world should be no exception. The division-of-wealth nonsense with which some politicians are seeking the limelight is not possible in a stable government. It would ruin every business in the land. The stocks and bonds and mortgages which might be divided among the people would rapidly decrease in value. Even our currency would soon lose a large part of its buying power, for we must remember that it is business values that stabilize the government. If we made changes in the management of huge enterprises, the market values of their securities would rapidly decline.

Business organizations are one of the largest sources of taxation, and the claptrap nonsense paraded by cheap politicians about dividing the wealth should be understood at its true worth. To divide it would destroy a large part of its value. No citizen could own a home worth more than a thousand dollars.

And if we want calamities which will bring complete destruction, which will tear the heart out of every worth-while enterprise, and damage the credit of the government so seriously that even the millions of persons now on the dole would be without support, the division of wealth as proposed by some agitators is the quickest method of accomplishing such a disastrous result.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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BEGINNING

A Brilliant and Startling New Novel of Tempestuous Lives and Loves—A Story of Youth, a Storm-Tossed Romance, and the Heart of an American Girl . . . . .

THE Sin THEY DO

by VIÑA DELMAR

EADING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

> The sin they do by two and two
> they must pay for one by one.
> —*Kipling.*

PART ONE—"HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M ALIVE"

As they emerged from the rushing gloom of the vehicular tunnel he said to her, "Well, honey, we are now in the State of New Jersey. Ever been here before?"

"Yes," she said. "I had an aunt who lived in Hackensack. I used to come to see her."

He began to hum a little song.

"I love a day like this," he said. "Everything's so damned right. The weather's O. K. The car is working like a charm. I feel great and"—he turned and smiled at her—"and I'm in good company."

She laughed. "You left out the most important thing, pal. You've got a job. And you got me a job. At least we won't worry from Decoration Day to Labor Day. God bless the summer season and the Jersey coast and Mr. Schwartz's Palais de la Mer and all the other cafés that give work to starving entertainers."

"Amen to that," he said, "and this starving entertainer is going to save like a son of a gun all through the summer."

There was a silence while they thought of a magical autumn season when they should return to New York. He would ask her to marry him then. She knew it instinctively and she wondered if he knew it yet. Or did he believe that he was just humanly sorry for a girl who had nobody—sorry enough that he had offered to divide his money with her, had taken her to dinner every night for weeks, and had finally demanded a job for her when he was offered one that he desperately wanted?

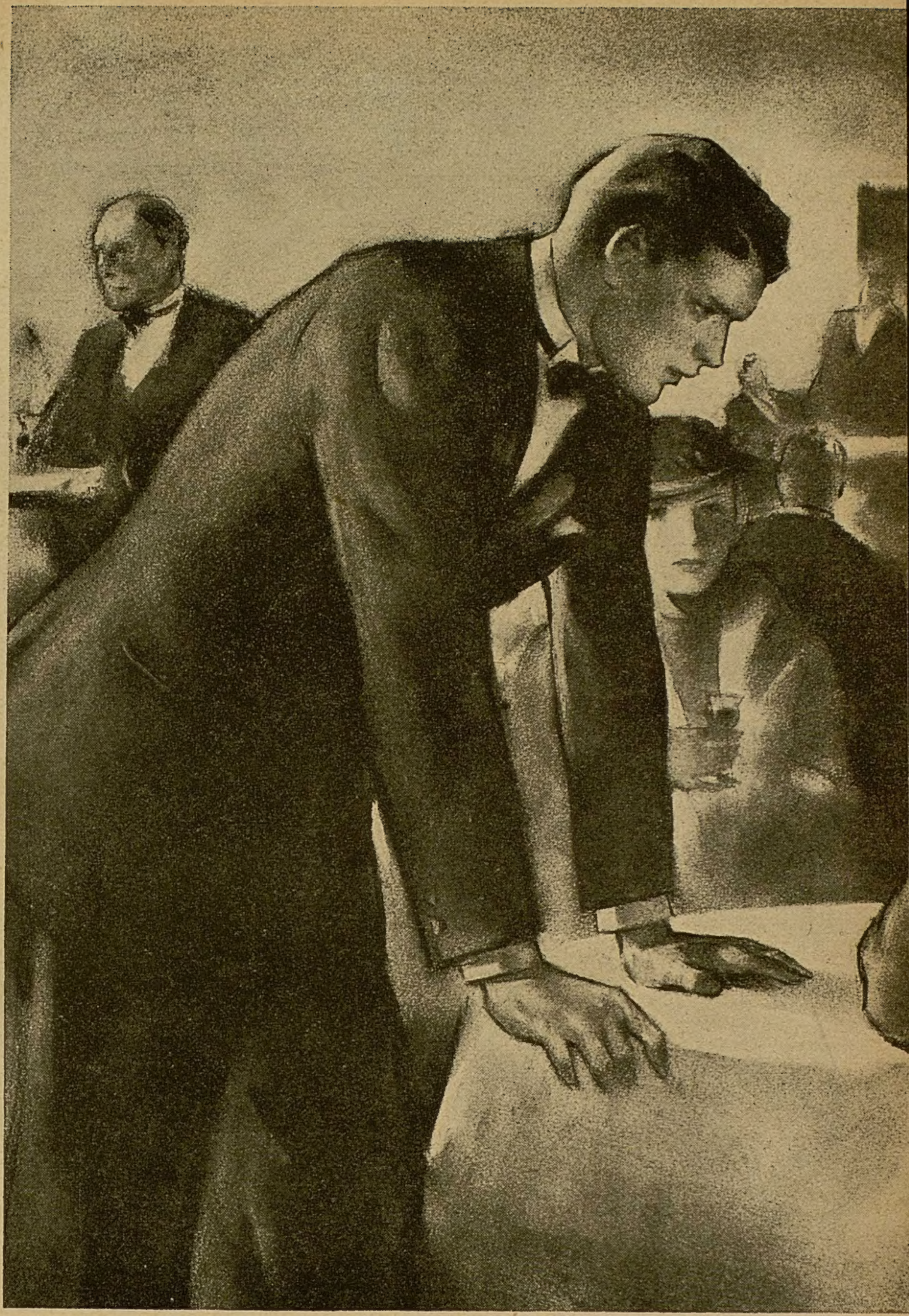
She was not certain what she would say when he asked her to marry him. He was very nice, but she didn't love him. She couldn't love him, else she would be certain what she would say when he finally spoke.

"Come on, we'll sing."

She obeyed him, lifting her voice in one of his favorites. Her voice was only a second-rate café voice and he was really a pianist by profession. But they sang their way across the Jersey meadows and to the ocean front and right up to the door of Mr. Kenneth Schwartz's Palais de la Mer.

He never set out to be autobiographical. Yet she would have been able to answer for him all the questions on an employment agency's application blank. Ted Earle, aged twenty-six, born in Alabama. Two years of high

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ALBERT ROSS CARTER



school. Never married. Never ill. Both parents alive. No sisters. No brothers. From good God-fearing self-respecting middle-class folks. Probably Baptists. He sent money home and hadn't been in Alabama for seven years. These things she knew from listening carefully while he talked of everything except himself and his people.

There were many, many things she knew about him, and nothing that he knew about her. She told him nothing, for he never asked and she did not wish to bore him. He did not even know that Sherry Mack was not her right name. If she had said to him, "My name is Sherwin MacCleave," he would only have said, "That's a pretty name."

Her father had been Sherwin MacCleave also, and he had started out with a brownstone house, a beautiful brass-trimmed automobile, and a glowing bride. Sherry had photographs to prove that all these things were true, that all of them had once been the fine possessions of Dr. Sherwin MacCleave. One by one he had lost them. The glowing bride first, and he had never gotten over his contempt for a Power that made childbirth dangerous and at the same time withheld from a man a full and complete knowledge of the human body and its reactions.

By the time Sherry was sixteen she knew two things about her father. She knew that she would probably never meet a more brilliant man, and she knew that he was an habitual drunkard. She knew things about his practice, too, but she pretended not to know. She had listened to the tales of the side streets and was full of their wisdom.

She appeared one amateur night on a local vaudeville bill because she was confident of winning first prize, which was twenty-five dollars. After the first half minute of singing she realized that come hell or high water she would be able to make some kind of living with the sweet frail voice.

Then one night she came home from a party and found him very quiet and fearsomely grave.

"I'm very sick," he said to her. "I've been sick for weeks. I've never been wrong in my life on a diagnosis, and I tell you I'm dying. Oh, not tonight, but pretty soon. Get me a drink, will you?"

She got him a drink.

Then he said, "Better call an ambulance. Tell them I'm a doctor. Maybe those damned internes will have a little more respect."

But the damned internes read the story of Dr. Sherwin MacCleave in his yellowed eyeballs and in his quivering hands, and it was not respect they felt but pity. He told them the history of his case, gave them his diagnosis, and told them that extreme torpor would be replaced by total unconsciousness, followed by death, all within the space of three weeks.

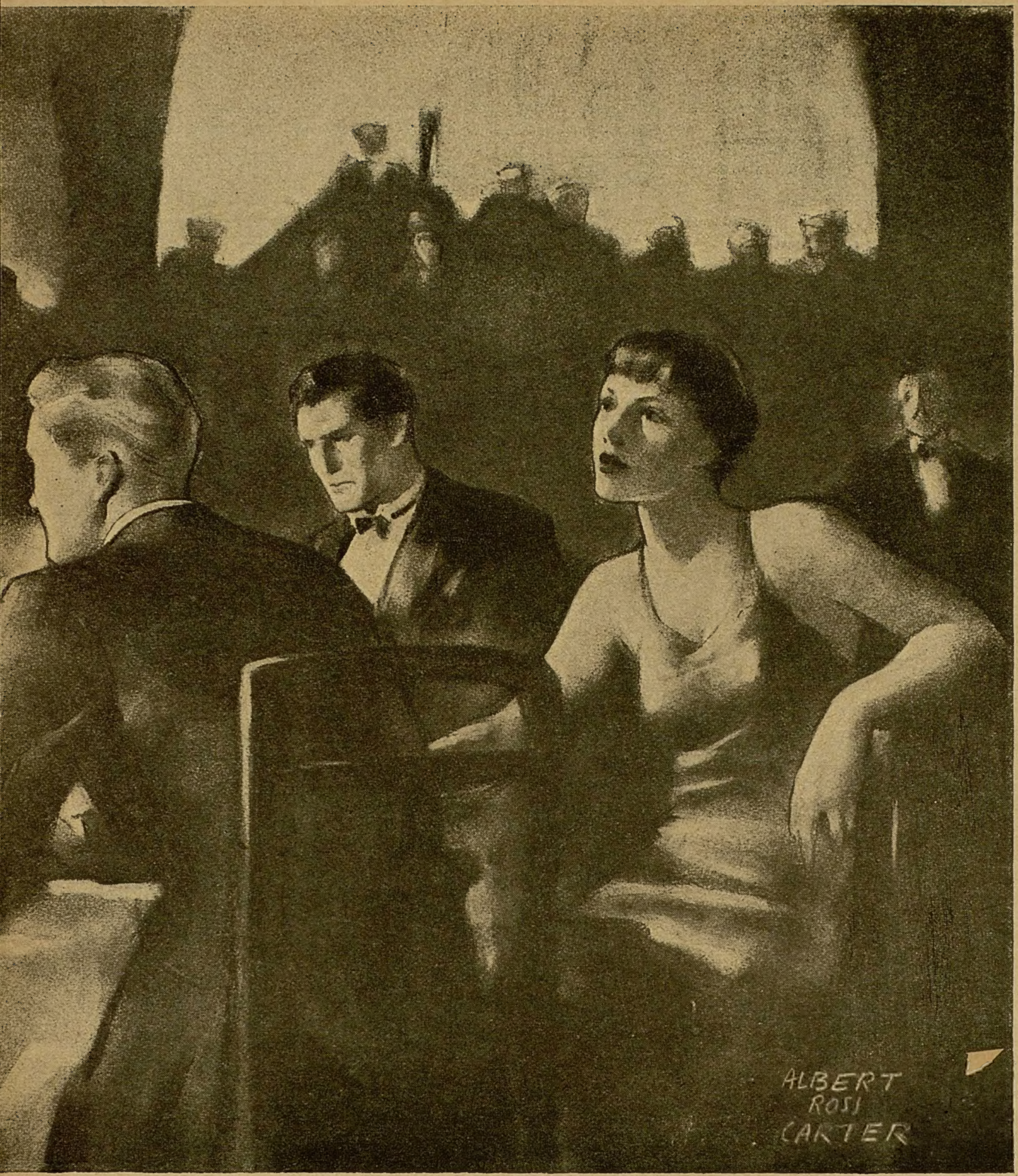
And he was right. Sherry destroyed his file case and indexes, sold his books, gave the furniture to the landlord, and became Sherry Mack. She got a job in Coney Island singing sweet ballads that were never heard because of the roller coaster next door. When autumn came she was experienced. Donoven's, Shanghai Inn, Cloud Castle, Rosemere Café took her through other years. Each was a cut above the last and in each she dropped an affectation of her side-street days, so that by the time she was twenty-one she was unpainted, tastefully dressed, and wore an unmistakable air of refinement.

NOW the Palais de la Mer was dimly illuminated by a soft green glow. You were to suppose yourself resting easily on the floor of the ocean. The ash trays were clamshells, the shades on the little table lights were clamshells, the dance floor was outlined in clamshells. The boys of the orchestra were dressed as sailors.

On the night following Mr. Schwartz's Decoration Day opening the café was satisfactorily peopled. Of course it was still a little early for the summer crowds, but local people, Mr. Schwartz reflected tolerantly, were not to be sneezed at. There was money in Asbury Park, in Red Bank, and in Long Branch. All-year-round money.

Mr. Schwartz fingered his mustache caressingly and walked across the dance floor to give the personal touch to a party that had arrived about fifteen minutes before. He thought of them as a lady and two gentlemen because the customer is always right.

They looked up at him almost hostilely, he thought,



"Don't let me chase you," he said. "I know my friends are enjoying your company more than they would mine."

as he bowed and said good evening. At least one of the gentlemen was very short in his reply and the lady did not answer at all.

"Are you folks being well taken care of?" he asked.

The other gentleman smiled and said that everything was fine. Mr. Schwartz nodded and withdrew.

"Now what did that guy want?" asked the curt gentleman.

"Only the assurance that he has a beautiful place and that you'll be a steady customer."

"Well, I won't be. I'm sick of those damn clamshells already."

The lady laughed at the remark and the gentleman who had made it glared at her for a few seconds and then asked, "Why won't you marry me?"

The other gentleman abruptly pushed back his chair and departed.

"Because I don't want to get married."

"Why don't you have courage enough to tell the truth? Why don't you say that I'm not good enough for you, that I bore you, that you don't like me?"

"Because it's sufficient to say that I don't want to get married, and, incidentally, quite true."

"I don't believe it."

"All right." She lit a cigarette. Meanwhile he stared at her hungrily. What he saw is impossible to guess. Surely he must have seen something different than other people saw when they looked at her. She was unpowdered, and her hair fell in careless disarray from beneath her hat. She was not passing through one of her infrequent spells where clothes were important, so she was wearing a small black-straw sailor with a cluster of scarlet geraniums on the band, a camel's-hair coat, a pink sweater, and bottle-green-velvet skirt. It would seem that such a costume must have been premeditated. It was not. It had merely happened, as did most of Frederica's costumes.

SHE had gray eyes and extraordinary long dark lashes, perfect strong teeth, and very white skin. Her hair had been blonde in infancy; now it was that indeterminate shade that a woman's hair so often is just before it becomes a spectacular shade of gold or a ravishing titian.

"You think I'm just no good."

She looked at him with as much surprise in her expression as though he had never said that to her before.

"Why, you know I don't think any such thing, Clint. You're swell. We're pals, aren't we?"

"I know, Freddie; but I can't be pals with you. I love you."

A couple dancing by at that moment caught his words and impolitely looked their amazement. Freddie did not notice. Not his words nor the couple. The couple was too commonplace to draw her attention and the words she had heard from him ten thousand times. It would only have amused her had she known that the couple were to be reminded all summer long every time they entered the Palais de la Mer of the handsome young man who had said "I love you" to a frowzy little girl in a funny hat.

She had known Clint twenty-three years. That was since her birth. When she thought at all of his appearance she thought only that he was under weight. Other girls might have noticed his slim grace and attractive profile, but Clint didn't care what other girls noticed.

"Oh, Clint, let's be reasonable. We've driven Roy away after we promised him we wouldn't argue."

"We haven't argued."

"No, but he saw an argument coming."

"Then, by God, he saw something I didn't see. I wasn't going to argue. Think I'd bring you out here and then argue with you? You sure have a fine opinion of me. And so has he, if that's what he thought."

She didn't reply. It was useless, considering that he appeared to forget that every evening they spent together, whether in or out, ended in an argument and that Roy was generally the miserable third person whom Clint called upon for testimony, corroboration, and verdict.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked suddenly. "Shall we go?"

"No, I want to stay a while. There'll be some entertainment."

"Oh, very well," he said stiffly. "Do you mind if I go? I'll see that Roy takes you home."

"That'll be all right. Good night, Clint."

But he didn't go and she had known that he wouldn't.

A girl stepped out in front of the orchestra and began to sing. The dancers did not seem to notice. Clint looked at Freddie and asked, "Is that what you mean by entertainment?"

"No, I meant people singing when the customers are listening."

"Well, we're listening, aren't we?"

"Don't be difficult. You know perfectly well what I mean."

"No, I don't. I'm listening to her. Or maybe I'm nobody. Is that it? Even if I am nobody, at least I'm listening. People ought to listen to her. She's trying to earn a living."

"I can't imagine a more thankless way to do it," Freddie said. "She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"I'll tell you then. She is."

The song was soon finished and the girl retired unapplauded and unnoticed.

Roy came back to Freddie and Clint. For some time he had been observing them from behind a pillar and had finally decided that there was no argument in progress.

"Well," he beamed at them as he sat down, "feel like eating something?"

"If we did I'd have ordered it," Clint said coldly. "I'm quite capable of ordering food and attending to all such small details as don't require any great intellect."

"Guess that means you're not hungry. I am though. How about you, Freddie?"

"No, I don't want anything. Where were you?"

"Outside, getting a little air. Got talking to a fellow who's one of the entertainers. He said he'd been working at the Balmoral Gardens last winter, so I guess he's pretty good. We ought to wait and hear him."

Into the spotlight was rolled a small white piano, followed by a pleasant-looking young man with dark wavy hair and a most engaging smile.

"That's the fellow," Roy whispered.

THE young man struck a few notes on the piano and began to sing. His song was smartly off color. His audience liked it and applauded enthusiastically. He sang another with lyrical pauses in which he carelessly and smilingly tossed off some very fine piano playing. Then the spotlight disappeared and he was gone.

"He was cute," Freddie said.

"He was smart-alecky," Clint argued. "I hate people who entertain like that, as though it was nothing at all."

Roy intervened. "He's a Southerner and he's friendly and isn't conceited or affected."

"I'm wrong again."

"You'll always be wrong when you talk and don't know what you're talking about," Freddie said. "Roy spoke to the fellow and you didn't. Who knows better what he's like? You or Roy?"

Clint stood up. He swayed slightly. "Good night," he said, looking into Freddie's eyes. "I hope it will be more pleasant without me. I will leave the car for you. I'll take a taxi."

He walked away looking very hurt and dejected.

Freddie glanced at her watch. "I didn't expect this so early tonight," she said.

Roy smiled. "How about eating a little something while he's gone? He didn't want anything anyway."

They consulted the menu and Roy called a waiter. Freddie gazed about while he gave the order.

"There's your friend, Roy," she said. "Ask him to have a drink with us. He's coming this way."

The young man, she thought, might relieve the feeling of weighted gloom that Clint always managed to leave behind him.

The young man, passing their table, saw Roy and smiled.

"We liked your music," Roy said.

"Did you? Thanks. The songs are all new and I'm still a little nervous."

"Won't you sit down and have a drink with us?"

"Please do," Freddie added quickly.

Roy said, "I'm sorry, I don't know your name."

"Earle—Ted Earle."

ROY made the introduction and Mr. Earle smiled at Miss Wheaton and Miss Wheaton smiled at Mr. Earle but Mr. Earle remained standing.

"Come on, have a drink," Roy insisted. "Oh, by the way, my name's Roy Richards."

Ted Earle sat down. He had sensed that for some reason these people genuinely desired his company. He ordered coffee.

The girl who had sung before appeared again, sang, and disappeared once more.

Roy's guest stood up, smiled, and said, "Well, I guess I have to run along. Thanks for the coffee. Come in again, will you?"

Freddie said, "You don't have to go. Bring her over here."

The young man flushed. "I'll see if she wants to come. She's kind of shy." He darted away.

"Shy, my eye," Freddie commented. "He's leaving a loophole in case she takes a flash at us and says, 'What! Those people! Over my dead body!'"

But he came back a few minutes later with the girl. "Miss Wheaton, this is Miss Sherry Mack. Mr. Richards, Miss Mack."

Sherry thought Freddie a fantastic little thing, not unattractive perhaps, but certainly dowdy; and she looked at Roy and wondered why he had chosen to squire her. He was such a clean-cut fine-looking young man, with his crisp yellow hair and frank blue eyes.

Everything was going splendidly when Clint materialized from nowhere, looked at and through the strangers, and said to Freddie, "I trust I won't intrude if I sit down at my own table."

"No. Come ahead. This is Miss Mack and Mr. Earle, Mr. Clemons."

The acknowledgements were distant and unpromising.

Ted said, "Well, folks, we have some people we must see."

Clint had just dropped into a chair which Roy had set for him, but he immediately arose. "Don't let me chase you," he said. "I know my friends are enjoying your company more than they would mine. I'll go instead."

"Don't be a damn fool," Roy murmured.

"Sit down," Freddie ordered.

"Are you sure you want me?" Clint asked.

"Of course, you damn fool."

He sat down. His eyes lighted on Sherry.

"You're the young lady who sang, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Sherry, "I sang."

"And very nicely."

"Thank you."

"I listened very carefully to you. Perhaps it doesn't matter, but I just thought I'd tell you."

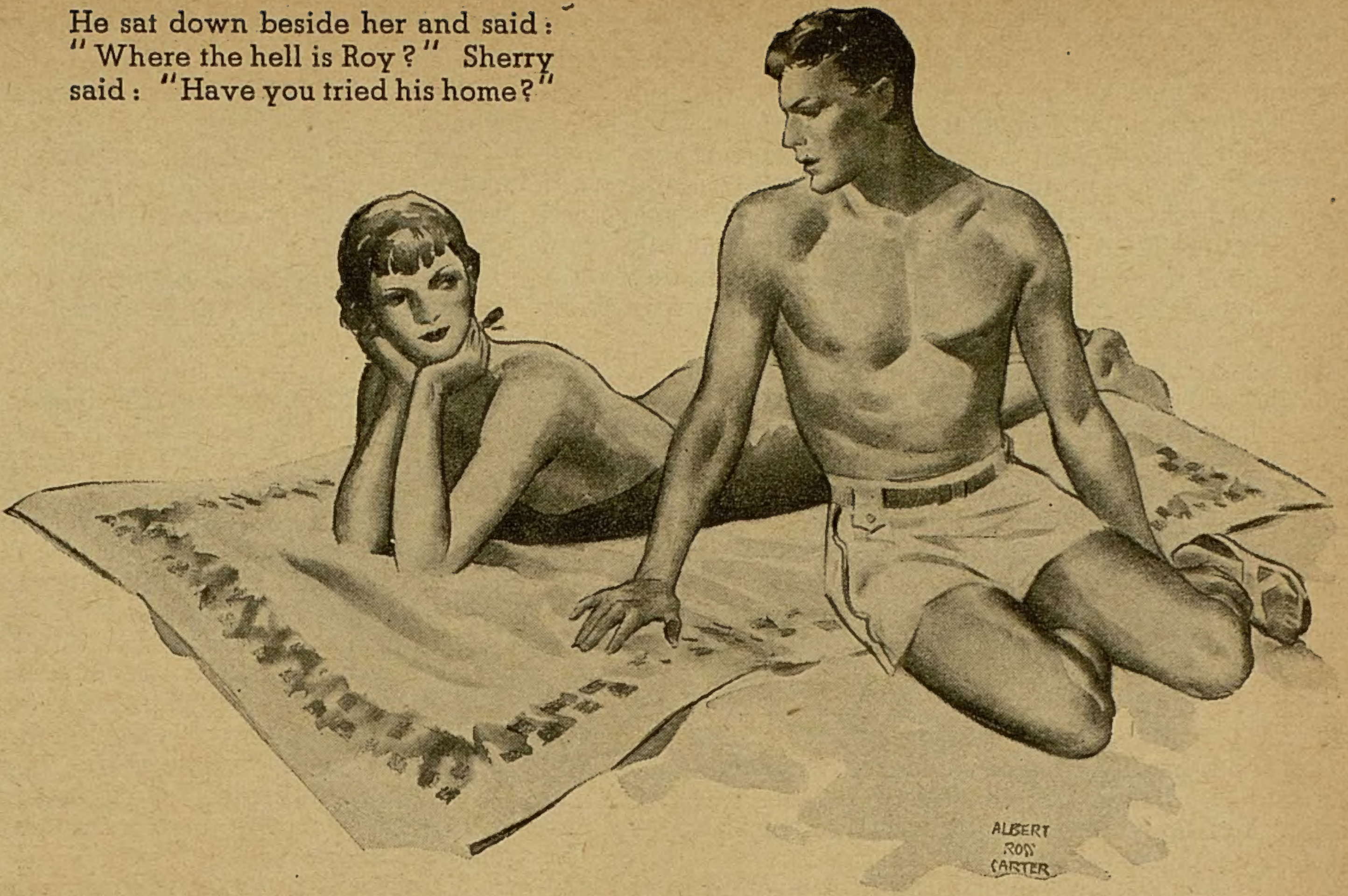
"It matters a great deal."

"No, it doesn't. You're just being polite." He looked at Ted. "You don't know how to sing, but you play the piano like a son of a gun. Why do you play it as though it was so easy you hated it?"

Ted smiled. "Just a pose, I guess," he said.

"Well, I don't like it."

Freddie turned upon him suddenly. "Good God!" she cried. "Can't you act like a human being? This fellow doesn't give a tinker's damn whether you like his performance or not. It's only your miserable egotism that makes you think you can hurt him by saying that you don't."



He sat down beside her and said: "Where the hell is Roy?" Sherry said: "Have you tried his home?"

Clint rose, but before he could speak she was plunging on: "Yes, go home, and for the love of heaven don't pretend about it this time. Go away and stay away."

Clint turned to Roy. "Will you please see that Frederica gets home safely?"

Roy nodded. "O. K., fellow," he said.

Clint moved slowly and unsteadily away from the table. Sherry Mack looked at Roy. "That fellow is as drunk as a hoot owl. He'll kill himself if he tries to drive a car." She pushed back her chair and stood up.

Freddie said, "Oh, you're going to stop him, huh? I suppose you know all about how to handle him."

"At least I'll try to stop him," said Sherry.

"I'll go, dear." Ted hurried away from the table and Sherry sat down again.

Roy smiled at her. "Clint isn't as drunk as you think. He acts pretty much the same cold sober."

"He's in no condition to drive," Sherry protested doggedly.

Freddie looked at her. "Your surprising interest in Clint forces me to tell you that I think it would be a good idea for you to mind your own business. I know Clint, he belongs to me, and we've always gotten along without outside help and he's still alive."

Roy said, "Now, girls—"

Sherry said, "I don't care who he belongs to, and I'm not interested. It's only a matter of—"

"I know," Freddie said. "It's only a matter of sticking your face into other people's business."

AT that moment Ted came back.

"You'd better go out," he said to Roy. "He wouldn't listen to reason, so I poked him. The way I figure, that's saving his life—the condition he's in."

"Oh, you poked him, did you?" Freddie demanded. "You poked him because you didn't like the things he said about your act, didn't you, you sniveling smart aleck? Well, here!" She fetched him a sudden blow across the face with her purse.

"Freddie!" Roy admonished.

The other patrons stared in joyful horror. Mr. Schwartz came hurrying over as Freddie rushed away with Roy following her.

"Ted knocked a fellow out, Mr. Schwartz," Sherry explained. "It was that girl's sweetheart and it made her angry. He was drunk and he insisted upon driving. Ted couldn't make him give up the idea, so he knocked him out. He might have been killed if he had driven. Mr. Schwartz, it wouldn't have been good for the place to have a tragedy hanging over it all summer."

Mr. Schwartz went from table to table spreading Sherry's story, leaving out only the business angle.

"Thanks for the scenario, Sherry," Ted said. "Did you have some special interest in that fellow, honey?"

"No, Ted. How could I have?"

But he had a feeling that she was lying. . . .

Awakening at noon the next day, Freddie reached for the telephone. She called Clint's house and got no answer. The colored man who did his straightening up must have finished and gone, and Clint must be either asleep or out.

She drove to Clint's house and got no answer when she rang the bell. She looked in the garage. His car was there. She ran up the steps of the boardwalk and scanned the beach. Leaning against a boardwalk stanchion, gazing gloomily out to sea, was Clint in bathing trunks.

"How are you?" she asked when she reached him.

"Awful. What in hell happened to me last night?"

"You took a sock in the nose from a piano player over at the café."

"Say, who was that girl?"

"What girl?"

"The girl who was with us for a while. Roy raved about her this morning."

"Then he must have mentioned who she was."

"Said she was an entertainer, that's all."

"Well, that's all we know. What'll we do today, Clint?"

"Let's get married."

"No, not today."

"When, then?"

"Never."

"Why not?"

"Oh, my God, must we really and truly go all over it again, Clint? I simply am not going to get married."

"But I love you. Why can't you love me?"

"I guess I do. God knows it must be something that keeps me chasing around with the most disagreeable young man I've ever met."

"Oh, thanks awfully." He turned his eyes back to the ocean and gazed at it sulkily from beneath heavy lids. Then, "I don't suppose you want to go to that Italian place on Long Branch for dinner tonight, do you?"

"Sure, I'd love to."

"Do you think you could stand my company?"

"I always have. Are you going to ask Roy along?"

"No. He said he'd be busy tonight."

ROY sat down at a corner table in the Palais de la Mer that night, ordered a highball, and sent a message to Mr. Earle and Miss Mack that Mr. Richards would deeply appreciate their joining him for a drink.

They greeted him cordially, ordered coffee, and waved his apologies aside.

"I didn't know Freddie was going to hit you, old man," Roy explained. "Clint has a habit of causing trouble, but he means no harm. He's a swell fellow. He'd give you anything in the world."

"If he gives me a wide berth I'll be satisfied," Ted said. "I don't like his kind." He stood up. "I've got to meet those people over at the big table. They're the boss's friends. I'll leave Sherry with you. She'll give you a dance, I think."

He walked away, and Roy said, "Would you?"

She looked at him and said, "Dance? Not now.

Maybe later. Now tell me all about Clint and Freddie."

"Well, his name is Clinton Clemons. Her name is Frederica Wheaton."

"Are they in love with each other?"

"I don't know about Freddie, but he's certainly mad about her. She's an only child. Her parents died within a week of each other when she was a kid. For years her grandmother lived with her, and finally she died too. Freddie has a good income and she lives by herself on a big farm at Sea Edge, nine miles and two towns from here. She has—"

His listener interrupted.

"I guess I really meant—tell me about him."

A sudden mask dropped down over Roy's face. "Nobody talks about Clinton Clemons. There's nothing to tell. Ask about me."

"Well, all right. What about you?"

"I'm a lawyer. My father's a lawyer too, only he's a good one. He thought it would be nice if I—"

"Oh, I've heard that one. Do you mind?"

"No," he said. "What are you going to do tomorrow?"

"I don't know."

"Will you take a ride with me?"

She thought of Ted and wondered what she should do. Ted had not asked her to devote herself to him exclusively. Perhaps he would not even like her to keep all her spare time at his disposal.

"I'd like to see some of the country around here," she said. "It must be beautiful."

There was wistfulness in her tone.

He smiled at her. "Yes, it's lovely," he said. "And we must see that you have a lovely summer."

Sherry had found a room two blocks from the ocean, in a little house owned by a widow. After a week she settled into a routine:

Bed at four every morning. Up at twelve. The beach at one and an hour's nap every afternoon at five. Then on to work.

She could not swim, so she lay on the sand and watched the people about her. On the fourth day Roy Richards joined her.

"Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Right on this patch of beach every day from one to five. Where have you been? Not at the Palais de la Mer. That much I know."

"No. I haven't been able to make it."

"I enjoyed that ride we had together," she said. "I know that sounds like a hint that I want to be taken again. Well, it is."

"And I want to take you." He stood up and held out his hand to her. "Come on."

"Where?"

"Over there," he motioned vaguely. "You don't want to sit with the rabble all summer, do you?"

"Why not? They're sitting with me and not complaining."

But he led her into the private club on the ocean front that was so arrogantly surrounded by a tall wire fence.

PEOPLE smiled politely as Roy presented her to them. They were invited to join a crowd, and Roy brought her a chair, a parasol, and a glass of iced tea.

A slim young matron in a striped suit asked Sherry where she was staying.

Sherry said, "Down the street about two blocks."

Eyebrows rose wonderingly. Then, "With friends, I expect?"

Sherry found herself suddenly ashamed to tell exactly how she lived, and so it had to be done.

"No, I am not with friends. I rent a room in a little house down there. You see, I work at the Palais de la Mer. I sing there."

"Oh. How nice. You met Roy there, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my God," some one said, "here they come! I knew things were going too well."

Sherry looked around and saw advancing toward the group Clint Clemons and Freddie Wheaton. Freddie was wearing a very brief black bathing suit and it revealed, surprisingly enough, a beautifully proportioned little figure. Clint said, "Hello," and sat down in the sand. Freddie collapsed on a chair.

Roy said, "H'ya? You remember Sherry Mack, don't you?"

Freddie said "Yes" without looking around. Clint said, "Oh, how do you do?" He smiled a thin mocking smile at her. Sherry smiled at him and turned back to the sea. There was something about him that excited her. He was good-looking, but there was something more. Something inexplainable that made his very presence an adventure.

THE slim young matron asked, "Clint, have you been to the Palais de la Mer?"

Sherry saw that she was ignorant of what had happened to him there and she saw that Clint thought otherwise. "Yes," he said, "I've been there. What about it?"

"Nothing about it. Don't be so cross. I just wanted to tell you that Miss Mack sings there."

"I know. Let's drop it."

"I might have known I couldn't tell you anything without you getting nasty. I should never talk to you."

"Just what I've always thought," Clint said.

The young matron looked at her husband. Her deep-blue eyes said, "Honey, I've been insulted."

The husband said, "Don't look at me. You beef about Clint and then you open a conversation with him. Take care of it yourself."

There was a general laugh followed by an uncomfortable silence.

After a time Freddie said, "Come on, Clint. We're not wanted here."

There was a loud pooh-poohing, loyally led by Roy Richards. Somebody stood up and suggested a swim. Sherry saw that Clint Clemons was regarding her.

"Are you a member of this club?" he demanded.

She smiled. "No, I'm a rank outsider enjoying your beach by courtesy of a friend."

"Roy, huh?"

She nodded.

"Why aren't you a member?" he asked her.

She said, "I wasn't invited. I can't afford it and I'm a summer visitor—what's worse, I'm a summer worker—so I couldn't be a member."

"Who told you?"

"Nobody. I just know."

"Oh, you do, huh? Well, I'll bet you you could get in. What do you know about that?"

She laughed. "Well, I'm in for today. That'll do."

A man lying in the sand lifted his face and recited rapidly, "'To be eligible for membership in the Silver Sand Beach Club the proposed candidate must own property in Monmouth County.'"

Clint sneered. "Sure, there's another part that says people have to conduct themselves like ladies and gentlemen. None of us do that. The rules are a lot of bunk. She could join."

"No, she couldn't, Clint."

"Yes, she could."

"I've got a hundred dollars that says she couldn't."

Sherry said, "Well, I haven't got a hundred dollars that says I can, or however much it does cost to join."

"It costs considerably more than a hundred dollars," the man said.

"Then consider the matter closed," Sherry told them.

Freddie said, "Go on, take a swim, Clint, if that's what you came here for." As she turned her eyes away from Clint the glances of the two girls met and locked for a moment. Sherry was startled to see the hot resentment that burned behind the long dark lashes.

"That girl hates me," she thought. And she had an uncomfortable feeling that Frederica Wheaton in some unaccountable manner knew that Clint fascinated her. "But why should she hate me? He is totally indifferent to me and he adores her. Why doesn't she marry him if she wants him?"

Four days later Sherry had a letter which informed her that she was a member of the Silver Sand Beach Club and that all privileges were hers save that of voting.

From Roy she got Clint's telephone number and called to thank him.

He said, "Who?" when she gave her name. And then again, "Who?" And then, "Oh, yes."

She made her grateful little speech, and he said, "That's all right. I just wanted to show that damned Spindler. He thinks he knows everything."

She said, "Well, does the card you got me finish the whole thing or am I supposed to use it?"

"Sure, use it if you want to. What the hell do I care?"

So she used it.

On the fourth of July she saw Clint and he was alone. He sat down beside her and said, "Where the hell is Roy?"

She turned in surprise and then laughed.

"I couldn't say. Have you tried his home?"

"Yes. He's not there. The last thing I remember, Freddie and Roy and I were driving to Atlantic City last night, and when I woke up this morning I was home."

"Is Freddie home?"

"Yes, she's home, but she won't talk to me."

They sat quietly smoking and paying no apparent attention to each other. His detachment was apparently genuine, but she stole a covert glance every now and then at his dark gloomy face.

Suddenly he said, "Come on. We'll go for a ride."

She said, "All right."

They walked out to his car. It was a long black roadster ornamented with everything that could be found in the way of automobile equipment.

They tore through the holiday traffic like mad bats with sizzling wings.

Clint swore at the pedestrians who slowed him down and banged viciously into the cars that halted cautiously at the crossings.

Sherry said, "Where are you going that we haven't any time?"

"Well, there's no use in poking."

"Nor in getting killed."

"Would you like to get out?"

"Yes, I would."

He laughed. "Well, you're easily scared, aren't you?"

"Only by maniacs and bad drivers, and you're both."

He laughed again. He seemed comfortable and at peace with the world.

She saw that in his crazy driving he found an escape more satisfactory than liquor.

"Take it easy, will you?" she begged. "I'm frightened. You nearly hit that man back there."

"I came nowhere near him."

She said, "If you don't stop this car and let me out you'll be sorry till the longest day you live."

"Why? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to open the door and jump."

"You'll get hurt."

"Maybe I'll get killed but that's going to happen anyway. Here goes, you damned idiot. I'm going to jump."

THE bluff worked. He shouted, "Wait!" and brought the car to a sudden stop. A motorcycle policeman appeared at either side of the car.

"Nice going, Clemons," one of them said.

"And drunk as a loon," the other added.

"I'm not drunk. I was trying to get this young lady home. She had a fainting spell down at Silver Sand."

The officers looked at Sherry. "Is that true?"

"No," she said.

Clint glanced around at her in amazement. He was not accustomed to such rank disloyalty. He was accustomed to Roy and Freddie who lied for him.

"Come on, Clemons, no ticket for you. We're going to bring you right in."

Sherry stepped out of the car and Clint leaned toward her and hissed, "Judas!" but he was smiling. It was like him to snarl only at those who were eternally faithful.

"I'm sorry, but it's coming to you."

"I know it. It's O. K. Just get Roy for me, will you? He'll fix it up. Or is that too much trouble?"

"It is, but I'll do it. I'll tell him you attempted murder. I hope they give you life or maybe electrocute you. Or don't they electrocute people in this state?"

A curious expression crossed Clint's face. The queer thing was that the curious expression was reflected in the faces of the policemen. Or was it all imagination?

That night Sherry and Ted sat at a corner table, and Sherry told him of her insane ride along the ocean front with Clint.

"Somebody ought to kill that fellow," he said. "He's a menace to society."

"Well, I guess it was my fault. I should have known better than to go with him."

VINA DELMAR *is a young American writer whose rise was swift and spectacular, from movie usher to a leading novelist. Many of her famous stories have appeared in Liberty, and have been screened. Miss Delmar is married, has a son, and lives in New York.*

It seemed as though she wished to reserve the right to criticize Clint if she chose and to switch to his side if any one else criticized him.

After a time Ted said, "You know, it's too bad, honey, the way things are. I end up in the hospital with a swell case of sunburn if I sit on the beach, and you get seasick if you go fishing. It keeps us apart a lot down here."

"Well, I don't want you to feel that you have to consider me at any time, Ted. That's why I made that first date with Roy—so you'd feel free."

"OH, Roy," he said impatiently. "He's all right, I guess. He's only Clemons's stooge. Look, Sherry. I was figuring on asking you to marry me when I had a little money laid aside. I wanted to be sure you wouldn't have to work after we were married. I always intended to ask you as soon as I could."

"Yes," she said. "I knew that."

"Well, I'm going to ask you now. We could be married tomorrow or in the fall or any time you say, if you're willing. What do you think?"

"I don't know, Ted." Presently she shrugged impatiently and said, "Oh, I do know. What's the use of dodging and stalling and going through an act?"

"There is no use, honey. What is it? Tell me?"

"It's about Clint Clemons."

"I thought so. You have some special interest in him, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have, but I don't understand it. He is crazy mad about Freddie Wheaton and is only dimly aware that I exist. I am not in love with him, or at least I don't think I am. But I wouldn't marry anybody while somebody else was able to interest me as much as he does. You mustn't feel that Clint came between us. He doesn't know that I'm alive. I'm just infatuated because he's rude and cross and therefore different from most people."

"The difference is deeper, honey, than just that."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know exactly, but I don't like him. That's all I know."

"Well, maybe I don't either—still, he interests me."

"Yes, I gathered that. Well, we'll call it a day. I'll always be around." He smiled across the table at her. "I guess I asked too late, or maybe it was too soon."

She thought, "Maybe I'm a fool for telling anybody exactly how I feel about Clint. I'll probably never see him again except in quick flashes at Silver Sand. I'll forget him, but Ted never will—now. I'm sorry about Ted, but I guess it was right to be honest with him. He's so good. If I loved him I wouldn't hurt him. Oh, why didn't I fall in love with him at Balmoral Gardens and then this wouldn't have happened!"

But what had happened? Nothing, except that a mad young man with a handsome face and a surly temperament had crossed her line of vision. He had looked at her without seeing her and had turned away to say to the dowdy little woman beside him, "Why won't you marry me?"

Has Sherry fallen uncontrollably in love with a man who cares nothing for her? And if she has, what will happen? What will that queer dog-in-the-manger Freddie do if Clint responds to Sherry's eyes? Read the next issue of Liberty for still stranger entanglements.

HARLEM'S MAN FROM HEAVEN

He's "God" to Twenty Million! Here at Last Are Facts About the Incredible Father Divine

by WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

SUNDAY morning on a southbound New York subway express train some six years ago. The doors came open at the Times Square of Harlem to admit the rush of some two hundred Negro women — smiling, chattering, palpably very happy, all dressed alike in white muslin dresses, white shoes, green hats, green sashes, and all carrying green pennants. Only when they seated themselves did the faces of the churchly element darken with frowns and those of the Sunday-morning hikers break into smiles. Those green pennants bore, in conspicuous gold letters, the single startling word GOD.

"One of those new fancy sects in Harlem, I suppose," remarked the stranger beside me. And we sat and smiled, unaware that we were brushing past contemporary history. We were not alone in our ignorance and indifference. At the time probably not a single metropolitan newspaper had ever printed the name of Major C. Divine —"Father" Divine— whose incredible claim those banners celebrated and glorified. Yet even then his unique religion was spreading underground through the whole world and was crossing the barrier between his own Negro race and the whites and yellows.

Now it claims 20,000,000 adherents. That claim is doubtless exaggerated. Not even the Divine followers can assert that they know exactly. For one does not "join the church" or receive a sacrament when he acknowledges Father Divine as truly divine. He does not even enroll himself. He simply undergoes a "baptism of the Spirit" and adopts an ordained way of life. But a congress of American psychiatrists, which has lately noticed the Divine following, sets its number at 15,000,000 throughout the world. Even now it claims on the Pacific coast more white adherents than Negro. Halve these figures, and this religion —spread without organization, without formal missionaries, without any modern methods of publicity except a good slogan—"Peace, brother —it is wonderful!"— has grown faster than any other new spiritual movement of our time.

Except for the mystery as to Father Divine's origins and the sources of the money which he is spending like water, the Divine following appears to have no secrets and to repudiate all exclusiveness. His "Heaven," on 115th Street in the Harlem section of New York, is as open and accessible and as crowded at all hours as Grand Central Station. There are twenty-six lesser Heavens in Greater New York. Twice every day at each of them Father Divine's "angels," who have given up the world to follow him, eat at a common table, with the mere disciples—"the children" —looking on and joining in his praises. This is the greater Heaven. Except when Newark or Bridgeport or Philadelphia calls him on a special mission, Father Divine himself sits usually at the head of the table. Toward it flow the thoughts of all his followers, from Abyssinia to Melbourne, and all hope some day to bask in his presence. Already his admirers in California have bought four transcontinental omnibuses which, filled with Negroes and whites who sing his praises all the way, ply regularly between Los Angeles and New York. Already pilgrims are on their way from Australia and Liberia. The basement of this revamped restaurant building in the Black Belt of Harlem has become a Mecca.

If you intend to sit with the sympathetic spectators, you must prepare yourself with a hearty old-fashioned American breakfast and arrive before eleven; you yourself will have no chance to eat until half past four. Two hundred "angels," mostly Negroes and two thirds of them women, are already ranged along both sides of a U-shaped table set with a white cloth, napkins, gleaming silver, fruit heaped in big compotes, and all as glitteringly, hygienically clean as those Pullman dining cars in which most of the waiters learned their trade. Five hundred more "children," or spectators, sitting on benches or camp chairs or patiently standing, jam the room tight. The "lighter element," as the "angels" call it, constitutes about one in eight of this strange congregation. These are mostly women and—this comes as a surprise—excepting two or three who look like derelicts snatched from destruction, women who give evidence of breeding and cultivation. The men of the "lighter element" are mostly young and of the white-collar class.

The walls above them are tinted green, the color of the sect, and as spotless as the tables. Over all hangs a great enlarged photograph of the leader, crossed with the motto, "Father Divine Is God." Around the walls stretch lettered posters demanding the end of all wars, all race segregation, all political corruption, and all sin, or exalting the divinity of Father Divine. Each one ends with the slogan "I thank you, Father." And from the floor, where speaking and rejoicing have already begun, that phrase sounds like the responses to a litany. One by one, the speakers face the vacant place at the head of the table where Father Divine will sit, and address him in what amounts to prayer: "I thank you, Father, that you made me out of nothing. I thank you for this universe you made." "I thank you, Father. Father, I love you." "Father, I was a sinner before you came to me"—and then a confession.

A large handsome Negress is relating with perfect frankness her old sins of sex and dishonesty. A rich voice breaks into the strain of a spiritual, Do the Will of the Lord. Six or seven hundred voices take it up. Every one is on his feet, swaying; the swelling chorus is as overwhelmingly rich as the scent of carnations. It grows impossible for any one, mere spectator though he be, not to sing and sway with them. Then a golden soprano voice, an astonishing voice, breaks out above the chorus, dominates it with an aria which harmonizes. As we take our seats, the woman next to me, a converted Theosophist and a pilgrim from California, explains, "She was a concert singer, but she lost her voice. Father Divine gave it back to her. Now she uses it only to praise him."

Here and there a figure is writhing or bobbing with the first twinges of an emotion which seems not so much religious exaltation as pure happiness, too poignant to be controlled. Never are there the contortions or the trances which I have seen in Pentecostal revivals.

A young slender white woman with large serious gray eyes suddenly turns to me:

"Brother, you're not letting yourself go! Put your mind aside. It's in your way. When Father Divine comes, ask your heart if he is God. And the baptism of the Spirit will come!"

"The same thing as conversion?"

"No! I've been through conversion—but that's only milk and water. When you receive the baptism of the Spirit, you're changed, soul and body. Every atom in you is changed. You can't be sick or wicked any more."

"That's true," broke in the pilgrim from California. "When it comes, you'll throw away those glasses. You won't need them! All over this place are men who used to be Harlem gunmen. They can't even smoke cigarettes any more—not *don't*, but *can't*. Whisky tastes like vinegar to them. And sex is gone. Absolutely gone."

"Even if they're married?"

"The kingdom makes no distinction between people. You are my brother. So is every man and woman here or anywhere in the world; the darker brothers and sisters as well as the lighter. There's only one exception: 'Male and female created He them.' When you believe in God—and you're going to see God today—you'll understand. He'll make you understand. Among the angels here—among all of us—your husband or wife becomes just your brother or your sister. There's no segregation in the kingdom, except between the sexes. The Spirit takes possession of you, body and soul. Even of those who seem to be dead. You see that waiter? He lay sixteen hours in the morgue. Then his spirit got in touch with Father Divine. Here, angel! Didn't the Father raise you from the dead?"

The slim mulatto girl nodded. "I died coughing blood. Tuberculosis, I had. I weighed only eighty-seven pounds—and look at me now! And when I was a-coming to, I heard Father Divine saying, 'Arise, daughter!'"

"Have you seen little Smile Awhile running around the corridors?" asked the pilgrim from California. "She lay dead with a cloth over her face for two days before—"

All this time we had been talking quietly against the steady flow of confessions and praises from the floor.

International photo

Father Divine's followers march in Harlem. Some parades amount to pageants. He soars over them in his airplane.

But now a hush interrupted the pilgrim. All eyes were fixed on a loud-speaker at one corner of the ceiling. A minute of expectant waiting, and it spoke:

"Are you there, my children?"

"Yes, Father! It's wonderful!" This in a rich chorus, soft with awe.

"Then I'm coming down to you!"

"I thank you, Father!"

He was speaking from his office on the top floor, where he keeps half a dozen secretaries busy with his world-wide correspondence. A minute of buzz and flutter—and suddenly they are all on their feet, shouting, singing, praying aloud, extending their arms and fluttering their fingers in a curious gesture which is a hailing sign. Father Divine must have arrived—but where is he?

A group of men has entered the door. They near the head of the table before there emerges, almost literally from under the arms of his taller retinue, a broad-shouldered mulatto not more than five feet tall. He is dressed in a conventional gray suit, a tan shirt, a neat and inconspicuous gray-and-blue cravat. Smiling gravely, he seats himself; the edge of the table comes just below the upper button of his waistcoat.

Most of his woman followers wear small oval photographs of him in brooches at their throats. And these only prove the limitations of photography. Even in repose, this is a distinguished face; you would notice it anywhere. The skin is *café au lait* in color. He is bald except for mats of very close-cropped hair at the back of his ears and above them. A mustache, also close-cropped, also beginning to go gray, runs not only across his upper lip but on to his cheeks. He has a Negroid mouth with a perfect set of strong white teeth. His followers give him an incredible age. He knew the Civil War, they say; he worked for his people in the Reconstruction period. One who has not experienced the baptism of the Spirit would say that he is in his early forties.

These details do not strike the observer at once, however; your sight clutches first at his eyes. Deep brown, they are as soft as a summer sky, and as inscrutable. You cannot see behind them. He has a full and finely drawn forehead and the nose of an Arab rather than that of a Negro. When he smiles he looks the saint. I have sat beside him at one of his banquets, and come as near interviewing him as any one ever does. And I can testify that when he speaks, especially if he be lightly amused, he has gripping magnetism.

But Father Divine has seated himself. The congregation has crystallized seven hundred bubbling emanations of rapturous sound into its own version of Coronation, most majestic song in the English Hymnal:

All hail the power of Father Divine!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth a royal diadem,
And crown him King of all!

AS it dies down, the audience finds seats and the waiters spring to action. They pile cups and saucers to both sides of him, bring forth big steaming coffeepots. Most expertly he pours the coffee and passes it with both hands to right and left. The waiters begin passing plates loaded to the rim with chicken and vegetables—substantial food and very appetizing to the spectators sitting there without luncheon. First, however, Father Divine must give each plate a touch which is also a blessing.

They are eating now. They are also rising one by one to testify, to confess, to speak his praises. A big man of the "darker element" tells how he had always longed to see divinity in the flesh. And over the Easter parade he beheld Father Divine soaring in his red airplane. "The heavens had opened and the Lord had come!" "I thank you, Father!" bursts out like the responses to a litany. "Father Divine, we know that you are God." "Father Divine, I love you!" And when they tell him that they love him or that he is truly God, a veil seems to drop over his expression. It is as serene and yet as inscrutable as that of a sculptured Buddha.

They are singing now and clapping their hands in unison; and the "children" sitting in the enclosure of the table stoop down and look at the floor and laugh. For his feet are tapping out the rhythm. A slender Negro girl throws herself across the lap of the woman next to her and lies there in a state of dreamy ecstasy. Emotion proves too much for a pilgrim from San Francisco who came at eight o'clock to get a seat facing him. (She once sang minor parts in grand opera, by the way.) She has gone into hysterics—happy laughter broken by happy tears. But no one minds. Father Divine holds a quiet but perfect control over the meeting. Occasionally a speaker begins to ramble. Gently Father Divine raises his hand. The speaker stops, sometimes in the middle of a word, and sits down. With his hand still raised, Father Divine points a majestic finger at some worshiper who has been struggling for attention.

A young white woman, looking the typical smart brisk New York business girl, works her way through the crowd beside him and gets the floor to testify. She has been on a government job at Washington for six months. There the world got her. She forgot Father Divine. Coming back into his presence, she has had a new quickening of the Spirit.

With a sudden dramatic gesture she snatches off her nose glasses. "I won't need these any more," she cries. "I can see you, Father!"

The house rises at the sight of this miracle—and as suddenly sits down again. For Father Divine is about to begin his sermon. It lasts half an hour. When it ends, happy emotion rises to its diapason. And Father Divine has departed as suddenly as he came.

NOW the spectators may eat at a second table if they wish. The affluent pay, modestly; the drifters and victims of the depression, who have been waiting by the outer door, pay nothing. Most of the others crowd into the perpetual love feast in the auditorium on the second floor. By now a new audience is assembling in the basement for the night banquet, which will begin at ten o'clock. Twice a day, seven days a week, Father Divine presides and preaches at such odd meetings, here or elsewhere; and he has done so for years.

I have heard him speak three times. He is distinctly an orator—of the Negro school. He falls at times into repetitions as monotonous as the beat of a tom-tom, yet as effective in raising some unanalyzable emotion—"It will give you a *thousand* blessings. It will give you a *million* blessings. It will give you a *billion* blessings—" and so on up to ten decillion blessings. He plays with variations on long words, and, I feel, deliberately rather than ignorantly—"You must physicalate perfection," for example. But you do find a religious philosophy logical enough if the believer accepts promises incredible to the skeptic and blasphemous to the Christian.

First, Father Divine is God, or, if you prefer, the supreme manifestation of the divine principle. Notice, he never seems to make that claim for himself. On the day when I sat beside him, I asked him when he first became aware "of all this." He answered, "The divine is always aware of itself," and changed the subject. That comes as near an admission as anything I have ever heard quoted from Father Divine. The followers declare that his wife, plump maternal Pennaniah Divine, with whom he has always lived in the relation of brother and sister, was the first to perceive his divine nature. It came, they say, in a flash of revelation when he healed her of paralysis; and she spread the news. Once you have adhered fully to the divine, you are transformed. The divine power casts out all sickness, of body as well as of soul. There is no "future life." Both heaven and immortality belong to this earth and to those who grasp the divine.

On the attitude toward race and sex I have already quoted his followers. Accepting the divine implies perfect love. All violence, including the supreme violence of war, must cease. The perfect follower must give up all worldly possessions and ambitions, all worldly ties, to follow him. "Take no thought for the morrow"—God will provide. This sect must never "organize" itself, even by enrollments. For the minute it does that it sets itself apart; and that denies the principle that the perfect follower must be a perfect brother or sister to all men of whatever color, condition, and belief. Perfection, in the present state of the world, means perfect citizenship. More and more this leader is emphasizing the necessity of putting righteous men in office.

There are two mysteries about Divinism. First, who is he, really? Second, where does he get his money?

He has had a few brushes with the law, although never on any charge involving the slightest moral turpitude. Usually these were cases of neighbors who did not like the effect of his Heavens on property values. On these occasions detectives and investigators have tried to trace his past and have run into a brick wall. Just after the World War he first appears, although rather dimly, as a free-lance preacher in Brooklyn. Next he is established at Sayville, Long Island, already proclaimed as God, already feeding the hungry most liberally.

Sayville, a smart resort, virtually drove him out. He glanced into Brooklyn, and then, at just about the time when the depression began, established in Harlem this central Heaven. A report to a New Jersey court says his real name is George Baker, but gives no authority for the statement. We know no more than that.

The second mystery especially interests Harlem. It takes no business expert to see that Father Divine is spending money like water, and with almost no visible sources of revenue. Half of the twenty-seven Heavens in Greater New York he himself maintains. Each serves hundreds of free meals every day. He spends just as liberally in Newark, where he leases a five-story factory building, and in Bridgeport, where he has just paid $30,000 for the housing of a Heaven. In 126th Street, Faithful Mary, most picturesque of his disciples, runs a block of eight houses as living quarters for "angels" and "pilgrims"; and her visible revenues probably cannot even pay the rents. Though he lives simply in a modest flat, he goes forth on public occasions in an $8,000 car, keeps two $5,000 cars for the incidental errands of his large office staff, and owns the airplane in which he soars over the processions of his followers. Those processions are veritable pageants. Last Easter he marched 8,000 people through Harlem. And he pays for the costumes.

WHERE does he get the money? His meetings take up no collections. At least a dozen of his white followers have told me that when they were converted they sent him substantial checks, which came promptly back. The "children" and the "angels" have their own explanation, which satisfies them. He "manifests" the money. When he needs it, he reaches into his pocket and it is there. "One time," said a Negress whom I interviewed on the topic, "they made him bring three barrels of money into court. The judge opened them. They were just filled with water! When the barrels got back to Heaven, they were full of money again. If the Father made you and me, can't he make just a handful of bills?"

The unconverted may be pardoned for doubting if Father Divine commits this species of celestial counterfeiting. But he pays for everything promptly, and always in cash—no checks. He has no charge accounts; if he had, his credit would be as good as that of any merchant in Harlem. That district has its own explanation for this affluence. The "angels," admittedly, give up all worldly possessions when they enter the kingdom. After that they "lay down on the Lord." They cash in their insurance policies, withdraw their savings from the banks, sell their furniture. What becomes of this money? One or two fragments of proof seem to indicate that they turn it all over to Father Divine. Harlem whispers too of a mysterious rich backer. There is a legend of an elderly white woman wearing the plumed picture hats of the '90s, who sometimes alights from a limousine at the door of the main Heaven and confers with Father Divine's inner circle.

TWICE of late he has sent 3,000 "angels" and "children" to march as a body in Communist peace parades. His followers say that this does not constitute endorsement of Communism. "The Father is for peace," says one of them who stands very near the throne, "and he'll join any parade for peace that will let him in. Nobody else will, so he marches with the Communists. And the Communists are for common folks and for racial equality. So is he. But they want to overthrow the government by force. He's against that. And they make the mistake of thinking that there is no God." However, this faint endorsement has inspired a theory among nervous patriots that "Moscow gold" supports him. Knowing something of that perpetual shortage of money which harasses American Communism, I for one regard this as fantastic. Besides, Father Divine's past political record is not even pink. Twice and only twice, so far as I can learn, has he given his mild endorsement to candidates. One was Hoover for President and the other La Guardia, Republican-Fusionist, for Mayor.

One cannot in fairness end without giving testimony to the effect of Divinism on its adherents. It inculcates most of the approved virtues, even to personal cleanliness.

Clergymen in Harlem generally report that it has not as yet cut into the congregations of the established churches. It has gathered in the unchurched — conspicuously the loose women and tough male characters among them. These it has transformed. That court report in New Jersey, quoted before, states that Divinism had changed a certain district in Newark from a collection of hard citizens to a model quarter. The report does, however, express one criticism, and perhaps fairly. "Laying down on the Lord" does not tend to encourage the virtues of thrift and foresight. Neither—this is my own observation—does the habit of sitting all day at the banquets of Heaven.

THE END

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THE Golden Arrow

by MICHAEL ARLEN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AS ROLLICKING A LOVE-TALE AS YOU ARE LIKELY TO FIND . . THE STORY OF A HIRED HUSBAND AND THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

THE man who told me this story wishes to obscure his identity beneath the gigantic shadow of the name Jones. His reasons for adopting this policy of concealment need not be mentioned here. They will be obvious in next to no time.

But let the man Jones tell his own story:

Every now and then we read in the newspapers something about the richest girl in the world or the second richest girl in the world or one of the richest girls in the world. She is always an American.

In her photographs she looks a nice girl, generally speaking, not perhaps very easy to get on with at first, but radiating a quiet classy brainlessness which might help a fellow feel very cozy with her in time. The newspapers usually say she has about forty million dollars—but it looks better with noughts: $40,000,000. My wife had $40,000,075, because I once lent her fifteen pounds, which is about seventy-five dollars.

Daisy's mama—Mrs. Earle Appledooley, mother of the richest girl in the world—was against the marriage from the beginning. But she had nothing on me, for I was not only dead against it from the beginning but I stayed dead against until the end. Daisy's mama not only expected the worst but she made the worst of it when it happened.

“ And how much,” she asked me on the eve of our secret wedding—Daisy's and mine, I mean, at the register office—“ how much is Daisy settling on you, Mr. Jones ? ”

“ Millions,” I said, “ I hope. But we have not gone into the exact figure yet. I take, Mrs. Appledooley, a very gloomy view of this marriage to your daughter.”

“ Why, I think it's just terrible! Daisy *ought*,” said Mrs. Appledooley severely, “ to be a duchess.”

“ Well, goodness knows, I'm not stopping her. But don't worry about the money, Mrs. A. A Jones would never quibble about a million more or less. Of course it would cost Daisy a lot more if I had to live with her after our marriage—though I don't know that I could actually live in the same house with the richest girl in the world for *any* money.”

“ Well, Mr. Jones, all I wish is that you just wouldn't marry her. She is a very naughty girl even to have thought of such a thing. Why, this marriage is perfectly terrible ! ”

“ Ghastly, isn't it? But I have given her my word, as you know. And, what is even more important, I have given up my job. My career as a journalist is wrecked, Mrs. Appledooley.”

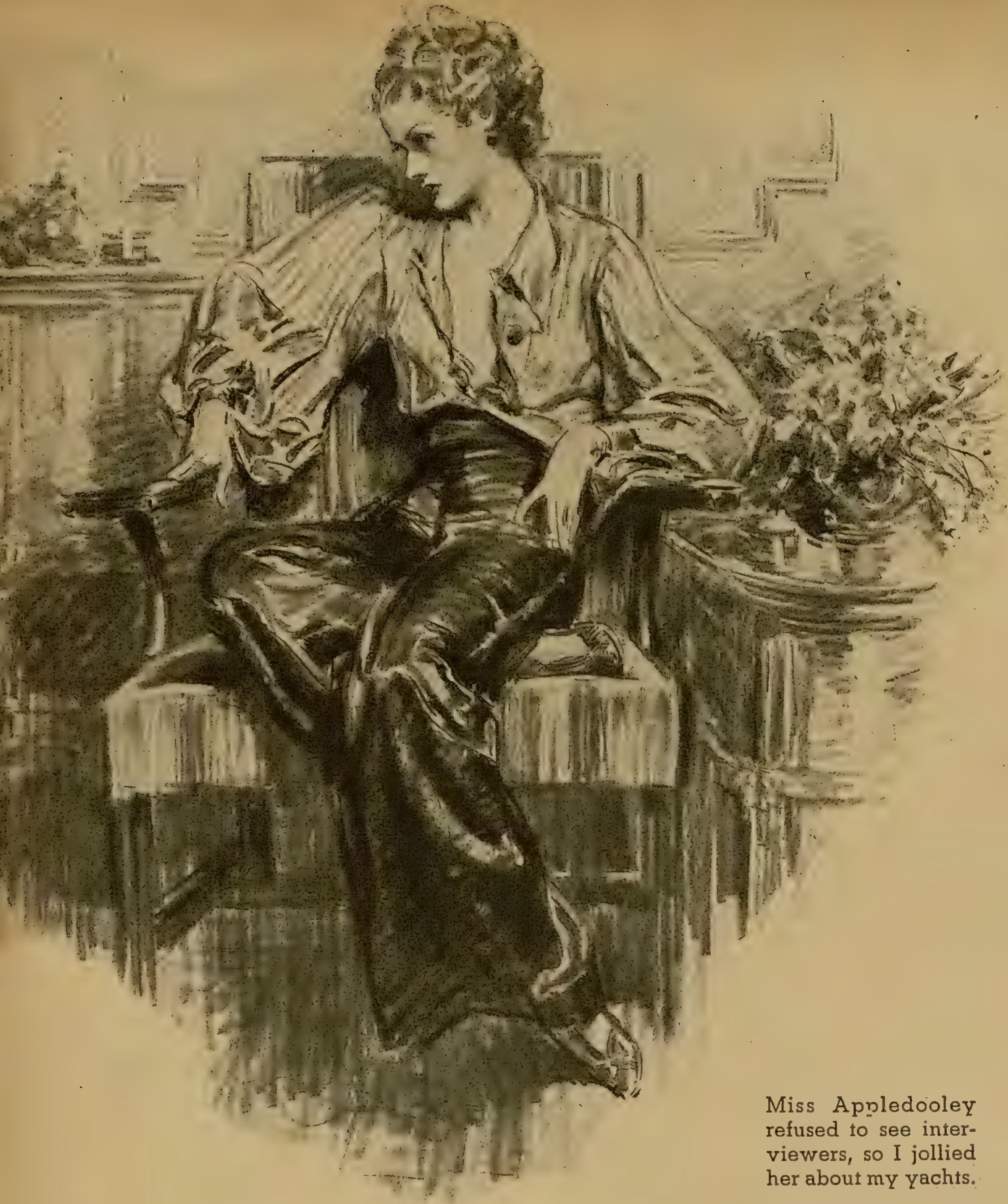
“ But Daisy told me she had offered to buy you some London newspapers just so you could edit them, but you refused—”

“ On the contrary, Mrs. Appledooley, I immediately asked Lord Rothermere to sell me the Daily Mail and he promised as a favor to sell me one for a penny or twelve for a shilling.”

Now, this love match between Daisy and me had started when I had been sent to interview her by my paper on her arrival at a London hotel.

Miss Appledooley, who in her capacity as the richest girl in the world usually refused to see interviewers, mistook me at first for a bloke called Jones-Cliffhaughton who wanted to sell her a yacht. So I jollied her on about my string of yachts, and when she spotted me as one of the yachtless, I congratulated her on not being such a fool as she looked, and we got quite friendly after that. She

ILLUSTRATION BY
C. D. MITCHELL



Miss Appledooley refused to see interviewers, so I jollied her about my yachts.

said nobody had said anything human to her since she had left school.

"Do I really, *really* look so dumb?" she asked. She did, too. She had a pair of those enormous blue eyes that are about as full of expression and human activity as two windows with a blue flowerpot painted plumb in the middle of each.

"But you have got a splendid figure," I said.

"You don't think I'm too thin?"

"A bit, yes. There was a boy at school with me with just the same kind of figure as yours. But of course you have got much nicer legs. Couldn't compare them really. And legs count, Miss Appledooley. Take it from me, a woman nowadays can't get anywhere without legs."

"No, she can't, can she? You know, Mr. Jones, you don't look a bit like a newspaperman. Would you like some tea?"

She had no sooner touched the bell than three head-waiters and two page boys rushed in.

"You get good service in this hotel," I said.

The skinny slip of a girl looked at me tragically.

"With all the newspapers calling me the richest girl in the world, Mr. Jones, I never get any peace. You would hate it, I bet. I always promised myself the fine time I would have when I was twenty-one; but now—"

"You are not twenty-one, Miss Appledooley."

"Why, I certainly am, Mr. Jones. And a little over."

"Now don't let's quarrel about this," I said. "I interviewed two richest girls in the world last year and they were both nineteen, so now don't go and spoil it all. Now, did you love your dolls when you were a little girl? And are you lonely?"

"Do you know that I have a perfectly terrible life, Mr. Jones? I think I shall call you Johnny, because I like your face. Do you know what I'd like to do tonight? Go to a movie with some one like you and eat sausages afterward!"

"Why not?" I said. "I've nothing better to do this evening."

"Oh, Johnny, I can't. Mama has arranged for me to dine with a duchess who has got two sons, one with knock-knees and teeth sticking out, and the other with a stammer and a squint. And maybe I shall have to marry one of them just to stop people badgering me."

"Do you want to be a duchess?"

"But I don't want to be *anything*, Johnny, for years and years. I want to go around having a good time, flirting a little bit with nice men who don't want to marry me—"

"There must be plenty, I'm sure."

"But, Johnny, some people think I'm quite pretty besides being so rich."

"Don't you believe them, my child. Money always makes people enthusiastic."

"Don't you think I'm pretty at all?"

"I suppose I don't really like blondes—we Joneses have always made grabs at dark-haired women. I don't really know how to advise you, Daisy. You could give your money away, of course."

"But I *like* money, Johnny. It's what you can buy with it on two legs—men and women—I don't like. I bet you like money too. Every one does, don't they? But don't let's talk about money—it's hateful. You can come and see me again, if you like."

Daisy told me later on that it was something I said during our second meeting that first gave her the great idea.

What I had said was that what I should really like to do would be to live in the country and write novels.

"Would you really?" she said.

"Yes," I said, thinking I did because of course I couldn't. "I've had a novel in my head for years. But of course as a working journalist I never get the time to work on it."

She came back to the subject a few days later as I sat having tea with her in her hotel suite.

"I've been thinking," she said, "about what you said the other day—living in the country and writing novels. Why don't you?"

"Because I have to earn a living, my child."

"But you can earn a living in the country, can't you? You might leave me one of those sardine sandwiches, Johnny. I ordered them for myself."

"Your guests come first, Miss A. And why grudge me a sardine sandwich when you can afford—"

MICHAEL ARLEN *was born Dikran Kouyoumdjian, but when he began to write he realized it might be a handicap and changed it. Whether this was responsible or not, he is, as far as we know, the only Armenian who has done best sellers in English. The Green Hat is, of course, familiar to every one, and his short stories have appeared in leading magazines here and abroad.*

"I'll tell you what I *can* afford, Mr. J.," she said, eying me as steadily as she had the sardine sandwich a moment before. "You."

"Look here," I said. "Are you offering—"

"Listen, Johnny. Don't be impulsive. I've had a swell idea. You marry me and I marry you, see? Then you live in the country and write what you like, see? As my husband you would automatically have to have a good income. For one thing, you would have to wear silk socks—I like men in silk socks."

"Right. I'll tell my friends. Have you gone crazy, Daisy?"

"But it's a swell idea, Johnny. And it will just about save my life. I've lain awake nights thinking about what a grand idea it is. Listen, Johnny. We just get married, see? And then you go quietly off to a swell country house—I'll buy you something nice with a nine-hole course if you like—and I travel around. You see, as Mrs. Jones I'll be a free woman at last, not pestered by any one. And then I can pick and choose my real husband at my leisure and be sure I haven't made a mistake. You haven't any scruples against divorce, have you, Johnny? Or maybe we could get a nice annulment when the time came."

"I want a nice whisky-and-soda," I said, "at once."

"Johnny, don't disappoint me—oh, please! I do want my freedom, darling, and I'll never have any except as Mrs. Jones. What is one Mrs. Jones more or less? You need never see me after this marriage. Listen, Johnny. There's a girl I was at school with, see? She and I can travel around and I'll be free from chasing mothers at last. Don't be selfish, Johnny—oh, please!"

I didn't say anything. Then some one started watering the blue flowerpots.

"Don't cry," I implored her.

"You're a beastly selfish heartless man!" she sobbed.

"But imagine what a fool I should look, Daisy, married to the richest girl in the world. I just don't look the part."

"Yes, you do. You certainly do, see? That's just what you do look—just as dumb as I do."

"That's a nice thing to say," I said bitterly.

"Oh, Johnny," she sobbed, "please do be kind. I can't go on living like this, pestered wherever I go. Hemmed in—that's what I am. How would you like to be hemmed in? And when in the fullness of time you decide to get married to some one you like, I'll cover your bride with jewels—cross my heart."

I HAD to admit, six months after the marriage, that it was turning out a good deal better than I had anticipated. I was living in great comfort in a pleasant manor near the Malvern Hills, but I retained my amateur status by receiving from Daisy only what I had been earning as a journalist. Her London businessman, Jenkins, paid the household accounts. We had had quite a successful honeymoon in various hotels all over Europe, always in a crowd of people. I had actually seen very little of Daisy throughhout the honeymoon, though I fancy we gave the impression of being a normally happy couple. This was made easier by the fact that Daisy's mother and her most intimate girl friend were in the secret. Actually, during this time I acted as Daisy's secretary, answering letters of congratulation and so on. It made me feel much less of an ass earning my keep as her secretary than as her husband.

Then Daisy went off to Biarritz with her girl friend, and I vanished to the house in the Malvern Hills. Of course we anticipated that the newspapers would find this out pretty soon and say there were rumors of a divorce. They said this every week for months, and Daisy denied it every month alternately with her mother—both saying we were as happy as doves, only I loved a quiet life in the country.

Now and then Daisy would send me irritating telegrams, signed "Mother" to save comment in my local post office.

JOHNNY YOU OUGHT TO PLAY POLO STOP EVERY ONE EXPECTS YOU PLAY POLO STOP HAVE INSTRUCTED JENKINS BUY EIGHT POLO PONIES AND SEND THEM TO YOU STOP BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL POLO DANGEROUS GAME STOP DEEPEST LOVE MOTHER

I wired back to Paris:

NO POLO CAN'T RIDE

Then a few days later she would wire from Venice:

JOHNNY VERY DISAPPOINTED NO POLO STOP NO POLO FROM YOU COMMENTED ON AMERICAN PRESS STOP HAVE INSTRUCTED JENKINS BUY SIX BEST CLASS RACE HORSES IN YOUR NAME STOP CHOOSE YOUR COLORS BUT NOT YELLOW STOP YOU DONT HAVE TO RIDE RACE HORSES STOP FOND LOVE MOTHER

THIS way I apparently became a well known owner of race horses which I never once saw, and a few weeks later of a six-hundred-ton steam yacht which I had, apparently, called Daisy, after my wife.

JOHNNY PLEASE USE YACHT STOP YOUR NOT USING YACHT MUCH COMMENTED ON TATLER BYSTANDER SKETCH STOP USE YACHT JUST ONCE ANYWAY STOP WILL BE IN DEAUVILLE NEXT WEEK STOP COME DEAUVILLE IN YACHT DEAUVILLE VERY CORRECT FOR YACHT STOP HAVE INSTRUCTED JENKINS SEND DOWN YACHTING CAP AND SOME GUESTS TO YACHT FRIDAY SOUTHAMPTON STOP DEVOTED LOVE MOTHER

So I met Daisy in Deauville, with three guests in tow whose names I don't know to this day. I was angry with Daisy for having dragged me to this Deauville place. It seemed to me she was playing fast and loose with me, and that before I knew where I was I would find myself crashing off a wild polo pony. It was the beginning of the collapse of our "arranged" marriage, I felt, and I was pondering over how I should break it to her that I was backing out when, after a crowded lunch on our second day at Deauville, she whispered to me that she wanted a quiet talk.

I went along to her hotel sitting room that afternoon. She was in a dress that looked like a flower garden laid out by a lunatic—a very pretty little frock. This was the first time we had been alone together since our "honeymoon," when we hadn't been alone at all, because, of course, it wouldn't have been respectable. She threw herself into a big chair and gave the ceiling a big eyeful of gloom.

"I'm in love," she said—"and with a man who doesn't approve of marrying a divorced woman."

"Why, I had never thought of that," I said.

"Nor had I. Listen, Johnny. Whatever shall I do? I'm so miserable!"

"You can probably persuade him, Daisy. Remember, I didn't approve of marrying you, but I did."

"But this is the real thing, Johnny. I've never been in love before, and I don't know what to do at all."

"If he is really a nice fellow—"

"Why, he's a darling!"

"Then he will no doubt overlook your faults—appearance and character and—"

"He thinks I'm lovely, see? And let me tell you so do other people—every one but you."

"What nationality is this Romeo?"

"He's not a Romeo, either. He is an American mining engineer, as hard as nails—"

“Weather-beaten, frostbitten—I know the type,” I said. “Have you told him about us? I mean, that our marriage was only a fake?”

“Why, certainly not, Johnny. He would never speak to me again if he knew. Listen, Johnny. All I have told him is that I am tied to a perfect beast who married me for my money, and that—”

“That's libelous,” I said.

“But I had to tell him something, Johnny. I do wish you would help me instead of looking so sour.”

“Do you want me to get up and dance after being described as a wife-beating gigolo?”

“Well, *I* don't mind when you tell me I'm as ugly as mud, so I don't see why you should, see? A lot of people have told me you must have a bad character because you are so addicted to horse racing.”

“And to think,” I said, “I once called you ‘cheeky’! You are satanic, Mrs. Jones, and I wish your frostbitten boy friend all joy of you. Now, in what way can I help you to marry him and thus eliminate the curse of the Joneses?”

“Listen, Johnny. When I told him what a perfect cad you—my husband, I mean—had turned out to be, his idea was that there should be no talk of divorce until we had made every attempt at a reconciliation.”

“Then he is not in love with you?”

“Certainly he is in love with me—he adores me. Why, I never heard of such a thing! Only he has nice instincts, see, and puts my happiness first, and that is why he has come down here to Deauville to reconcile us.”

I HAD a long drink before being able to bring myself to address this frightful woman again.

“He wants to see you this evening,” she said.

“So,” I managed to say at last, “I am here to pretend I want to be reconciled with you, and I have to be interviewed by this ghastly fellow—”

“He is *not* ghastly, Johnny, and you must pretend you don't want to be reconciled. If you show yourself to him as a perfect beast who merely married me for my money and will divorce me for a good settlement, he will agree that I am much better rid of you, and then he and I can get married, see?”

I managed to control myself somehow.

“If you don't,” she said, “you will have to stay tied to me forever, see? For I certainly will never, never marry anybody but Rodney.”

“You are asking me to commit moral suicide,” I said, “by pretending to this stoker—”

“He's not a stoker, either!”

“—that I am the most contemptible sort of worm. But to be rid of this unnatural marriage to an unnatural girl,” I said warmly, “I would even let this coal heaver of yours knock me down.”

“I'm not and he's not,” she said b[illegible]d I hope he does, too.

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When in Milwaukee, visit the famous Pabst Breweries. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst Blue Ribbon quality.

These hot summer days—in the country—in town—IT'S TIME FOR PABST. At meals—whether it be in the midst of the business day—dinner at home—or a Red-hot Sandwich at a roadside stand, food tastes better with the fine flavor and refreshment of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale.

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Pabst Blue Ribbon

Beer and Ale

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You've never said even one nice thing to me since we met, and I think you are hateful and I do so hope I never see you again!"

"You won't, once you have told me when and where I am to meet this motor salesman with the charming name of Clarence."

"His name is Rodney, you beast, and he is a mining engineer. You are to meet him in the lounge below at seven."

I got up to go.

"You don't," I said bitterly, "want me to make any more sacrifices for you before I pass out of your life—like kissing you good-by?"

"Would it be such a great sacrifice?" she asked coldly.

"You bet," I said, and got out of the room with the pretty but pleasant feeling that I had left her as livid as a snake that has swallowed a golf ball instead of an apple.

I RETURNED to England without seeing Daisy again. The first move I made was to see Jenkins in London. This Jenkins was Daisy's steward and dealt out the cash and engaged the butlers and race horses and instructed the lawyers. He was a nice man.

"Look here, Jenkins," I said. "Let's get this over quickly. You know I married Miss Appledooley just to help her out. Now I am unmarrying her just to help her out. She is marrying a parachute jumper or something called Rodney Something. I have pretended to this man—just to help Daisy out—that I will only let her divorce me in return for a settlement of a million dollars. Now, about this million dollars, Jenkins—you can take it and give it to any charity you like. I insist on Daisy handing it over, for her joke should cost her something—then you hand it over to a hospital. As for the divorce, you bring me the papers and I'll sign on the dotted line. My salary as Daisy's fake husband can stop as from today. I think that is all. Good day to you, Jenkins."

"Will you have a drink, Jones?" said Jenkins.

"Yes, I will, Jenkins," I said.

"It's a shame you have wasted your time all these months, Jones, when you might have been getting on with your job."

"I haven't wasted my time, Jenkins, because I have written a novel which will make the name of Jones the envy of all in two or three continents."

"What is it about, Jones?"

"Daisy," I said. "I shall publish it after the divorce."

"Isn't that a bit caddish, Jones?"

"You bet it's caddish, Jenkins. Didn't I tell you I was a born novelist?"

"Mrs. Jones won't like it," said Jenkins.

"I don't even know if she can read," I said, "and I don't care. Hasn't she told the world I am a wife-beating money grabber? For her sake I had to pretend to this tram conductor she loves that I am the kind of man the maggots turn away from."

"Financially," said Jenkins, "you have been extremely upright. But artistically, Jones, you are a snake in the grass."

"I have suffered, Jenkins. I have turned the other cheek, only to be pelted with rotten eggs. I shall now hit back, Jenkins. My mind is made up."

"So you wish me to expedite this divorce, Jones?"

"You bet I do, Jenkins. Put it on wheels and shoot it down a steep hill."

But these things are not done in a day. There appeared to be an unhealthy rush on the law courts and I was left to kick my heels about for months. I had got back my old job on the paper, and no comments were made on my unhappy marriage, though for some reason I was now supposed to be an authority on all financial matters.

I had a few cables from Daisy throughout this time of waiting, sent to me through Jenkins, as she did not know my address.

JOHNNY WOULD YOU LIKE MILLION DOLLARS USED TO FOUND A JONES SCHOLARSHIP OXFORD STOP OR CAMBRIDGE STOP RODNEY SAYS YOU WILL PROBABLY SNAFFLE MONEY FOR YOURSELF ANYWAY STOP FOND LOVE MOTHER

A few weeks later the tone became distinctly sharper:

JONES HEAR YOU HAVE WRITTEN NOVEL ABOUT DAISY STOP THIS DISGUSTING IF TRUE STOP I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING STOP RODNEY SAYS HE WILL GIVE YOU SOCK ON JAW STOP YOU MAKE ME SICK DEVOTED LOVE MOTHER

I answered that one:

TELL CLARENCE JAW WAITING STOP NOVEL MUCH PRAISED BY COMPETENT CRITICS FOR VIGOROUS SINCERITY STOP TENDER LOVE JONES

At this time two or three other richest girls in the world were getting married, and I fancy Daisy must have been annoyed at the publicity they were getting, for she at once started handing out interviews in Paris to the effect that marriage had given her a pain in the neck from which her heart would never recover and all she hoped was that others would fare better. Interviewers also came to me, of course, but I got out of the situation with the reserved remark that Daisy was the sweetest girl in the world and that her friendship was life's noblest gift to men.

In the meanwhile I was getting impatient at the delays in the divorce proceedings. As I said to Jenkins, whom I went to see one day, this delay was holding up the publication of my novel, and what author likes that? Besides, I needed the money.

"I thought you did not like money, Jones," said Jenkins.

"You idealize, Jenkins. Money I earn is just meat and drink to me."

"So you persist, Jones, in publishing this vile, venomous, and cowardly attack on Mrs. Jones?"

"Who said it was an attack, Jenkins? It is an idyl simply chock-full of the classiest sentiments."

"Mrs. Jones told me to tell you, Jones, that she is so deeply attached to her fiancé, Mr. Hudson, that you will be causing her real pain if you do anything to spoil their happiness together."

"Is she really in love with this bloke, Jenkins?"

"I doubt if she could live without him, Jones. He is a very fine type of man, you know. Very fine."

"WOMEN don't seem to feel that way about me, Jenkins. What about you—is there a woman somewhere in this world who couldn't live without you?"

"Like you, Jones, my appearance and personality do not appear to excite those tender emotions which are lavished on more fortunate men."

"I say, Jenkins, we are not so bad-looking as all that!"

"*We* may not think so, Jones. But we must not let envy of luckier men cloud our judgment. We must not let jealousy embitter us."

"You will make me cry in a minute, Jenkins. You have formed the view, then, that only death can part Daisy from this man?"

"No doubt she would prefer, Jones, to die at the same time."

"You are not a very cheerful companion this morning, Jenkins. Do you mind if I go away now, hiding my tears from your decidedly pretty typist as I pass?"

Dear Daisy [I wrote to her that day]:

I have just been having a talk with your man Jenkins, from which I came away with an overflowing heart. Your man Jenkins takes a very depressing view of your attachment to your man Hudson, having formed the opinion that only death can part you, and not even death, as you would prefer to die in the dying Hudson arms if possible. I dare say this could be arranged, and if you really want it I hope it will be.

Do not be upset about my novel. I shall not publish anything at any time that would give you any pain. All I hope is that you will be very happy with your man Hudson, and that you will go hand in hand mining and engineering together throughout your lives. Yrs. ever,

JOHNNY.

A few mornings after that I was walking up Piccadilly when, to my astonishment, I saw the man Hudson. It was one of those bright spring mornings when every one seems to bustle cheerfully to and fro and you [illegible] beaming smiles with which some people are chased across Piccadilly by playful buses while others stand on the curb and cheer an occasional hit.

Daisy's weather-beaten boy friend was a tall wiry dark-faced man who looked as though he enjoyed nothing more than biting off the tail of a South American revolution with one snap of his lean jaws.

"Hullo, hullo!" I said.

"Why, it's Jones!" said the man. I was surprised at his amiability, because, of course, we were not exactly on kissing terms.

"Well, well," I said. "How are you, Hudson?"

"I'm fine, Jones. Lovely day, isn't it? How have you been keeping?"

"Fine," I said.

"Well, well," he said, "that's fine."

"How's Daisy?" I said.

"Simply fine, Jones."

"Well, that's splendid."

"She was much touched by your letter, Jones. We both were."

"That's fine—I mean, not at all, Hudson. Just want her to be happy—see what I mean?"

"Of course, of course. Still, it showed a fine spirit—giving up your book, you know."

"I never wrote it, Hudson. I mean, I have written a book—a thick-ear thriller—but there was never anything about Daisy in it. I just said that to Jenkins so as to give her a bit of a jolt—see what I mean?"

"Well, well," said the man Hudson. "I maybe better hadn't tell Daisy that. Your jolt certainly worked, Jones. Do you know, she found out somehow who your publishers are and last week she bought the firm outright, and she will be reading the proofs of your book any moment now. Then she *will* get a jolt, I guess. How is the divorce going on, Jones?"

"Fine. Maybe any day now."

"Well, that's fine."

"Isn't it? Well, good day to you, Hudson—and good luck—see what I mean?"

"JUST a moment, Jones. I came over to London to have a few words with you."

"To see me, Hudson? What have I done now?"

"I'd like to tell you something, Jones."

"Go ahead, old man."

"I have never in all my life met such a perfect specimen of a witless, brainless, vacant-minded, spineless, helpless, and almost subhuman silly ass as you are. I just thought I'd tell you, Jones."

"Look here," I said. "Is Daisy in London?"

"I shouldn't wonder, Jones. Well, good day to you—you half-baked empty-headed lunatic."

"Hudson," I said, "I call this friendship."

"Now, Jones, don't start kissing *me*."

Later that day I went to see Daisy at the hotel at which she always stayed.

"How are you, Daisy?" I said.

"Fine," she said. "How are you?"

"Fine," I said. "Look here, Daisy. How much have you been paying your man Hudson to act as your fiancé?"

"He is my New York lawyer, Johnny, so I suppose it just goes on the bill. I've just finished reading your thriller. It's swell, Johnny. I'll be very happy to publish it."

"I hate women publishers," I said. "What about my being the director of this firm you have bought?"

"I'll get Jenkins to fix it, Johnny. It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"That depends," I said, "on whether you love me or not."

"Why," said Daisy, "I never heard of such a thing! Certainly not."

"Then," I said, "it's good-by forever. I must go and tell Jenkins."

"You can kiss me good-by, Johnny."

"Good-by, Daisy."

"Good-by, darling. Why, just imagine, this is the first time you've kissed me!"

"Do you like it, Daisy?"

"You bet I like it, honey. Say good-by to me again, will you?"

"Good-by, Daisy."

"Good-by, Johnny boy."

"Why, you are crying, Daisy!"

"Say good-by to me once again, honey, and then promise never, never to leave me, and then I'll order some sardine sandwiches for tea."

THE END

(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs — perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the *odor* of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N. Y.

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

From London

by PRINCESS

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE,

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON

LONDON'S a man's town. Everybody knows it. Here the boys seem always more important—more conspicuous at least—than the girls. That's why you'll find this London page of mine rather devoted to men. London is *their* town. Yet the men of London, for all their dominant masculinity, are, I suspect, a good deal like this page—at heart they are devoted to the ladies.

● Very small dinner parties are given by the Prince of Wales at his London residence. The whole of London society would trade its eyeteeth to be in on these little affairs, but few are invited. The Prince rarely feeds more than six or eight guests at a time.

His dining room is decorated in pale green, with Queen Anne furniture. The tableware is extremely conservative—plain china and heavy cut glass, nothing modernistic. For dinner he often has roast beef, his own favorite.

Table talk is punctuated by his solicitous asides:

"Oh, but do take some more. . . . Wine for Lord K. . . . The cream, please, for Mrs. N."

Chintz coverings brighten his London drawing room, and there are collections of fine old English china loaned by friends.

The Prince has not inherited his mother's instinct for collecting. Also I understand he is a thrifty soul.

In one respect his rooms are said to be neither better nor worse than all bachelor apartments. It is said that a housewife with sharp eyes *might* detect traces of dust.

● Long have English gentlemen been advertised as the best dressed men in the world. They still are. Yet nowadays few gentlemen of England can afford to own all the faultless togs you see on them at swagger weddings, fox hunts, horse races, boat races, palace receptions, etc. So how do they manage? Shush! Let me whisper the grim truth. They wear *rented* clothes!

For twenty-one dollars they can (and do) hire a gent's court outfit complete with knee breeches, silk stockings, black cape, buckled shoes. Dress uniforms for generals or admirals rent at the same figure, with medals and service bars included. Five dollars a day is the rate for morning elegance—top hat, cutaway coat, striped trousers, spats, and cane. Topper alone cost $1.25 *per diem.* Even loud sportive tweeds may be hired for golf or the grouse-shooting season in Scotland.

Misfortunately, there are no places here where the wives and daughters of tax-ridden gentry can rent fine raiment in strictest confidence. Consequently they seldom appear as well dressed as their men.

I *told* you London is a man's town.

● The most romantic man I met in London was young Emir Saud, crown prince from Mecca, son of the King of Saudi Arabia. His papa's kingdom lies not far from where Mussolini and the Ethiopians have been worrying our Western world with war drums—therefore official London went out of its way to be nice to young Saud.

I met him at a brilliant diplomatic party given in his honor. He is six feet tall, gracefully dignified, garbed picturesquely in a long Oriental robe and a crown of gold cords. Mohammedans are not supposed to shake hands, but every one poked a hand at him, so he shook, after which he extended the Arab greeting—touched fingers lightly to his heart, then to his lips—meaning, *My words come from my heart.*

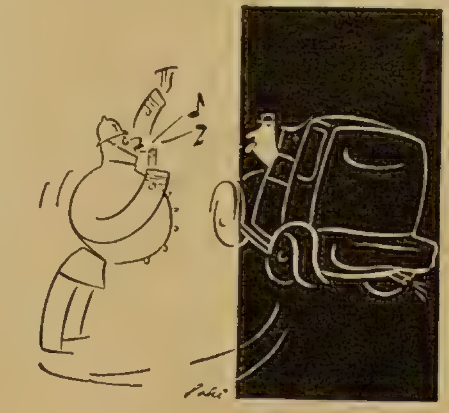
Speaks only Arabic. Talked to me through interpreters. Was anxious to have us know that Arabian women are treated liberally. He said, "By our law a daughter gets one third of her brother's inheritance, and her brother must support her until she marries. Also our women are free to choose the men who administer their estates."

"What a break for your desert gigolos."

The young Emir laughed. "We teach our women never to trust adventurers."

Told me he doesn't really approve of feminine education except in household matters. I asked him if he enjoyed hunting with falcons. His reply was a torrent of excited Arabic. Translated, it meant, "*You're a smart girl, but how did you know all we noble Arabs are red-hot falcon fans?*"

"Score a point," said I, "for my feminine education."



● *More London impressions:*

Cupid-faced traffic cop on tough old Hammersmith Road with positively *the* most la-de-da Oxford accent I ever have heard. . . . For the political future watch these two American wives of English Parliament members: Mrs. Roland Robinson and Mrs. Alfred Bossom, one fair and the other dark, both clever hostesses, both swell lookers and smart as paint. . . . Sign in the window of a pub: "Cool, Clear Courage Luncheons." . . . Morning in Hyde Park, rowing on the Serpentine with a New York newspaper owner, he philosophizing thus: "The English are spiritually medieval, economically modern." . . . Maurice Chevalier, gay again after his Hollywood gloom, cracking French jokes with a French waiter in a London night club. . . . Queen Mary thanking High Commissioner Ferguson for roses he sent her from Canada. "They're still beautifully fresh," she said. "I have put them all over the house."

to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

ND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

● The wife of a rajah has been telling me about those fabulous Indian jewels. She says none of the Oriental potentates bring their best stones to Europe or America. They're afraid of gangsters. Back home in India, she said, one rajah keeps millions and millions of dollars' worth of pearls and emeralds in an old tin box. The servant who guards that box belongs to a family which has been on the same job nine generations.

PEGGY WOOD

● The first time Peggy Wood saw Ian Hunter he was drinking kerosene oil out of a lamp. That was something for her to remember him by.

He drank the kerosene (or pretended to) on the stage in an English play. Miss Wood was in the audience. Now she and he are on the screen together in the new film Jalna, pictured from Mazo de la Roche's $10,000 prize story of a great Canadian family. All through their Jalna job she couldn't get his oil-quaffing past out of her mind. Couldn't forget it. Such predicaments, she says, are among the psychological oddities of theater business.

And here is another one:

John Weaver, the playwright, is Peggy Wood's husband. He has tried and tried to write a play for her to star in, but somehow he can't do it. Can't make an idea click for his own wife. Too, when he does write a part for her she can't throw herself into it. Can't be an actress for her husband. Domestically they are a happy team. Artistically it's just a case of incompatibility.

I talked with Miss Wood about the current epidemic of Shakespearean acting among movie stars. She has it herself, also Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Philip Merivale, Walter Huston.

"We think the screen offers a new medium for Shakespeare," Miss Wood said. "The close-ups allow more subtle interpretations of the parts. Shakespeare on the screen can be nearer to the plays as you read them. In time I believe Hollywood will make a complete film library of Shakespeare."

Peggy Wood was born in Brooklyn. Her father was Eugene Wood, the short-story writer.

● Follow-up letters have been coming in ever since I mentioned John Erskine's fancy for digging queer laws out of our statute books. One informant tells me that in New York State today it is still a legal misdemeanor to open or close an umbrella in the presence of a horse.

● Sneeze and make up!

Did you know that a sneeze can settle a lovers' tiff as well as a kiss? Neither did I until I saw it happen.

Woman and man on a motorbus, fighting like cat and dog in their native language, Hungarian, of which I understand just enough to know what language it is when I hear it. Well, these two on the bus were having a savage battle, calling each other bad names, scowling and growling. Suddenly she sneezed.

"*Egészségedre*," he said to her without thinking.

"*Köszönöm*," she answered automatically.

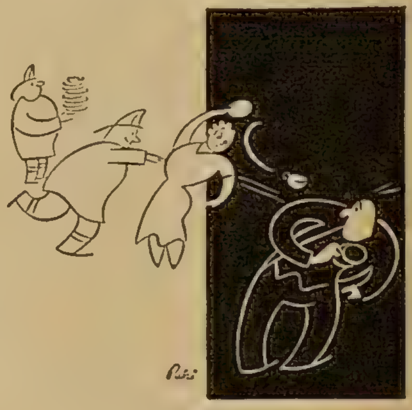
They looked at each other in amazement, then both of them burst out laughing. He had wished her the best of health, and she had thanked him prettily for his kind words. How could they go on fighting after such politeness? Of course they couldn't. They got off the bus arm in arm, happy as larks.

● *New experiments in our feminine world last month included these:*

Arguing with her husband, a New York wife became excited, turned in a fire alarm, fetched five fire engines and two police cars to her side of the argument. She was arrested.

In Washington an eleven-year-old from Alabama was the first little girl ever to apply for a job as a Senate page. She said, "I can do that work as well as any boy." Senate pages have to be pretty good at keeping secrets. The senators were sorry—no little-girl pages for them.

Thirty-one rural widows organized a picnic club, all agreeing to pay a fine of one dollar if they remarry within a year. Asked why, they said for no reason particularly—just a widows' whim.



● No stories of small-town life in America are more to my taste than those of Thyra Samter Winslow. Her new book—My Own, My Native Land—is the best yet, the ripest with sympathy and understanding. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

● Cuba eats Moros y Cristianos—Moors and Christians—an excellent supper or luncheon dish, particularly when accompanied by a fresh green salad.

Make it as follows:

First prepare and keep hot a quantity of plain boiled rice, fluffy and dry. That's for your *Cristianos*.

Now for your *Moros*. Soak 1½ cups black beans 3 hours in cold water, rinse and boil about 3 hours until tender. Fry 3 slices bacon with 1 chopped onion or a little garlic, moisten with stock or consommé, season well with salt, pepper, and Worcestershire, put in 1 tablespoon Indian chutney, add your black beans, and let simmer to a thick rich sauce. Serve with the plain rice.

These Bossy Women!

Liberty's Short Short

by HELEN GILMORE

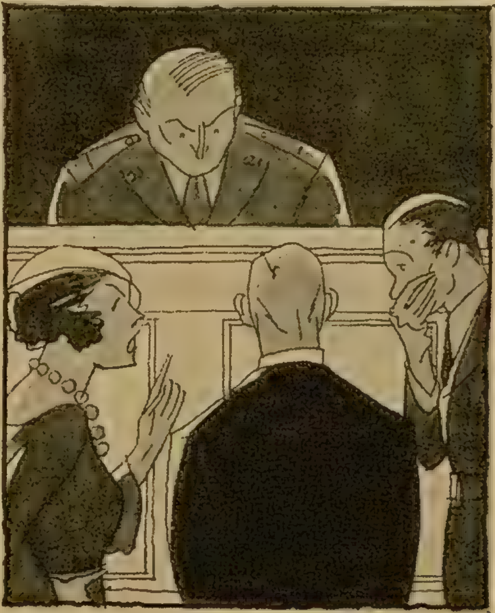
READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

AS the tirade of female fury advanced in person on the door of the little Westchester town police station, Sergeant Blake sighed, pulled his feet off the desk and let gravity do the rest. They fell to the floor.

"I told you not to do it, John." The female voice had that edge that all wives have on their husbands, the sergeant noted. "But no, you were so smart."

"Poor sucker," Blake murmured. "Sweet dish to have the rest of your life for breakfast."

The door banged open and a woman of untimable youth strode in followed by "John" and a slightly sheepish motorcycle cop.



"Don't think just because you're my husband I'm going to stand by and uphold you," she continued, impervious to the presence of the law. "After all, there is such a thing as social regimentation, even—"

"Just a minute, madam." The sergeant particularly disliked women with Movements. "I'll handle this. What's the charge, Miller?"

"Why—traffic violation I suppose, sir." The motorcycle cop scratched his head comfortlessly.

"We're pleading guilty, Your Honor." She was in again. "We were wrong." It was one of those accusatory we's meaning John. "And it's our job to pay the penalty before there's any chance for a miscarriage of justice."

"You needn't worry about that," the sergeant snapped and picked up a pen. He banged open the blotter and turned to the wordless man by the woman's side. "What's your name?"

"John Harper."

"Address?"

"1492 Seaview Avenue, Bronx, New York."

"Business?"

"I'm on the road for the Amalgamated Can Corporation."

Good, clean middle-aged face. Trifle drawn at the moment. But the sergeant liked it. Too bad he was hooked up with that dame.

"What's the lady's name?"

"Lady!" she snorted before the man could answer. "I'm his wife!"

The motorcycle cop grinned broadly at the sergeant, who coughed out of season.

"You can put this down, Your Honor," the woman pursued. "Ella Sanders Harper, president of the Women's Council for Civic Nurseries—"

"Children?" the sergeant broke in.

"No. Flowers." And without losing a beat she continued, "Chairman of the Woman's Public Safety for Pedestrians, chairman of our local—"

Her voice knifed on while the sergeant started to write in on the record "Nuts," and caught himself just in time. "License O. K., Miller?"

"Yes, sir. Drives a Chevvy coupé belonging to the company."

"All right. Now what's the trouble?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sergeant," Miller began with none of the traditional prosecution drive. "Commissioner Callwell's man was down here at Forest Avenue and Main—counting the cars going by." The slight stress on the last words brought forth a significant look between the two men.

"Hmmm." The sergeant sucked his left first molar eloquently.

"That's where I picked up this man Harper for passing in the third lane."

"Yes, and that isn't the worst, Your Honor." The woman leaned forward and shook her finger at the sergeant as if he were the accused.

This was evidently too much for John Harper. "Oh, for Pete's sake, can't you keep still?" he grunted.

"And let a driving fool loose on the road again? Other people like to live, too." Her eyes swept him bleakly. "Listen, Your Honor."

The many "Your Honors" were getting on the sergeant's nerves. She needn't think she was making a hit by stretching his title in any such way. Just a crick in the neck, that's what she was.

And still talking. "He not only turned out into the third lane but he did it in low, right after all the cars had been waiting for the light to turn green, and the road took a sharp turn to the left up a hill, so if there'd been any one coming down we'd've killed them and they'd've killed us—all because somebody tooted a horn behind him!"

She took a big breath. So did the other three.

"Is that right?" the sergeant asked Harper.

The man's face was red. "I thought the guy in front was stalled." Then, under his breath he added quite audibly, "My buddy."

A fleet wraith of sympathy passed along the interlocked glances of the officers of the law.

The woman bridled. "Maybe you think I'm a poor wife, John, but I'll show you I'm not. I'll pay that fine out of the money I've saved for a new fall suit. First I've had in four years." She sniveled a little. "But I'll pay it, because God knows where you'll ever scrape together enough. You'll be lucky if this don't cost you your job." Then she came to the point with an unmistakable ring of triumph: "But it'll be worth it to see you get what's coming to you!"

That settled it. The age-old gauntlet thrown in the face of all malekind by a nagging woman. There was, of course, the law. But there was, also, the judicial administering of it.

"Officer Miller," Blake cleared his throat officially, "I recommend that we reprimand Mr. Harper severely for his negligence, and warn him if we ever pick him up again he'll get the maximum. How about it?"

"O. K., sergeant," the motorcycle cop grinned.

"No complainant," the sergeant entered on the blotter. "Case dismissed."

A man and woman descended the steps of the police station in a little town in Westchester. Their faces wore the strained expression of people who have too much to say to each other to say anything at all. As they climbed into a car parked in front, the man said guardedly, "You sure got me out of a tough spot that time. Guess I owe you a pile of thanks."

"Not at all." The woman glanced imperceptibly to the side, gauging their distance from the police station.

"I saw that sign on your car, 'No Riders,' and I wasn't going to let you get in trouble with your firm for picking up a hitchhiker." She flashed him a quick look. "Just let me off in the next town—John."

THE END

The Strangest Sweepstakes in History

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

The Story of a $500,000 Price on Motherhood in a Land Already Famous for Blessed Events

by Marguerite Mooers Marshall

BABIES worth their weight in gold—worth it literally! That's the latest true story, stranger than fiction, to come from Canada. For on October 31, 1936, the sum of $500,000 is to be awarded to the Toronto woman who during the preceding decade has borne the greatest number of children!

This anti-race-suicide sweepstakes prize is a bequest from Charles Vance Millar, wealthy Canadian bachelor lawyer, sportsman, and humorist, who died in October, 1926.

At this writing the four favorites in his stork derby have produced among them no fewer than sixty-seven offspring. And Mrs. Matthew Kenny, now leading the field, says blithely:

"I've had fourteen children, eleven of them in less than nine years, and there'll be another before Christmas—maybe twins, maybe quintuplets!"

Int. photo

Mrs. Ambrose Harrison and her children, now tied for third place. "You never saw a finer family."

To call these Toronto women mothers for revenue only is of course unfair. All the leaders were filling cribs before Mr. Millar's humorously eccentric bequest became public. All are affectionate and enthusiastic parents. And yet protests more intelligent than those of prudes challenge such a breeding contest on eugenic and sociological grounds.

Take the case of Mrs. Kenny. Nothing in the Millar will stipulates that a champion childbearer must be able to show living offspring, so from that point of view it does not matter that of Mrs. Kenny's three sets of twins born since 1926 two sets are dead. Nor that of her total of fourteen children only nine are alive. Of this nine, only four are with their mother; the others are receiving the care which she cannot give them, since the Kennys are on relief.

The completest possible contrast is presented by the family of Mrs. Ambrose Harrison, now tied for third place. She has had only eight children since 1926, but of her total of fourteen *every one is alive, healthy, handsome!* You never saw a finer family than these six sturdy boys and eight pink-cheeked, blue-eyed girls.

"How could I live and be happy if they weren't?" demands their pretty vivacious blonde mother. She looks five years younger than her thirty-eight years, although in addition to bearing her outsize family she manages to bring it up on her husband's wages—between twenty-five and thirty dollars a week—as a street-car motorman.

Mrs. Joseph Bagnato at forty-two has produced twenty-three babies, but only the nine born since 1926 can be counted. Of these nine only four are alive, and of the entire twenty-three, eleven have died.

Mrs. Bagnato, an unrebellious, hard-working, devoted mother, is an unmistakably tired one. All her married life she has done double duty, for she is a court interpreter much in demand. She gets breakfast for the children, nurses the current baby, hurries to the courtroom. Her evenings are given over to washing, ironing, and mending.

When I asked her how she found it possible to combine an outside job with so large a family, she answered simply: "The family was the reason why I worked. We had to have the money."

Still a fourth type of large family is that of Mrs. Stephen Darrigo. There are twelve living Darrigo children out of sixteen born, and eight of the sixteen came into the world since October 31, 1926. The girls are their father's assistants in his fruit-and-vegetable shop, the boys drive delivery wagons and run errands. Black-browed, black-eyed, placid Mrs. Darrigo, in the room at the back of the shop, cooks spaghetti and nurses her babies.

Her burly Stephen, whose early life was spent in the United States, remarks with grim approval that his wife is "not for shop but good mother," that his children are "no bums," and that a business is the thing for a big family which pulls together.

A food business, such as that of the Darrigos, certainly is the thing to help solve the budgetary problems of a marathon mother. For her dozen—a rotund lot—Mrs. Darrigo buys two pounds of butter a day. She uses a case of spaghetti a week, five quarts of milk and six loaves of bread a day—two loaves buttered for the children's after-school snack.

Mrs. Harrison's hungry hopefuls eat a peck of potatoes at a meal. Feeding such families means buying by wholesale and cooking ditto.

To a woman, the four leading the stork derby in Toronto behave like proud and happy people who would "do it all over" if they had their lives to live again and if no half-million-dollar baby bounty were involved! Mrs. Harrison apparently sums up the general sentiment when, with a tender, happy, humorous smile on her lips, she says, "I told my husband when we married that I wanted a big family, and I got my wish."

What will the winner of the maternity sweepstakes do with that $500,000? The latest suggestion is of a share-the-wealth compromise settlement. By this arrangement several women, of almost equal eligibility under the terms of the Millar will, may divide the big bequest. More than one has declared herself generously willing to let other needy children benefit along with her own. Mothers everywhere—on a wholesale or a retail basis—are "sisters under their skins."

THE END

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Exit Vivian, Enter Fifi . . . and Life for Socko Goes On—as Calamity Hits the Girl in the Golden West

WORDS AND PICTURES BY

BERT GREEN

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Savoy-Mills Hotel,
New York.

Dear Ginger,

Well, I just received your sweet letter giving me *one more chance* and warning me against aceing around with Vivian,—the red headed nurse.

Listen, Toots, me and her are all washed up. When I got your letter raising ample hell, I sat right down and wrote her an epistle that would take the wave out of Joe Louies hair. Take a slant at the copy of the same enclosed:—

Savoy-Mills Hotel,
New York.

Dear Vivian,

I hate to write you this letter, but theys no way out.

Listen, Vivian, I have always been on the up-and-up with you. When I first met you in the hospital, I came clean and told you that I was engaged to a girl in Hollywood and that some day I was going to marry her. What did you do? You did your best to put her in the grease and bust up our romance. When I found out what you were aiming at, I tried to let you down easy. Yeah, and to get rid of you was like trying to fight off a double portion of mastoids. Then you told me that you were secretly married to a gentleman who was summering in Sing Sing. You said you wanted to Reno-vate the yegg in the hopes *I* would marry *you.* You even begged me for the transfer dough—the 500 smackers I won by exposing myself to Stovecoal Jackson's attempt at homicide—the night of my last fight. Yeah, and when I failed to come through, you threatened me.

Don't think for a split second Vivian, that I havent appreciated all the muscle massages you gave me and the likes of that, but, Great Cesares ghost, if I'd a known the truth in the beginning I would have copped a quick sneak! So, from now on me and you are *through!* Get me?

Yours truly,
SOCKO O'BRIEN.

I guess that will stop her, eh, Ginger?

Well, to change the subject, I felt pretty good after winning the bout from Stovecoal Jackson last week, so I thought I would hop a bus over to Pumpton Lakes, N. J., to see what I could pick up in the assault and battery business. I no sooner stepped in the gym than the thick necked matchmaker ankled over to me and said:

"Howd you like to step ten frames with a donkey by the name of Minsky next Saturday night?" he says.

"Whats this eggs fighting moniker?" I tosses back.

"Killer Kelly from the U. S. and A. battleship Texas," he sneers. "He's a punk like yourself."

"Whats the purse?" I inquires—with an air like Mellon owed me millions.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he says. "I'll give you five hundred bucks if you stay the limit. Two-fifty if you loose or draw."

"Suppose I slap him for a funeral?" I asks, "Whats the chances of making it *seven-fifty* or *nothing?*"

"Don't hand me any of those!" he says. "Will you fight or not?"

"Seven-fifty or *nothing!*" I hollers, indipendant.

"Now lets get this straight," he yells back. "For *seven-fifty* you agree to *stop* Kelly, and if you loose or *draw* you get *nothing?* Is that right?"

"Righto," I says.

"Okay, its a bet!" he grins.

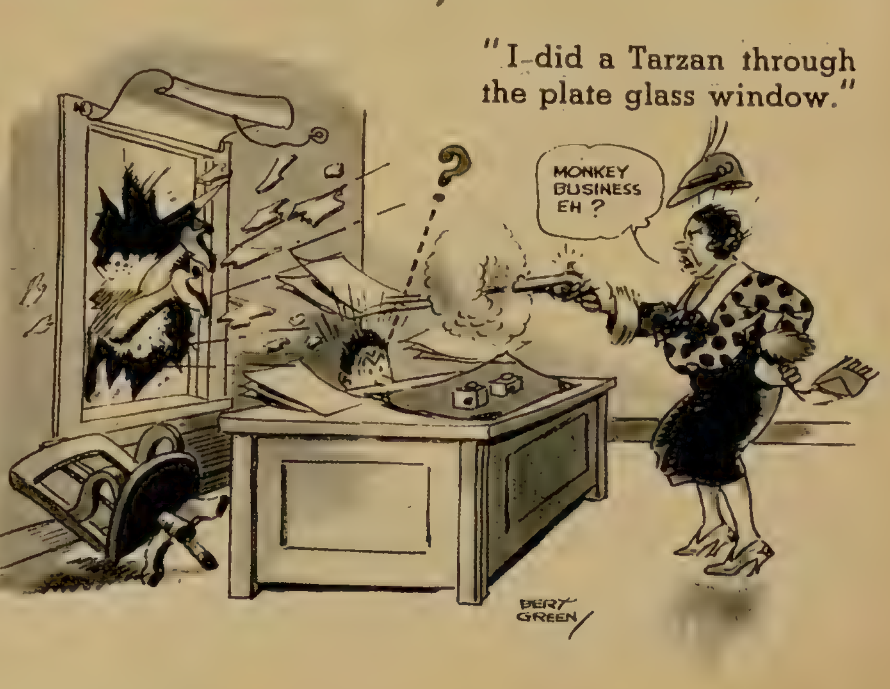
Well, old dear, I had only gone about three hundred feet along the turnpike toward the bus station, when I see a neat little number standing beside a plum colored roadster that had more chromium on it than they was on a battleship. Well, Ginger, just as I get abreast of the car, the dame beckons to me, so I barge over.

"Pardon me," she tees off in a cute french accent. "I wonder if you will be kind enough to help me change a wheel? Ive got a flat tire."

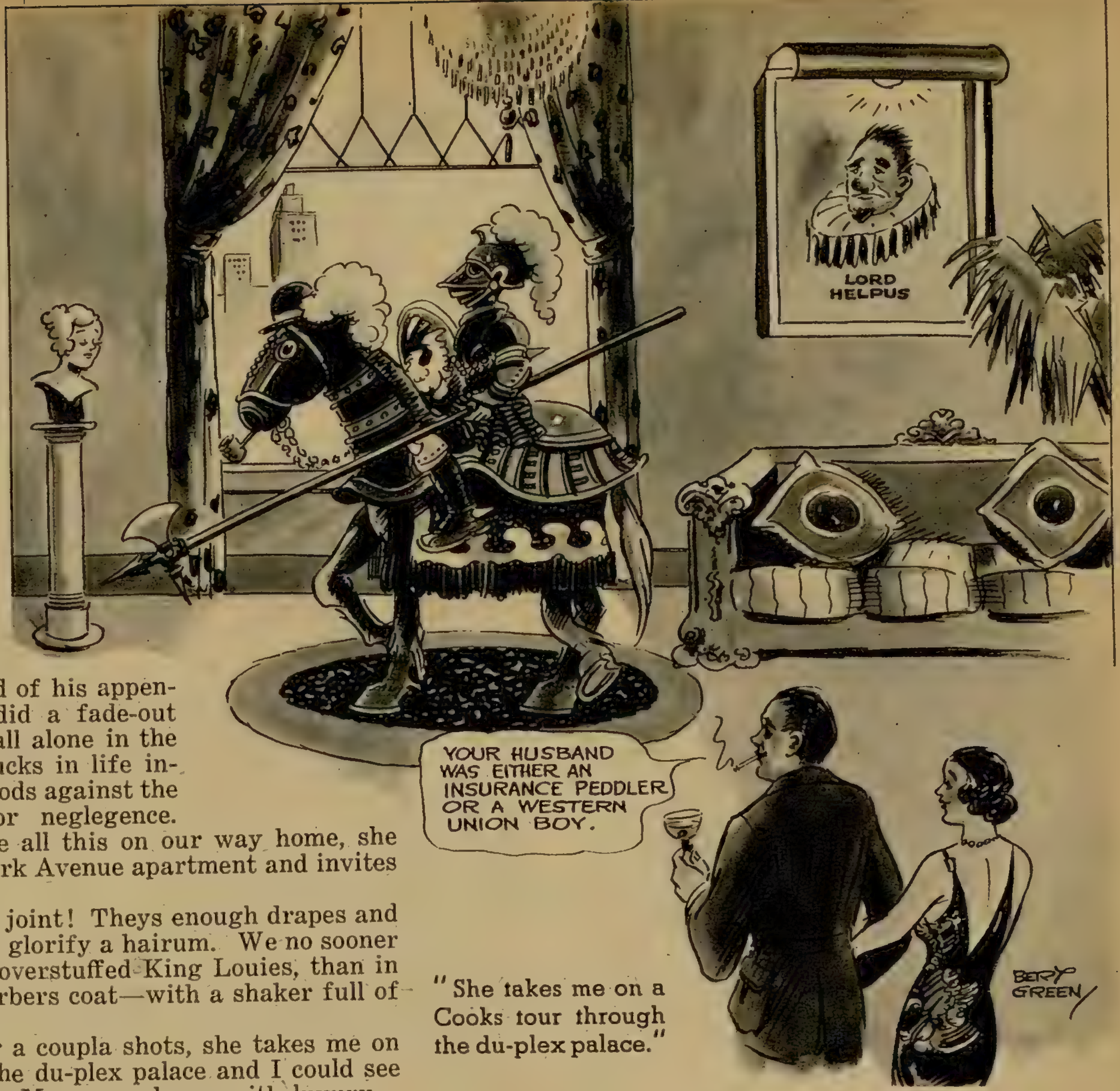
"With the greatest of pleasure," I says.

Well, Ginger, one word rented another and before I knew it, I was reclining in her 8,000 buck streamline speedster, inhaling gold-tipped lung dusters and rolling

"I did a Tarzan through the plate glass window."



for New York. Before we had clicked off a couple or three miles, she beacame very clubby. She told me that her name was Madam Fifi La Mour and that she was a widow. She said her poor, dear husband had recently folded due to a bit of surgical operandi that went democratic. It seems her hubby was stricken with appendicitus at three bells in the ayem and they had to rush him to the hospital post mortum. Well, according to her, when the doc had his male open, he made the grave mistake of taking the guys gizzard out instead of his appendix. Her poor hubby did a fade-out leaving poor little Fifi all alone in the world with a million bucks in life insurance, plus a bill of goods against the hospital's manager for neglegence.


LORD HELPUS
YOUR HUSBAND WAS EITHER AN INSURANCE PEDDLER OR A WESTERN UNION BOY.
BERT GREEN

"She takes me on a Cooks tour through the du-plex palace."

Well, after telling me all this on our way home, she draws up to a snooty Park Avenue apartment and invites me in for a cocktail.

Holy mackrel, whatta joint! Theys enough drapes and furniture in the place to glorify a hairum. We no sooner parked our hips in the overstuffed King Louies, than in zooms a chink—in a barbers coat—with a shaker full of chilled neck oil.

After we kicked over a coupla shots, she takes me on a Cooks tour through the du-plex palace and I could see at a glance that Fifi La Mour was lousy with luxury—if youll excuse my french. My gawd, what a shatoe! In the glass ballroom was a full grown stuffed nag and on his back was a "knight" made out of tin cans.

So amazed was I over this epidemic of wealth, I turned to Madam La Mour and cracked in a kidding way:

"From the looks of this little castle, I imagine your hubby was either an insurance peddler or a Western Union boy?"

"No," she chuckled, squeezing my arm. "My husband was a beeg ship builder in France."

Oh Boy! After that crack, I grabbed my corn fritter, said au-rewar to the lady and ankled through the marble lobby like I owned the joint.

Well, Ginger, Ive got to blow now and grab a workout.

Listen, Kid, before I sign off, I dont want you to get steamed up because I was nice to the french frail. After all, if *you* can clown with that snapshot hero Rex Holmes in Hollywood, why shouldnt *I* flit around with Fifi?

With loads of love, your ever loving boy friend,

SOCKO.

P.S.

I'll write you a round by round description of what I do to the sailor in my next letter.

Christie Hotel,
Hollywood Boulevard,
Hollywood, Califilmia.

Dear Socko,

Its been over a week since you gave the old pen a pushing around. Whats the matter? Did the red headed nurse catch up with you?

Listen, Foolish, you may be surprized to know that I am bedded down with a sprained ankle and a collection of assorted bruises on my chassie. Yes, and heres what happened:—

Last week, Izzy Gold—my dopey agent—called me up and told me to hop over to the Static Lot and grab a special part in a six spooler called "Loose Nuts" a super-eppic starring Rex Holmes, my heart throb.

The scene I did was very scenario. It was laid in Mortimer Smarts law office. Rex Holmes played the part of Mortimer, while I was Gwendolyn Stoops, his pash, private secretary. According to the story, Mr. Smart buzzed his wife on the phone and told her he wouldnt be home for supper.

Later, when the cameramen turned over the Brownies, I was seated on Mr. Smarts knee. Just at that moment, who busts in the office, but my lovers storm and strife—a dainty little lass weighing 295 raw. In her right mit she sported a cannon a foot long.

"So, this is the *important conference?*" she roars.

With that, she raised the roscoe and started blazing away at Rexie and me. Well, I did a Tarzan through the plate glass window and thats all I remember.

When I came too, I was reclining in bed surrounded by two medicos and a dame dressed in white.

What actually happened Socko, was this:—instead of my going through a prop window—made out of *thin ice*—and falling on two *beautyrests*, I went through a *real piece of glass* and landed on a load of *bricks* eight feet below. Can you imagine those?

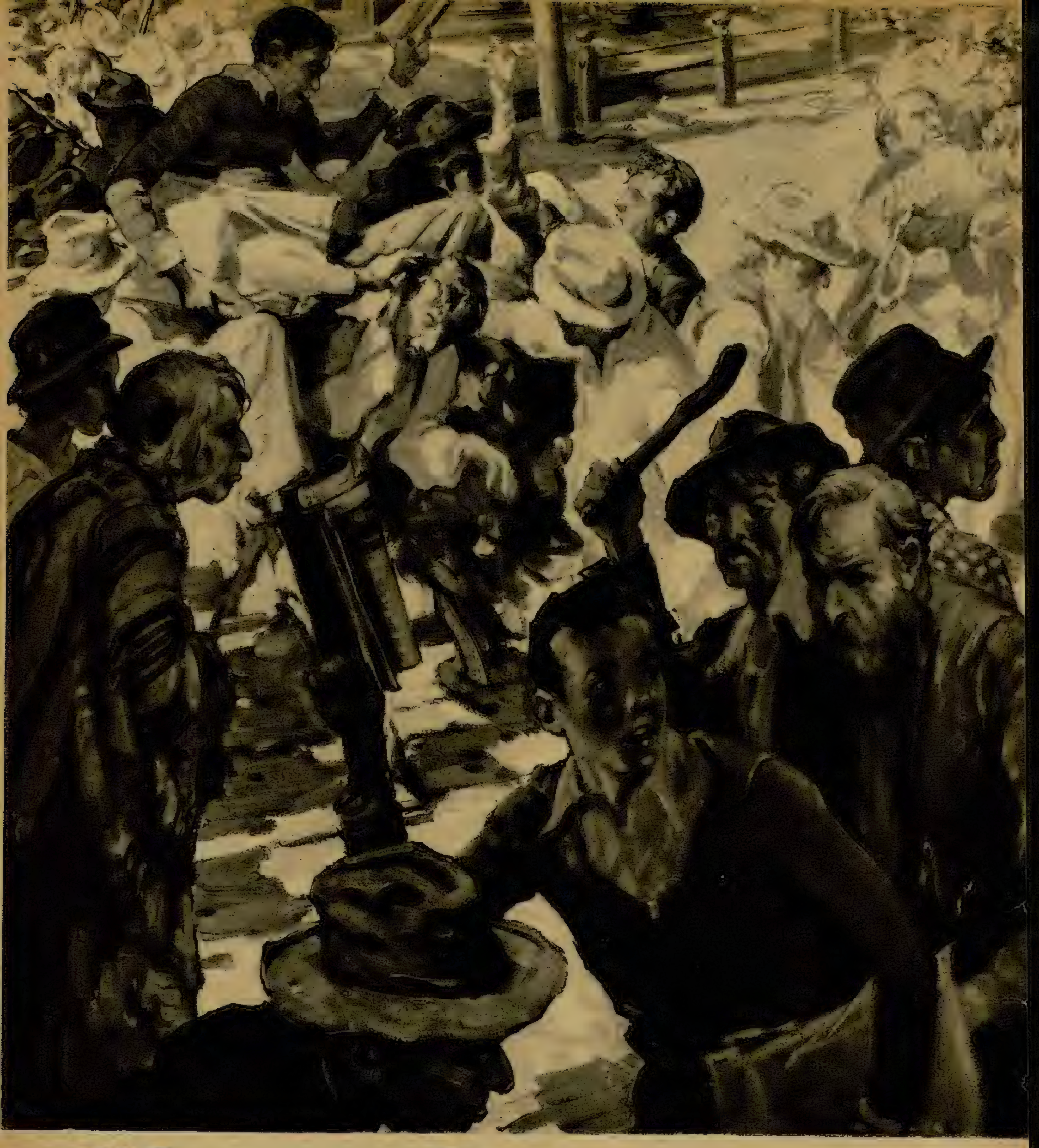
But I should worry and age. With Mr. Goodwin filling my room with posies and bon bons and Rex Holmes holding my hands, Maes West has nothing on me.

Listen, crackpot, the bell-hop just handed me your air-mail letter telling me all about that *new french twist* Fifi La Mour you are frolicking with. I dont wish you any hard luck old kid, but I hope that sailor from the U. S. and A. battleship Texas smacks you for a row of sleeping powders!!!

Thats all!!!

GINGER.

More letters of Socko and Ginger will be published in an early issue.



THE Mob

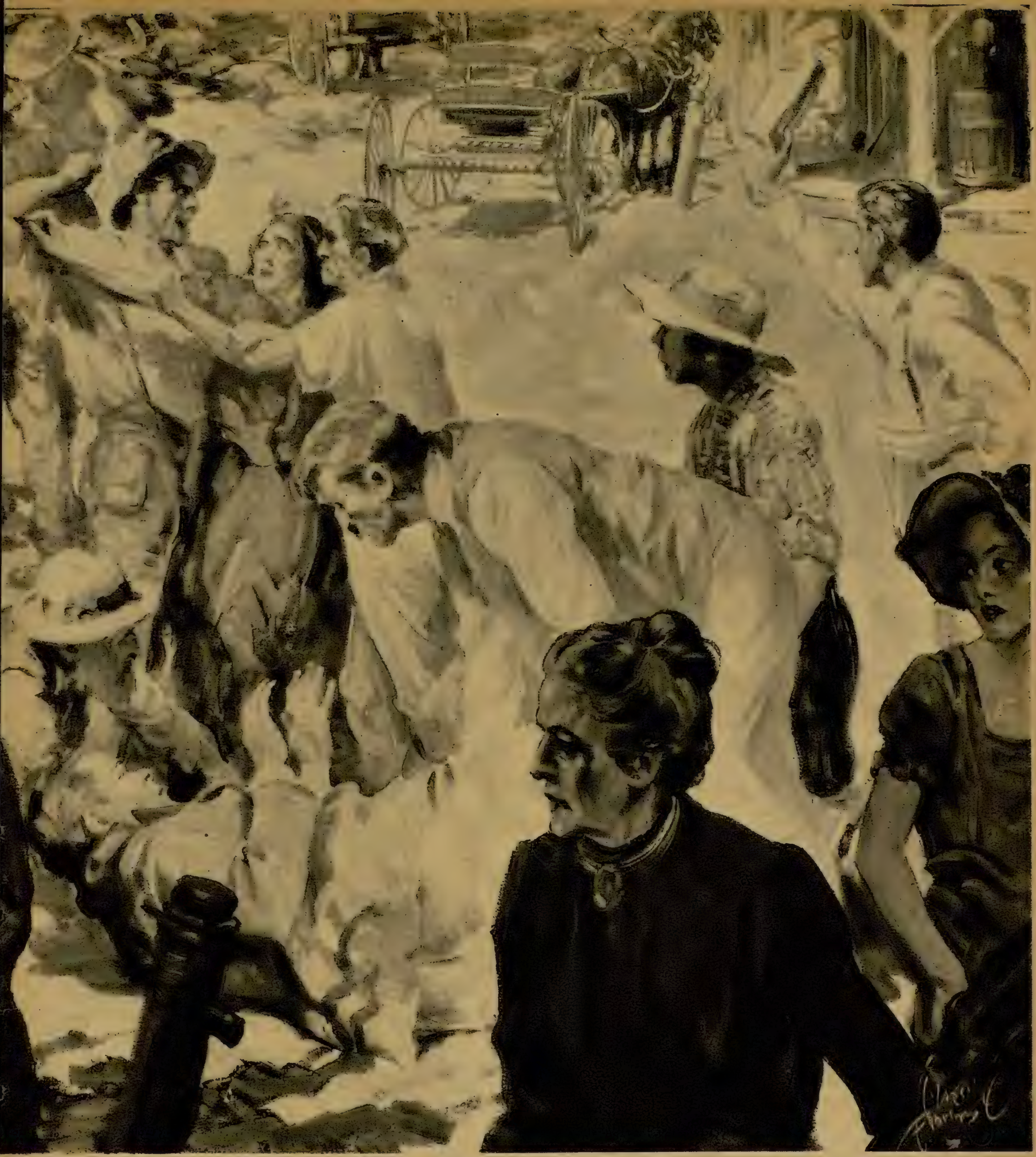
BY EMILY N

ILLUSTRATION BY

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"MY God, this town'll go wild!" Mehitabel Loftin rose abruptly from the old Abraham Lincoln desk in her cluttered newspaper office. Characteristically, her first thought was of the town she had hectored, harangued, and mothered for thirty years.

"What do you mean, this town'll go wild, Miz Hitabel?" asked Ike Thompson, her hunchbacked devil.



A dozen fights were going in as many parts of the crowd. Women shrieked. Men swore.

EWELL BLAIR

MARSHALL FRANTZ

"Can't you put two and two together, Ike, or don't you ever hear anything?" Mehitabel snapped out. "Ain't they been taking Nance's side ever since her pappy got him that new woman over in Joplin? Ain't she told us how her new mammy abused her? And now Nance's dead this way—they'll say that old Pete murdered Nance—"

A GRIPPING TALE OF HILLBILLY HATRED, A BRIDE TRAPPED BY TRAGEDY, AND ONE WOMAN'S COURAGE IN A TOWN GONE WILD

“But, Miz Hitabel, Nance wasn’t right in the head. Young Doc said she’d do something crazy some day. It’s perfectly plain to any one with sense that Nance had one of her spells, went into the field, spilled gasoline on her nightgown and set fire to it. That’s the kind of thing she would do.”

“Ike, ain’t you going to learn nothing about these hill folks?” she asked, looking down on him. “What’s Young Doc’s big words to them? Old Pete’s always got the best of them in a trade, ain’t he? He went outside and got him a new woman, didn’t he? They’ve been hating Pete and that young wife of his for two years. Nance said they beat her, and acted like as if they did. She’s hill folks and this woman ain’t. That’s what we’re up against. What’s so won’t stop ’em thinking what they want to think, or acting either. And when they do, hell’s going to break loose in this town.”

Mehitabel lifted her rusty black hat down from the peg. She tucked her topknot of gray hair into it, straightened the gathers of her black print skirt, and set straight the brooch in her high collar.

“Where’re you going?” asked Ike.

“To Old Pete’s, of course. He’d better get that wife of his out of town—and soon.”

“Now, Miss Hitabel, don’t start anything. There’s a limit to the interferin’ this town will take, even from you. Election’s coming on with all those ads from the primary candidates. If you’re having one of your unpopular spells we won’t get them. Oh,” he answered the waving head, “I know you’ll win out in the end. You usually do. That’s why the durned fools like you, thwart them as you do. But we can’t afford the luxury of unpopularity right now.”

“So?” snorted Mehitabel. “So?” Unspoken between them was the thought of where Ike Thompson might have been had she been one to fear unpopularity. Jenkinstown took no interest in census returns. An unknown cripple from “outside” with a caustic tongue and unconcealed “book l’arnin’” had not been acceptable—that is, until Mehitabel had rescued Ike from three young bullies with her umbrella in front of the drugstore.

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

has been active in national political affairs since 1921, yet has found spare time to write two books, The Creation of a Home and A Woman of Courage, and contribute regularly to all the leading magazines. Was born in Joplin, Missouri; lives in Washington.

Mehitabel covered Ike’s embarrassment. “If you’d been here that time they had that lynching, maybe you’d understand.”

“But they’d never hang them, Miz Hitabel—Old Pete and a woman?”

“No,” she said dryly. “They’ll probably burn them. That’s the way their minds work.”

“Burn them! My God, they can’t do that!”

“No; that’s what I’m on my way to stop.” The front door of the Oracle office slammed behind her.

ON the high sidewalk the tall gaunt figure paused. Mehitabel’s reportorial eye swept the small town square. In front of the corner drugstore Doug Collins was gesticulating with unwonted energy before a crowd of men. Under the weathered wooden awnings other men were hurrying toward this crowd. The sooner she got to Old Pete’s the better!

She crossed over to the unbuilt side of the square and entered an unfenced vacant lot. Once out of sight, she quickened her steps. Soon sumac bushes and scrubby pin oaks closed on each side of a footpath. At the edge of the woods she came upon an open space. Before her stood a roughly mowed yard, in its center a house one room in width, two stories high, a new freshly painted porch across its front.

Three men stood on the stoop. Sheriff’s officers, she knew. Solemnly they nodded.

“Howdy, Miz Hitabel.”

“Howdy.”

“Howdy.”

“Well?” she asked. “*Well?*” Her lower lip came up taut against her upper lip.

“She’s—it’s—in there,” answered one of the men. “What’s left. Found it in the cornfield. Hogs, you know.”

“Corpse burned,” another explained. “Not all of it.”

Mehitabel walked around the house. Kitchen door for death, always. Rapping gently, she turned the knob. The room was empty. But in a glance she noted the new linoleum on the floor, the shining pans, the freshly painted cupboard.

She passed into the front room, bed and sitting room combined. For a moment she stared at the white sheet. Then she remembered her duty to the Oracle and lifted it. Enough! She would remember that always.

STEPS sounded on the stairs. She turned. Pete’s new woman moved slowly down. Mehitabel took her in, pink bungalow apron, polished pumps, slickly brushed brown wave. Then she walked toward her, lifted her chin, and stared into her eyes. What she saw there satisfied her. They held a horror like her own.

“Tell me,” she said, putting her large hand on the young woman’s arm—“tell me all you know.”

“I don’t know what to tell,” the young woman answered in a whisper. “I don’t understand. I had thought she was upstairs in her room. And they brought her—it—here. Oh, why—why—I can’t believe it is Nance! Why did she do it?”

“When did you see her last?” Mehitabel asked.

“Last? Last? Oh, yes. Last evening. She got mad and went up to her room. She said then we’d be sorry. But this—oh, why did she do it? I don’t understand. I tried—I tried. You don’t know how I tried! I thought I could help her. But she hated me. She always hated me from the first. I oughtn’t ever to have come. I oughtn’t—” She began to sob in great gasps.

Mehitabel seized her arm. “Shut up,” she said. “Hear me? Shut up!” She grasped the pink shoulders and shook them. “You’ve got to get hold of yourself.” Then, as the shoulders relaxed under her fingers, her voice softened. “I understand. I knew Nance. It’s terrible. But it isn’t your fault. Now sit down and tell me why you came. Why would a young woman like you want to leave Joplin and marry an old man like Pete?”

The young woman looked down at the carefully tended hands. “It was a chance to be decent—if you understand what I mean.”

“I don’t know as I do,” said Mehitabel. “I wouldn’t have looked on marrying Pete as any short cut to decency. A pretty scrubby specimen, he allus seemed to me.”

A tiny smile chased itself across the other’s face. “I guess he was,” she said. “But that was it, you see. I couldn’t hurt him and he would help me. You see—you see, I started wrong and I wanted to stop. He wanted to marry me and bring me here. It was a way out.”

“Humph!” grunted Mehitabel. “Out of the frying pan into the fire, I’d say.”

“Yes. No, no, not exactly,” the young woman answered. “He’s been good to me, as men go. But, you see, I thought it would all be different: a small town, and friends, and all that—and you’re the first woman that has spoken to me since I came. I guess that’s why I broke down and told you. I thought they’d never know, but I guess you don’t get away that easy. And—and now this—Nance.” The lips began to tremble. “I oughtn’t ever to have come!”

“So that’s it,” said Mehitabel. “What’s your first name, young woman?”

“Mary.”

“Well, you’ve got a woman friend now, Mary. Mehitabel Loftin. That’s my name. I’ll say this for you: you’ve got spunk. Happens I have a weakness for spunk. What’s that?”

Mehitabel turned to the stairway. Steps. The noiseless steps of the hillbilly. Hill-born herself, Mehitabel had heard them. Pete came into view.

As if she had never seen them before, Mehitabel inventoried the long thin nose, the high forehead, the long upper lip. She saw, too, that he wore a freshly ironed shirt and clean overalls, and that his chin showed signs of frequent though tardy shaving, that his hair was wet and plastered down. Mary's work, all this would be. Yet on his face was still the opaque look of the native. Whether he knew the danger that threatened, Mehitabel could not tell. That he would never give anything away, she understood. Then, watching with her hilljane's eyes, that saw without looking, Mehitabel noted his glance slide carelessly over to his wife. To a hilljane, the slouch of his shoulder, that surreptitious squint, the tautness of his hands would have conveyed a warning even to lowered eyes. To Mary they told nothing. Realizing Pete's inability to communicate by any other means, Mehitabel went up to him.

"I'm here to help," she whispered. "You must get away at once."

He nodded indifferently. But Mehitabel understood the code: Wait and watch; say nothing.

Thinking hard, she walked over to the window. Already the yard was full of people. Suddenly she realized that she was the only woman who had entered the house. She knew what that meant. Not even deputy sheriffs could have kept these hilljanes, had they wanted to, from entering the kitchen and with solemn faces silently sitting. She glanced back at Mary. She was still sitting in the chair, eyes lowered, studying her hands. Of the crowd outside and its portent she was still ignorant.

"You've got to get her out of here, Pete. You—she can't stay."

BEFORE he could answer even by a look, the back door slammed. A man stood in the doorway, long, lank, all muscle.

"Oh, it's you, sheriff," said Mehitabel, relieved.

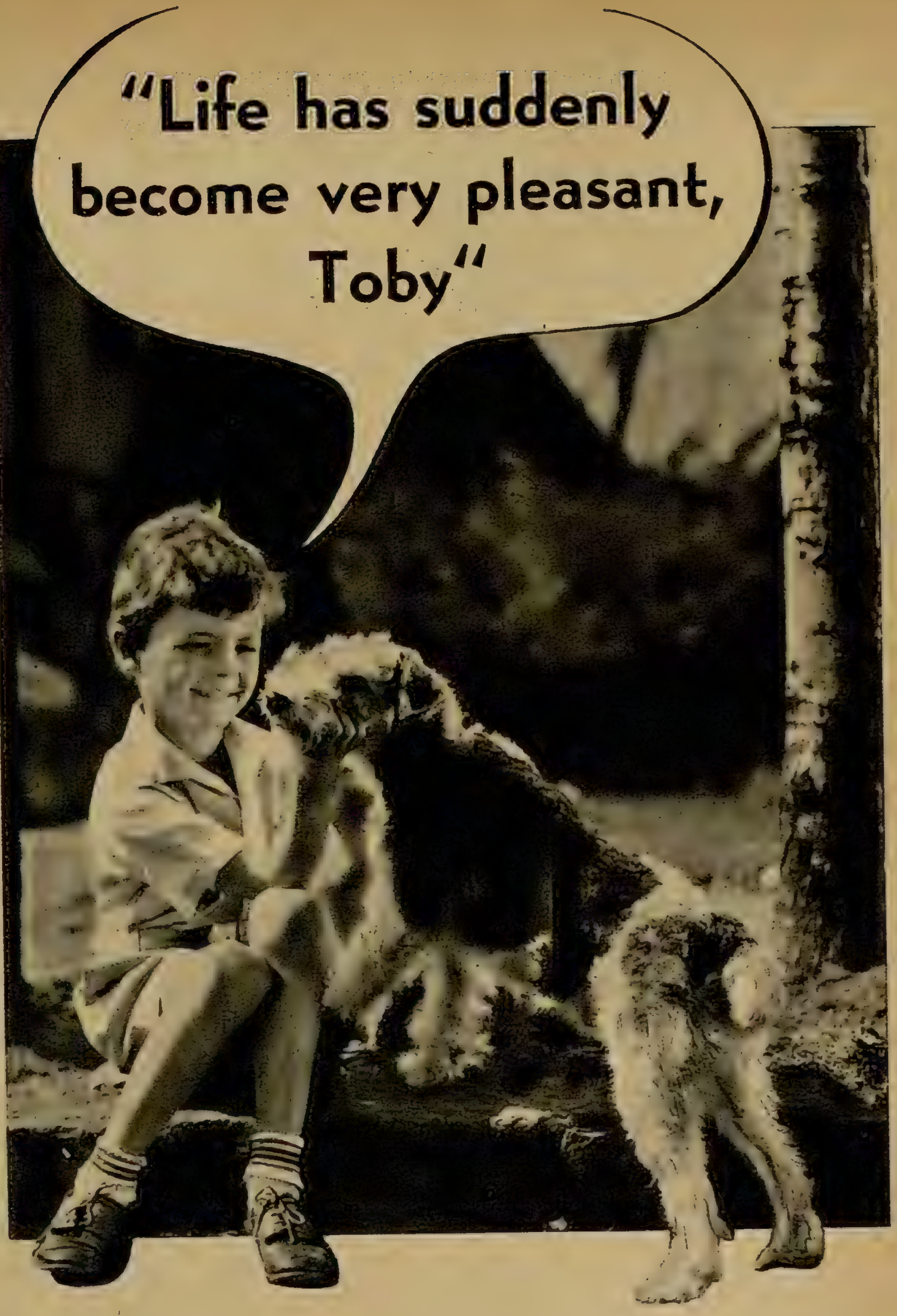
"Yes, Miz Hitabel. Thought as best to bring more men out from town for the back door."

Mehitabel led him back into the kitchen. "We've got to get them away from here, Tom. Ain't safe."

Tom Petty tilted his broad-brimmed felt hat on to the back of his head. "Cain't, Miz Hitabel, till after the inquest. You'd ought to know that. Aim to take them to Joplin after the verdict's given. Going to hold it in the courthouse and have a car all ready—"

"And give those folks out there a whole day to get roused? Are you a fool, Tom?" His hand went to his hip pocket and her wrath died as suddenly as it had risen. "Look here, Tom, you and me can talk turkey. What you do can make or break you. The whole county ain't made up of folks like them. There's plenty of them don't want to be shamed before the world. It'll take more votes to elect you than this mob'll give you." She stopped while he quietly chewed over what she had said. "Start right now, Tom, like as if you're going to town, and then turn off on the Joplin road. So long's they've got the inquest to wait for, they'll wait."

Tom Petty's eyes stared at space for a full minute. Then he shifted his cud. "Cain't, Miz Hitabel. I


"Life has suddenly become very pleasant, Toby"

For this little citizen a sombre world has suddenly brightened.

His mother has given him his first taste of Fletcher's Castoria — the children's laxative. And did he *love* it!

"It was swell!"

That delicious taste is *important*. It means no more of the struggles that a bad-tasting laxative causes — that all too often upset a child's nerves, his digestion, his whole delicate little system.

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"I feel great!"

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Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative
from babyhood to 11 years

ain't no right. If the crowd gets rough, I'll keep them in the jail room."

A picture of the flimsy room in the old courthouse flashed before Mehitabel's eyes. "Much good that will do, and you know it!" she snapped. Then again she changed her tactics. "And I always thought you was smart, Tom. Here you got a chance to make you the biggest man in this county, and you're afraid to take it."

Again he hesitated. For a moment Mehitabel hoped. Then he spoke: "No, Miz Hitabel. Law's law. They're subpoenaed for the inquest and I've got to have them there. Doug Collins says so. I got to. After that I'll do my duty. Never you fear, I'll do my duty."

Mehitabel knew when a hillbilly got "sot." Without another look at him she returned to the front room. Mary had moved over to the window. Mehitabel joined her. Mary's lips, Mehitabel saw, were trembling. "They —they scare me," she said. "They look so awful, sitting there like that and staring at the house. I suppose it's because they know about me—"

"Shucks!" Mehitabel sneered. "They don't know nothing that ever happened outside this town."

"They hate me. I've never done anything to them—"

"Oh, yes, you have." Mehitabel smiled grimly. "You're an outsider and you come here marrying their richest man and you make him give his woman city clothes. You make him shave and wear clean clothes. You're a stepmother and you beat Nance and made her scream and treated her so mean she runs out in her nightgown and spills gasoline over herself and sets fire to it. They've got to show you you can't come here and do—"

The girl lifted her head and stared with angry, defiant eyes into hers. "I never did! I—"

Mehitabel laughed. "That's the stuff," she said. "Never give up when you're down. Fight back. We're going to see this thing through—you and me. We'll down them yet."

But Mehitabel was not exultant as she walked back to the office. She had failed to get them out of town. Now she would have to work some other way. If only she could get through to these people some way, give them something else to think of. She had it! A bulletin—a bulletin in her office window.

It took her half an hour to write it to her satisfaction —a brief account of Nance's suicide, to satisfy their curiosity; a reference to her unfortunate condition, deserving of all pity; and an appeal to all good citizens to refrain from prejudices or willful misinterpretation of this tragedy.

STICKING it in the center window of the office, Mehitabel sat down at her desk as if at work but really to watch the readers. The first to come were the garageman and Doug Collins. The garageman had sense. He had influence. If it caught him he would talk. Then she saw him nod his head. Doug Collins was talking. He pointed to her and his wide thin lips flipped out some phrase. The garageman nodded again and left. But Doug remained. Soon a hillbilly slouched up. He sat down on the high sidewalk with his back to the window, his feet dangling into the gutter. Another appeared, placing himself carefully two feet away from the first. She knew their way. Seldom or never would they touch each other.

Still standing by the window, Doug Collins read the bulletin aloud. Their heads did not turn. They gave no sign of having heard. But they had. Both she and Doug knew that.

Presently the men slouched off. Others took their places. Again Doug Collins read the bulletin aloud and flicked his finger in her direction. Doug's face was not reassuring; neither were the backs. Without a word to each other, the seated men rose, slouched off. Others took their places. Again Doug Collins read the bulletin, with comments of his own.

Ike joined her. "It doesn't look so good, Miz Hitabel," he said. "Doug's like them, even if he is a lawyer. This just gives him the chance he wants—this bulletin."

The printing-office door opened—a young man, the visitor, brisk and thin of face. "Now, Miss Hitabel," he said, "what's the use? As your doctor and next friend, I said, what's the use? You can't make over this town.

Chilton
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$5 . . . $7.50 and up
Pencils to match . . $2.50

Why not take them as they are? They've got to have some excitement. They really ought to let out those repressed emotions. Why not let them make Pete and his wife out murderers—if they want to? It'll do them good."

"But it wasn't murder, Dr. Thornberg. It was suicide. You know that." Mehitabel thrust the sentences at him.

"Of course it was suicide," he answered. "Nance was a neurasthenic if I ever saw one. I warned you."

"Yes, I know. I ought to've done something. I ought—"

"Now be sensible, Miss Hitabel. Don't go to blaming yourself, whatever you do. You can't mother the whole county. Let them run Pete out of town if they want to. He can take care of himself."

"Listen, doc. I've been out there. I've talked to that girl. She's made a decent man out of Pete. She's got stuff in her. She ought to have—"

"Look here, Mehitabel. I don't care a hang for Pete's wife, but I do care about your letting yourself in for a bad time. They're roused, those people. They might round on you—and you're the one person in this town I do care about."

"Because I'm the only one who can appreciate a smart young doctor who's got an itch to bring babies into the world without blindness and wean grown folks from bacon and hominy, and so settles where he's needed but not wanted. What you don't get, young man, is that running Pete out of town won't satisfy these people, once they get started."

"You don't mean—"

"'Tain't necessary to name it to know what I mean. But listen, doc. It's got to be stopped. It's got to be! Do something for me. Go get Jake Simpson and bring him here. I want to know what folks is saying, and you're no good to find out that. They won't talk in front of a stranger."

"Stranger! I've been here five years, haven't I?"

"Yes," Mehitabel retorted, "and still say 'haven't I' instead of 'ain't.' Are you going to get Jake for me or not?"

JAKE'S report was not encouraging: "They're getting pretty wild, Miz Hitabel. It's Doug Collins who's a-stirring them up. And Hetty Grant, too. She's setting on the steps on the north side. She says she heard Nance scream last night and started over, but Bill wouldn't let her go. She says she'll never forget that girl's scream to her dying day. Then she moans: 'God, take that sound out of my ears!' She says Pete was good to Nance till he went out yander and got himself a woman. She says Nance has showed her where he hit her with a chair. She says Nance's—"

"That's enough about Hetty. Always was a she-devil." Mehitabel's lips went tight. "What I want to know is what they say—those as listen."

"Oh, they? Why, they don't say nothing. They just look—well, glum and scrooch their mouths. I s'pose they swallow it, if that's what you mean."

"The fools!" snapped Mehitabel. "Well, that's all I wanted to know. Thanks."

Jake departed. Mehitabel walked to the empty window and looked out. Yes, she could see Hetty Grant spreading her uncorseted two hundred pounds carelessly over the north steps like two sacks, one sitting on top of another, a tiny ball of a head on the top of them, and a black bun of hair on the top of that.

Scattered about the courthouse walk stood women, some bareheaded, some in slat bonnets. A few at a time came up to Hetty, listened, and walked away, to stand near some man among those seated along the gutters in front of the stores. Back of every group a man stood talking.

As Mehitabel watched one group she saw a listener detach himself and amble across the square and begin to talk to another line of backs. She glanced down at the group in front of her window. She noted how taut and tense their usually so loose-jointed bodies looked.

"Tell me, God," she whispered fiercely. "Tell me!"

Fords came rattling in and turned their noses to the old chain fence around the courthouse yard. The wagons

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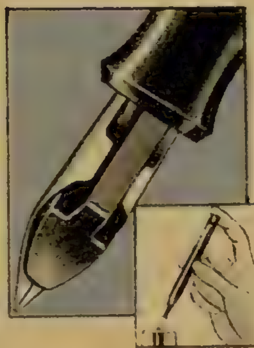

ONE STROKE!

One stroke fills a Chilton to super-capacity by air pressure

and buggies would be slower. But they would come, for evidently the word had gone around. One by one the occupants disembarked. Some of them placed themselves on the edge of her sidewalk to hear what Doug Collins was reading. She could see his wide lips working. What could God be thinking of, she thought angrily, to give the gift of gab to any one with Doug Collins's snake eyes?

She opened her door.

"The dirty slut," she heard him say, "thinks she can call it suicide. Murder's what it is. Black murder! She's tried to run this town long enough. She ought to be taught her place."

Mehitabel withdrew to her desk.

"If I go out there, I'll get mad. I'll make it worse," she muttered. "That's not the way. But there is a way. There is! God, tell me what it is."

AS she hesitated, the front door opened again and old Mr. Perkins, the banker, and George Bruce, the postmaster, came in.

"May we have a moment back here, Miz Hitabel?" they asked.

Elder in the Baptist church one, in the Methodist the other, Mehitabel respected them. They were wise with years if not with brains—shrewd, yet kindly. Her old grandpap, she had always thought, must have been like them when he came to these hills out of Tennessee. She could barely remember him; yet he must have planted in her, she felt, whatever it was that made her different from her hillbilly brothers and sisters. A throwback, Young Doc had called her. But Mr. Perkins and Mr. Bruce were not throwbacks. Their fathers, and their mothers too, had been like that. Old-timers, they were not resented, yet different, like many of the townspeople. To them, she knew, she owed her christening as Miz Hitabel when, long ago, she had come back from the Ozark Mission School and gone into old Gerrold's print shop to run his press.

"It looks bad," said Mr. Bruce, whose ruddy skin stretched over a well padded face in which brown eyes twinkled pointlessly and lips seemed always pursed into an aimless smile.

"It *is* bad, Miz Hitabel," said Mr. Perkins, a square-built man whose body seemed to hang from his shoulders as he walked, and whose solemn long-nosed face was topped with iron-gray tousled hair.

"They've not been like this since they had that lynching," said Mr. Bruce.

"It is outrageous," said Mr. Perkins.

"It ought to be prevented," said Mr. Bruce.

"It must be stopped," said Mr. Perkins.

"We thought you might have some idea, Miz Hitabel," said Mr. Bruce.

"We knew you would," said Mr. Perkins.

Mehitabel shook her head.

"There are more good people in the county than bad," said Mr. Bruce.

"But what can they *do?*" cried Mehitabel.

"That's it. What can *they* do? If they got out we'd have a riot—and more lives than Pete's and his woman's would be lost. You can't talk to these folks out here. When they're like this they won't listen to what they don't want to," said Mr. Perkins.

"I thought," said Mr. Bruce, "of ringing the church bells and getting the church folks out to pray."

"I've prayed myself, Mr. Bruce," said Mehitabel. "If God wants to, He can answer one prayer just as easy as a hundred."

Mr. Bruce was plainly shocked, but Mr. Perkins said gently, "Perhaps He will, Mehitabel. Perhaps He will."

"I wish it was paper day," said Mr. Perkins.

"What makes you say that?" asked Mehitabel.

"Well, I don't know. You might be inspired."

"If you think of anything, call on us, Mehitabel," said Mr. Bruce.

"Get us at once," said Mr. Perkins.

"But don't take any risks, Mehitabel," said Mr. Bruce. "We don't want them to round on you."

"No, Mehitabel. We can't have that," said Mr. Perkins.

They departed.

"The old fools," said Mehitabel—"the dear old fools. Paper—as if that would do any good! Inspired—"

Then something clicked in her mind. She sat plump down in her chair. Well, why not? Anything was worth trying. She went once more to the window. The group of backs was still on the sidewalk. But the crowd in the courthouse yard was larger. Not that the people stayed there continuously. She knew them too well to think that. Out to Old Pete's house they went, of course, as soon as they heard the story, sat a while in his front yard, and then returned to the square. But soon they would all be there in that courthouse yard, waiting for the inquest. And then? Her thoughts rushed to the girl in the pink apron. No, no! It must not happen.

She called to Ike, "I'm going out."

He came running. "You've thought of something?"

For answer she pushed her topknot into the old hat, straightened her breastpin, and walked out the back door of the shop. Up the alley she hurried and let herself in the back door of the bank.

"Got an idea, Mr. Perkins. May not work but it's worth trying. Your football player Jimmy's home from college, ain't he? Well, I want you should send him and your Sunday-school boys over to my office soon as you can. Then go find Sheriff Petty and make him start the inquest late and keep it dragging long's he can. He can take the jury out to the house and the cornfield. That'll drag it out and keep them guessing. You can make him do it, you and Mr. Bruce. Petty's going to need some money for his campaign, I guess."

"What's the idea, Miz Hitabel?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"I've got to keep it secret, Mr. Perkins. I've got to! It's the only way it'll work. You've got to trust me. Maybe God has answered." Then, practically, "Well, we'll see."

With that she hurried back to Ike and Young Doc watching at the Oracle front door. Briefly she told them what she wanted them to do.

"Sure, we'll do it," said Young Doc. "I've got to be at the courthouse to testify anyway, you know. Not that my testimony will do any good. Those people have made up their minds."

"Humph, minds!" commented Mehitabel.

"Well, anyway, they want to call it murder, and anything we say will just make them madder. They don't know anything about psychology. And even if they believed it was suicide they would think Pete and his woman drove her to it. What's neurasthenia and fair play against prejudice? Don't look that way, Mehitabel. I'm only trying to prepare you, that's all."

"Look over there, Young Doc. Look!" Mehitabel pointed through the window.

ACROSS the street the courthouse yard was filled with a drab mass shot here and there with the bright pink and yellow of homemade dyes. At the courthouse door stood a row of men, deputies holding back those who still struggled to get into the crowded hall. Other deputies were elbowing a lane down the walk. She felt rather than saw the sinister effect of these deputies upon the lawless instincts of these people. Up the walk, deputies on both sides of them, walked Pete and his girl wife. Pete, walking with the motionless shamble of the hillbilly, looked neither up nor down. Yet he saw, Mehitabel well knew, every one and everything. The woman gave one look out at the crowd, one up at the courthouse, and then kept her eyes on her feet.

Mehitabel felt rather than heard the vocal shudder that ran through the crowd. "As wrong as her hat," thought Mehitabel. "Don't have to show them she's so different!" And then, in quick repudiation of this hill-jane thought, she said:

"I wish I could be with her, Young Doc. If only she didn't be so alone, poor thing! But I've got work to do here. Tell her, Young Doc, tell her we'll see her later. Tell her to keep her dander up. She'll understand. You know what to do. Don't fail me. I'll be waiting."

He pressed her hand. "You can count on me. I hope it works, Mehitabel."

She turned back to her printing room and set to work with the rest of them. Once only she left it—when the sound of automobiles sent her to the front window. The jury was returning from Old Pete's place. She saw them walking two by two, heads straight ahead, through the silent crowd that seemed hardly to move.

At last all was ready. She waited only for Young Doc's signal. She went to the front door to watch for it. The early dusk was falling. Lights came flickering out of the courthouse windows. But it was still daylight enough to see the people massed outside the courthouse door awaiting in sullen silence the dismissal of the jury. It was compact now, deathly still. She caught her breath. Hillbillies touching each other, hands away from hips—forgetting caution. Ominous, that! Any moment now the verdict must be announced. And then what? She looked to the upstairs window of the courthouse. A figure appeared against the light. A handkerchief waved against it—Young Doc's signal. In a stride she was back in the print shop.

"O. K., Ike," she called. "Let 'em go."

SHE strode back to the open door. The sickly bulbs of the street lights glimmered in the waning daylight. People were pushing their way out of the courthouse door into the already jammed mass. A dull murmur rose, like the rising moan of the wind. Then a voice cut across it like the report of a gun. Almost at once she located it as coming from the open car standing at the corner of the courthouse yard nearest her. On the front seat stood a man's figure. Doug Collins, of course!

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" his voice boomed out. "Friends and neighbors, I have a word to say to you. The jury has returned its verdict. Suicide! Suicide, my friends—suicide brought on by as foul means as were ever used by any murderer. Shall I tell you what they were? Let me tell you, my friends, about this fair young girl, Miss Nance, one of our own people—a girl—"

Mehitabel knew the power of that voice, knew it and feared it. By a common impulse the crowd surged toward it. Some one turned an automobile light on Doug. He wouldn't forget to arrange that, darn him! thought Mehitabel. A tight line of dark-clothed figures strained against the chain fence in front of Doug. Back of it another row pressed against them. Others against them, as far as she could see. Portentous, she felt, those closed ranks.

Faces were raised to Doug, faces Mehitabel had known all her life—but strange faces. Gone the familiar masks. In their eyes the glow of hate. On their lips saliva. The lust for blood—Mehitabel had seen it once before. She clenched her hands. A groan escaped her. She lifted her eyes to the jail—that flimsy door—the girl behind it. She started toward the courthouse. She'd get there first. She'd— God, what could she do?

"Extry!" "Extry!" "Extry!" The shrill cries burst like firecrackers. Heads turned quickly. The cries resounded: "Extry!" "Extry!" "Extry!"

Over the heads in the front row leaped a figure. He crashed on the shoulders of three men. Simultaneously they grabbed for him. He was gone. Their jabs landed on their neighbors, who gave back in kind. A fight was on—those next them pushing away to evade the blows jammed against their neighbors, only to have those neighbors jammed back against them.

For Jimmy Perkins was not the only one engaged in football tactics. Other boys had hurled themselves on other shoulders. A dozen fights were going in as many parts of the crowd. Each landing precipitated a fight, while the boys ducked here, there, screaming "Extry!" in thin voices.

Some thought it was the papers the men fought for. They grabbed them, only to have them in turn snatched from their hands. They snatched them back, lost them, and aimed blows wildly. Women shrieked. Men swore. Some struggled for safety. But every second boys appeared at a new spot. A new row started. The push came from another direction. The crowd became a moving mass of milling mad fearful humans.

Doug Collins raised his voice to its highest pitch; he increased its volume. But the yells of rage from the fighters, the demands to stop it, the screams of the women, the cries of the boys drowned out his voice. He continued. No one heard him. He had lost his moment. He slumped down on the car seat.

THE crowd continued to surge this way and that. Here and there women tried to wriggle out of it. Others followed until narrow tortuous streams of people moved through the packed mass toward the edge of the crowd. Some sought the farther sidewalk. Others hurried to their cars or wagons. Presently only a few fighting in earnest remained. Sheriff Petty arrived, arrested them.

In her office, on the old Abraham Lincoln desk Mehitabel spread out her extra.

"You were inspired, Mehitabel," said Mr. Perkins.

"You surely were," said Mr. Bruce.

"But what I want to know," said Young Doc, "is how you knew what to put in the extra before the jury gave their verdict?"

"I didn't," said Mehitabel. "Look."

Before them was a large handbill. On it was the Oracle heading and below in large black letters:

JENKINSTOWN ON TRIAL.

That was all.

Mehitabel laughed. "It was just an excuse so Jimmy Perkins and those boys could holler and try their football tricks. You know as well as I do they can't read, most of them, and those as can won't!"

THE END

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WILL GRAVEN

Flying Madmen

New Thrills in a Saga, Amazing but True, of Daredevil Americans and Cossack Battlefields

by MARION ATEN, D.F.C.

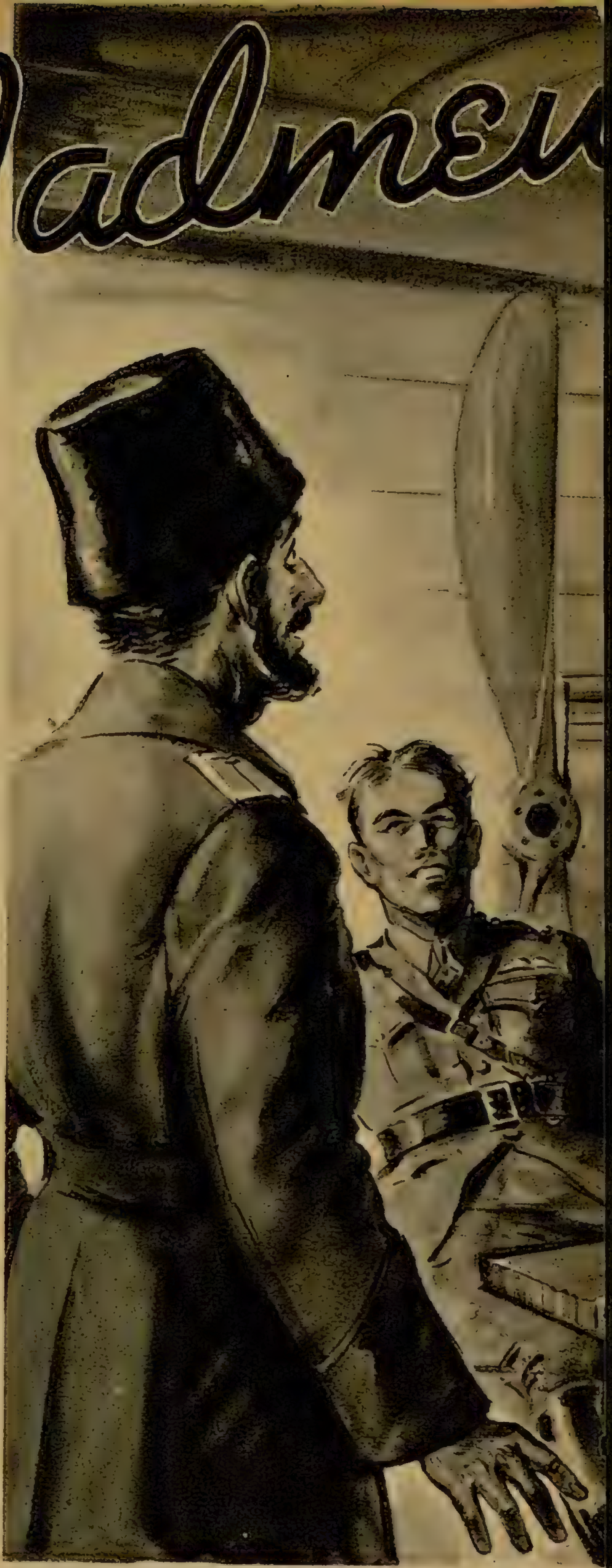
as told to

H. BEDFORD-JONES

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"ON to Moscow!" Still confident of spending Christmas there, Squadron 47 headed north from Tsaritsyn. Detraining at Kotluban as winter set in, they put up their portable hangars and started out to bomb a Red airdrome. Instead, they found themselves in a desperate dogfight with the Red squadron. "Kink" was shot down, but they rescued him; every airman among them had narrow escapes. Kitty, Red Johnson's Kuban Cossack girl friend, walked in on the outfit one day with a blizzard close behind her and an uproarious *prosnik* or rum-punch festivity ensued. The blizzard over, the flight bombed a bridge and a train, and Captain Aten tried a one-man strafe at the expense of a Red caravan. As he dived, a map case came loose and jammed his joy stick. He got control just in time, and went home with his plane "full of holes as a Swiss cheese." November came, and with it came startling news. Denikine's great advance against the Reds had broken up in disorder. Baron Wrangel still had his army under discipline; at his command, Squadron 47 and the Kuban Cossacks started for the Kharkov front. A hundred miles short of it they found the tracks congested with trainloads of refugees heading south.

At Kupiansk they learned that even Wrangel was now engulfed in the Red vortex; there was no longer a front, and the Reds were coming! However, the squadron's last orders had been to stay at Kupiansk. It stayed.



Eddie with one leap tried to save the situation. He and the rug and the dancer went into a huddle.

PART THREE—WHEN HEAVEN TURNED RED

WE were adrift in Little Russia with the whole wreckage of an empire driving down upon us; this was November of 1919. The sensible thing was to reconnoiter by air and find what it was all about. Although we got two ships rigged and ready, we could not get off the ground, because an impenetrable spell of fog and mist had settled down, and we could only sit there and wait.

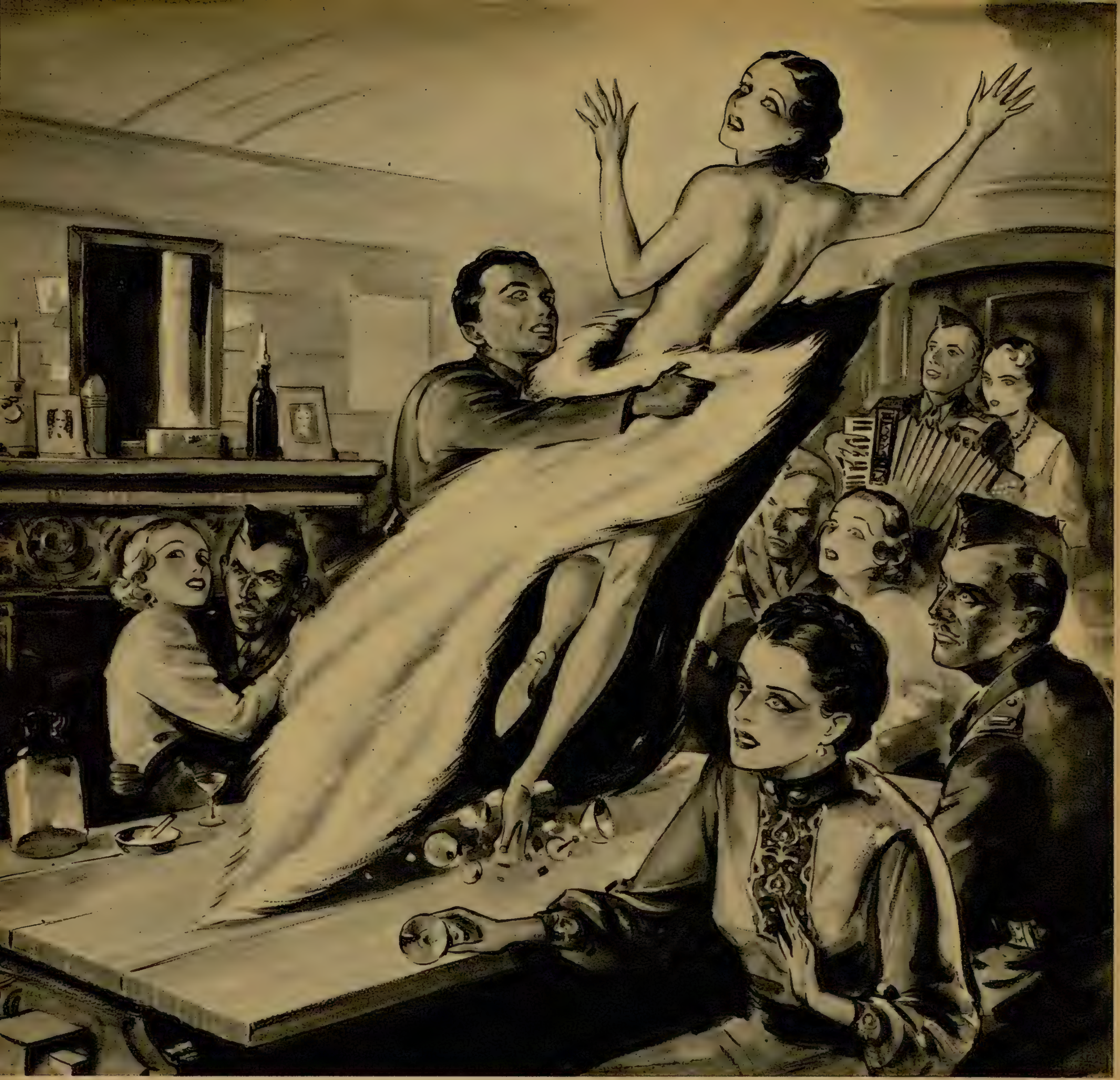
And the trains rolled past.

Trains! The tracks were solid with them, heading south. When one moved, perhaps only a few yards at a time, the waiting line followed. Day after day. Presently the passing trains began to contain a sprinkling of troops; then they became loaded with soldiers. All of them had the same refrain: The Reds were coming!

Some laughed derisively at us for remaining motionless on the siding. Some pantomimed a sharp knife and a slit throat. None of them would stop for love, gossip, or rum, and that was a bad sign. We could not know that the entire enormous front had crumpled up, that the whole army had ceased to fight or even resist, and was being slaughtered and butchered without mercy as it headed south for the Black Sea.

Suddenly, one morning, there were no trains. They had vanished. The line was all clear to the north. The whiskered stationmaster peered curiously at us through the double-paned windows of his stone station. He thought we were fools. Privately I agreed with him.

The fog lifted enough to permit a flight under low heavy clouds. Kink and Eddie took off to investigate. They were gone an hour and a half, and came back with enough bullet holes in their ships to convince us that we did not want to go any farther north. Kink reported that most of the cavalry and machine guns in Russia were apparently coming our way, with no one to stop them. We discussed the situation profusely, but Mud's rum



punch, good as it was, wakened no inspiration anywhere.

Then Colly came.

His train carried a bombing flight of his scattered squadron; he sent it ahead and threw in with us. He knew no more than we did about anything, it appeared. We were still talking things over, when a lone rickety old engine with a single passenger steamed to a halt beside us. The passenger walked in on us—a giant of a man. He was the general officer commanding all British forces in Russia, Sir H. C. Holman.

He was just in time for luncheon. He talked in a rumbling voice, his half-lidded eyes prying into us.

"I'll tell you the situation," he said abruptly, and plunged into it. The Russian army had run, and was now in our rear. Between us and the Red armored trains was nothing but a stretch of destroyed track. Their cavalry was sweeping south on both flanks. "And," he concluded dryly, "they may reasonably be expected to close in on Kupiansk at any moment."

The entire organization of the Denikine armies had gone to smash. Baron Wrangel was trying to effect some order by withdrawal to a new line of defense, but Holman doubted whether he could halt the flood of retreat. Our train had no engine—we had carelessly let it go.

"My engine will pull you back to the junction. I'll get you one there," said the general calmly. "If I were you, I'd get those two ships aboard."

As though to emphasize his words, the sergeant of the guard entered to report a flurry of gunfire off to the west. Holman looked amused at the alacrity we displayed in getting to work. As a matter of fact only his arrival had saved us from being surrounded and butchered; the Red cavalry did not miss by half an hour.

Retreat? Tush! It would be interesting, we said. A mere withdrawal to a new line. Devilish fine experience. Wouldn't miss it for anything. Good God! How little we knew what was going on—and coming to us!

General Holman ran us down past the junction among the welter of trains, got us an engine, and dashed off to find some lost machine gunners. The new General Headquarters was Taganrog, on the Sea of Azov, where we would go back to work at the base airdrome and smash the Red advance. We rolled merrily onward, a few miles each day. The trains went over the horizon and out of sight, all merely crawling along.

And here Russia began to draw in upon us. Not trains but people: mobs of soldiers, refugees, aristocrats. We plowed through marching masses of humanity. They, too, stretched over the horizon. A whole people, part of a nation, fleeing the wrath to come.

But typhus and smallpox were beginning to ravage them and the packed trains.

Every one was looking forward to Taganrog. Denikine was there; the new front was forming. We heard Kitty and what was left of her troop were there too. We had gay parties. Our food supply was diminishing, but that did not matter. Plenty more at Taganrog!

Russky came down sick, flaring red. I doctored him a bit and he held on gamely.

At last! Taganrog and a glorious blockade in the railroad yards. Who cared? We got out the Red Cross Ford and Kink dashed off to get a doctor. When he got back he had a grim look in his eyes but said nothing until the doctor had looked at Russky.

"Smallpox and typhus. Stay out of here till it's fumigated. I'll take him off and send him to the hospital at Rostov. That's the new base."

"Hey?" exclaimed somebody. "But this is the base!"

The doctor gave us one look and departed. Kink called us together. "There's hell to pay," he said curtly. "Denikine's got the wind up. He cleared out last night with his private train. The whole show has gone to pieces. The Reds are cutting in on the flanks. The city's boiling like a teapot. The retreat's become a flood and we're in it. I've got orders to go south and establish an airdrome somewhere as soon as the line firms up—if it ever does. East to Rostov, if we can get there!"

"How can we get out of here, with the yards blockaded?" I demanded.

"We can't," said Kink grimly. "But we must."

"Red had Kitty on his brain, naturally. Sure enough, there she was."

The whole Red smash, it appeared, was now aimed at Rostov, where an enormous railroad bridge crossed the Don River. If the Reds got there first and cut the line, Taganrog and the whole district and everything in it was at their mercy. Baron Wrangel had fallen back beyond Rostov to establish a new line, and was doing it. But Denikine, here at Taganrog, had simply cut and run. His forces were completely routed.

We went out to see the city, being blockaded anyhow. Then, for the first time, we comprehended what was going on around us—wild and utter panic. A race with death and the Reds to make Rostov before that bridge went out. And not the army, not the city alone; but the whole of southern Russia that had come pouring down here to safety, only to find none. How to get the picture?

Think of the toll bridge at East St. Louis as the only bridge across the Mississippi; imagine a third of the population of the entire eastern states converging on it, on East St. Louis, trying to get across, with a flood of slaughter, banditry, and utter chaos behind them. Uncounted thousands—hundreds of thousands of refugees; transport broken down, the army washed out; an enemy force pressing down from the north to cut that bridge. That would be something like it, if your brain can grasp such a picture.

Then add to it that the enemy, in overtaking refugees and troops, took no prisoners but slaughtered, raped, and tortured in an orgy of blood and lust; killed until hands grew wearied, each day, each night. Imagine the panic, the madness, of that fleeing multitude!

We went out to see the town, but chiefly to rustle up some grub. We got no grub; but as Bill Daly and I roamed a narrow crowded street we heard a wild yell:

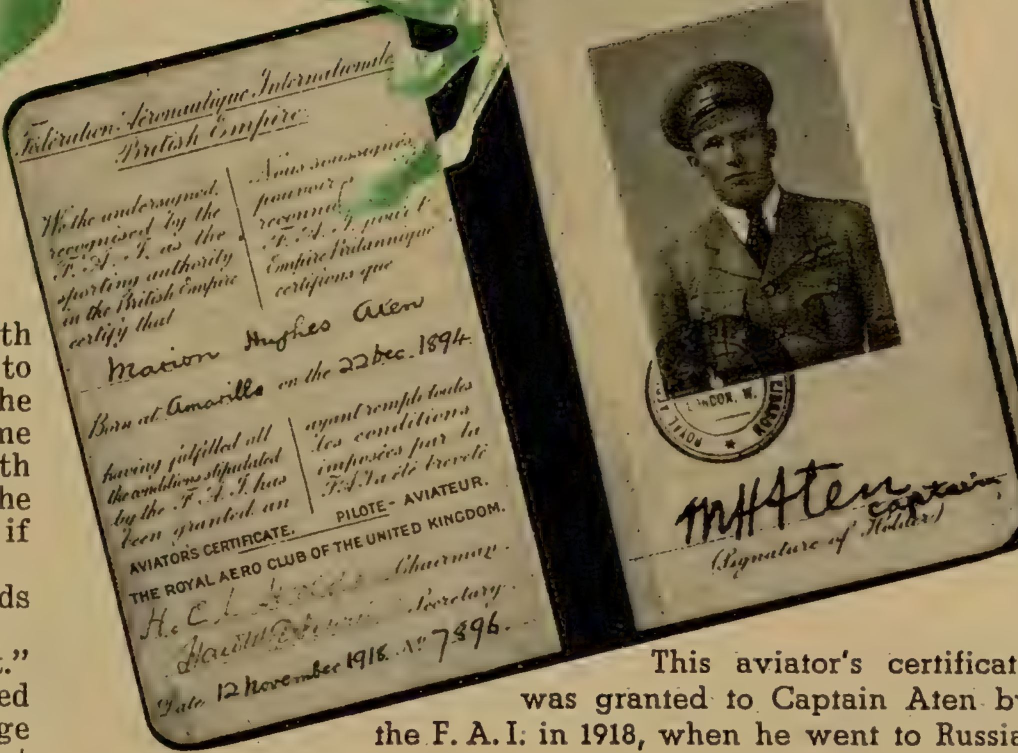
"*Prosnik!* Aeroplaniffs!"

There was our old friend of the *prosnik*, the armored-train commandant, with some of his gang and a few cases of champagne. We had a reunion, and in the middle of it I heard my name chirped out somewhere. Bill heard his name. He let out a whoop and pointed.

"Look there! By God, it's Nina!"

It was Nina, in a window opposite us, frantically waving. We rushed into the place and found her. She looked like a ghost and had one arm in a sling; she was horribly wounded. But she drew us to another room and pointed to Olga, and we gulped.

Poor kids! Olga was almost out of her head. She was going to have a baby soon, a Red baby. She hated herself and the world. We got her calmed down and comforted, and Bill looked at me with a lift of his heavy-lidded eyes and an unspoken question.



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Nous soussignés pouvoir reconnu F.A.I. pour l'Empire Britannique certifions que

Marion Hughes Aten

Born at Amarillo on the 22 Dec. 1894

having fulfilled all the conditions stipulated by the F.A.I. has been granted an

ayant rempli toutes les conditions imposées par la F.A.I. a été breveté

AVIATORS CERTIFICATE. PILOTE-AVIATEUR.

THE ROYAL AERO CLUB OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Chairman.

Secretary.

Date 12 November 1918. No 7596.

M H Aten Capt.

Signature of Holder

This aviator's certificate was granted to Captain Aten by the F. A. I. in 1918, when he went to Russia.

"You're damned right," I said. "Come on, girls!"

We called in our armored-train friends to lend a hand. I got a doctor to dress Nina's wounded shoulder. He did it, and then took me aside.

"Don't bother with her," he said. "Tetanus is sure to set in. She won't live two weeks. And the other one—" he shrugged. I told him to go to hell and went back to the crowd. Somehow we got the two of them to the train and put them to bed. Poor Eddie broke down.

Red Johnson came in later like a madman. Kitty was somewhere out along the line to Rostov with a gang of the Kuban Wolves; he had just barely missed her. We were all in pretty much of a stew, so we started out to relieve the blockade and get on our way. And we did it. I will not go into details; we were not mad with panic like everybody else; we were just plain mad. Anyway we got moving, we got out of town, and felt better. From Taganrog to Rostov is thirty-seven miles. It was thirty-seven miles of undiluted hell—and to cover it took us eight days. The roadbed had a double track, but one track was kept absolutely clear for headquarters trains.

Two armored trains patrolled its length night and day. The other was one long stretch of crowded agony.

Wagon roads on either side of the railway were jammed black. Out of this bottleneck were pouring hundreds of thousands of soldiers and refugees in mad confusion: carts, sleighs, people afoot, corpses stamped into the snow. Gunfire creeping down from the horizon. Bandits, parties of Red cavalry sweeping down to kill and loot. Far out, far as the eye could reach, other crawling, jammed columns starring the snow with fallen bodies. Typhus everywhere, and a race with death to Rostov bridge. A race for all of us, and those afoot went twice as fast as those in trains.

The Reds were close. Christmas was four days away.

For no seeming reason we halted. One of the engine guard came rushing back with the bad news.

"No water, sir. Station tanks frozen solid and abandoned. No water anywhere."

Kink swallowed hard for a minute, then grinned.

"Snow! Turn everybody out—buckets, pans, tins. Fill the tender with snow."

We all turned to and routed out the luckless refugees—men, women, and children who had swarmed aboard like bees. Kink let them occupy every untenanted inch. They all piled out, all except one bearded gentleman.

He was a baron, and one hell of a baron by all accounts, including his own. Work? His family had not worked in five hundred years. He made a haughty address. Kink explained the primitive idea of united effort, and the baron sputtered.

"Roll him in the snow," said Kink.

He came out of the roll with blinding curses.

"Roll him some more," said Kink.

He came out of it screaming with rage, jumping up and down like a goat; he got rolled some more. Kept on getting rolled until he arose groggy and floundering, gasping, and started for another train. Kink barred his way. He could work or get rolled; no other way out of it. He worked.

Of the thousands of fugitive nobles and princes, he was the only one who spoiled the general effect.

During those eight days to Rostov we spent hours at a time on the snow, for a big bucket of snow makes only a big cup of water. Luckily our rum supply held up, but our grub was about gone. Nina was sinking, for tetanus had set in; her bright cheerful smile never wavered, her cool gray eyes never flinched.

But Olga—well, that hit us hard.

Bill Daly, with Christmas in the offing, got a bit confused one night. He wandered off to sleep and hit the floor in the first cabin he reached. It was the one Olga occupied.

About four in the morning a wild voice roused us up. It was Bill jabbering at us, white as a sheet.

"*Malinky!*" he gasped out. That was Russian for baby. "It's her—my God, wake up, will you? It's Olga. She was having a baby—right under my nose!"

OLGA was having her baby, right enough, and I had to be the doctor until some of the refugee women could come. But Olga was raising hell about it. She wanted no baby. She was out of her head.

Well, the baby had a happy landing, Olga got quieted down, and one of the women stayed to watch with her. Nina called us in and told us to look out, that Olga had sworn to kill that baby if it came—it was a Red baby, you understand. Months before, previous to our first meeting, the two kids had been Red prisoners.

I'm afraid that I laughed at Nina's warning. A mother kill her baby? Not likely! But in the middle of the argument we heard one hair-raising scream from the woman watcher. Olga had got hold of a hatpin and run it smack through the baby's head.

Even if it was morning, we broke all rules and gathered around the rum jug. Cowderdrill came along and said there was nothing for Christmas dinner. The last tin of meat was gone. Eddie swore softly and pointed to Clarence, the pig, who was rooting around.

"There's your Christmas dinner, blast you! To hell with sentiment!"

Things went from bad to worse with poor Olga; she slumped right down, went into a coma, and never came out of it. We had to bury her and the baby together, and there was nothing but snow.

So came Christmas Day, with a rolling growl of shell fire creeping over the horizon and machine guns rat-tatting closer by. Early in the morning the staff trains began to pass on the open track. The remnants of headquarters was evacuating and doing it fast. This meant that in another twenty hours or so they would be all past, and the other track open to general use. It also meant that everything had gone to hell in Taganrog.

The poor devils streaming along the countryside knew it. From our stalled train—the track was a solid jam of trains for miles ahead—we could see the black masses gradually take on a pitiful increase of speed. As some intelligence spread afar, a groaning sound came to us across the snow. It got on our nerves. Red Johnson and I each took a stone jug of rum and, with pistols and rifles, walked along the track until we came on a party of Cossacks bivouacked. In five minutes the bargain was made and, astride long-haired steppe ponies, we were off for a ride to see the sights.

THOSE refugee trains were indescribable; some were loads of hopeless misery, others housed wild orgies. We struck away from them. The gunfire had increased to a roll, and from somewhere ahead rifles were popping. A Cossack with blood drooling over his beard dashed toward us, yelling. Red drew rein.

"My word! Did you hear that?" he cried at me. "Kubans—the Reds are cutting in up there? Come on!"

He gave his horse the gun and was off full speed; he had Kitty on his brain, naturally. The horde of milling refugees was in fearful panic. Some killed themselves. One white-haired giant was calmly shooting several women kneeling around him. Others were stripping corpses of warm garments. A woman sitting on a dead horse was suckling a baby.

A small raiding party of Reds had tried to cut out a camel train on the outskirts of the horde. A handful of Cossacks were entrenched behind piles of dead camels. The Reds were strung out in a long line. At the end nearest us their machine gun was going full pelt against the Cossacks.

Red went slapdash for the machine gun. I yelled frantically at him, but in vain. However, about the time those Reds were aware of our onset, their gun jammed.

He hit the squad with his pistol blazing, and some Cossacks came over on the run to lend a hand, and I was in time for the finish. Sure enough, there was Kitty in the thick of it. The affair was like the final act of a melodrama, except that I was scared stiff. I forgot about any joyous reunion and dropped on that machine gun pronto. The drum had stuck. I smashed it clear, put in another drum, and the blessed thing worked like a charm. What was left of the Red outfit made a dash for their horses. I got most of the horses and them as well, and then could afford to relax.

"Let's get out of here!" I exclaimed, separating Red and Kitty with scant ceremony. "Come on, you nuts! Beat it while the going's good!"

We did, with a bunch of captured horses.

There were only half a dozen of her men left with Kitty. The rest of Shkura's Wolves were somewhere ahead, so she threw in with us. We got back to find the train moved up a mile or so, with new jams ahead, and settled down to make the most of our Christmas celebration.

From Kitty we learned that there was no hope of any new front being formed at Rostov. Everything was gone to smash; Rostov was not going to stop the Red drive. Once they cut that bridge across the Don, God help everybody caught on this side!

"God won't do it," solemnly declared our old aristocrat of a baron. "God has followed the Little Father. He is dead, and so are the saints. Heaven has gone Bolshevist and Satan is in control there. You will see!"

Blasphemy, if you look at it that way; but hundreds of thousands believed it. Heaven had turned Red.

However, we had plenty of rum to use up, Kuban Wolves to help raise the roof, and there were plenty of girls who were ready for one last fling before they died.

Unluckily, when the last headquarters train clicked through and the other line was abandoned to general use, we were not near a switch. When we reached one, the other track was packed as tight with trains as was our own. Last of all those staff trains to go by had been that of General Maunde, an old friend of ours. We had met up with him at Kotluban and, behind his back, had dubbed him Impromptu, because he was only a temporary acting general. He was agreeably foppish and a tall and airy talker about his own experiences and achievements. He now rose a trifle in our estimation for thus bringing up the rear. Later, we were to learn that the Russian staff had simply decamped with everything in sight. The British staff knew nothing about it, but Wrangel, returning suddenly from the front to Taganrog, gave Impromptu a train and so saved all concerned.

Next night we were stalled behind a jam of trains near a lonely station, about five miles from Rostov. And there, on the other track, was Impromptu's train, blocking the line; the engine had gone dead. All engines, of course, were heavily guarded. To get another meant a battle. Impromptu and his crowd were just out of luck. Sooner or later a refugee mob would get up the nerve to roll their cars off the track.

Not that it worried us. Nina, of course, was there in her cabin, slowly dying; the rest of us were earnestly striving to raise the group morale by means of ration rum and the prettiest refugees from along the line. One of our charming guests was doing a gypsy dance on the mess table.

We suddenly found Impromptu among us. He had come alone and unannounced.

Eddie grabbed a bearskin rug and with one leap tried to save the situation. His foot slipped. He and the bearskin rug and the bareskin dancer all went into a huddle on the floor. We rushed the girl out to a cabin, rushed her clothes and the other girls after her, and offered Impromptu a drink in the hope of staving off a court-martial. But Impromptu, worried and haggard, did not so much as comment on our moral turpitude.

"Our engine's dead, Kink," he announced. "Novocherkassk has fallen, by the way."

This drew a grunt from us. Novocherkassk was the capital of the Don Cossacks, twenty miles north of Rostov. It meant that Rostov was doomed—with five miles of packed train between us and that bridge.

"I'll drop part of my train, sir," said Kink, "and pick up part of yours."

"No," said Impromptu. "You push along when you get a chance. I'll not leave till I see you safely away. I'll have an engine down from Rostov soon."

Good old Impromptu! We had wronged him sadly. When he took his leave we said as much—to each other.

The ballerina was not injured and proved it nobly. We were opening a fresh jug of rum when Impromptu's train clanked and started off.

"What the hell!" Scotty jumped to a window. "Underway, all right! Where'd he get his engine?"

"Probably came from Rostov while we were talking," said Kink, then turned at a sturdy rap. "Come in!"

The corporal of the guard stepped inside.

"The general's took our engine, sir."

"What?"

"Put 'is own guard on in our place, sir, and said as it was all right. I 'ad to tyke 'is orders, sir—"

"Was it the general himself or one of his officers?"

"Hisself, sir, and two 'eadquarters sentries with 'im."

We looked at one another—hard. Good old Impromptu! He was running true to form after all.

"He—he'll send back an engine for us."

"Like hell!" flared Scotty. "The elegant gentleman took our liquor, soft-soaped us, then sneaked our engine and left us to die. Would he send back anything?"

Scotty was right and we knew it. We were done for; and the mutter of gunfire across the night made the fact clear beyond mistake.

"All right, Eddie," Kink said. "Fetch in the ballerinas! We'll end up smiling."

But along came a rescuing train. Slowly it crawled to Rostov, the Reds close behind it. And then? A point-blank duel with a murderous enemy—an agonizing hour in a city of death—a frightful dilemma on the refugee-crowded bank of a frozen river sprayed with machine-gun bullets and pelted with shrapnel! All this fascinating horror Captain Aten relives for you in next week's installment of Flying Madmen.

The WORLD of TOMORROW

"The Sun Never Rises"

by RAY CUMMINGS

YOU probably would not be embarking on this stratosphere liner tonight if some advertising writer had not coined this catch-interest phrase: "The sun never rises on our midnight flier."

There is something compellingly romantic about it. You start at midnight and you follow the midnight hour around the world.

You start out from New York at midnight. The liner swings north to about the fiftieth parallel. The big banked-cabin plane, with its huge-wheeled catamaran landing pontoons and a four-hundred-foot wing spread, has all the futuristic look of a space flier. You are sealed in with artificial interior air pressure. And in the calm rarefied semi-atmosphere of the ninety-thousand-foot lane the flier hurtles itself westward.

Amazingly romantic experience, this following the midnight hour around the world. You sit on one of the wing decks. It is inside the broad shallow wing—a hundred and fifty feet of promenade space the length of the wing, with a vaulted ceiling above you, a row of little windows looking forward, and another row behind. The plane seems to be floating, poised almost motionless. But you are traveling some seven hundred miles or more an hour, following 50 degrees N. around the world. The sun at this latitude travels only about that fast.

The captain-pilot is chatting with a group of passengers and you join them. The captain is saying:

"This run might never have been possible—certainly not in our time—without radio power. I wish that cloud bank down there would break away. The power light on the ocean is beautiful."

No fuel on this ship. An electroradiac beam from power stations at intervals around the world is sending its power by wireless. You are over the Pacific Ocean now. It is a moonless night. The black dome of the sky overhead is studded with amazing points of light. You have never seen the stars so piercingly brilliant, like dots of white fire. But far below you there is a dull gray-black sea of clouds—a shroud hiding the earth.

Then the clouds break away. The power beam from the British Columbia coastal station shafts up through the atmosphere, strangely visible with a vast sheen of light. You gaze in wonderment and awe.

A fanciful word picture? There is nothing of science in this? But Dr. Nikola Tesla, who is very much of a scientist, describes his experiments to result in high-tension currents of electricity passing through the atmosphere into the stratosphere; power plants at intervals flinging out the broadcast power, and a vast reflected light from the atmosphere brightening the sea at night.

ELFIN, EMOTIONAL, EVIL

Another Exponent of Baby Charm Proves that Gangsters Have Hearts of Gold; a Famous Family Comes to the Screen, and Mr. Karloff Purveys Some New Chills

by

BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars — Extraordinary

3 stars — Excellent

2 stars — Good

1 star — Poor

0 star — Very Poor

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Robert Armstrong and Sybil Jason in a new kind of racketeer picture, Little Big Shot.

★ ★ ½ LITTLE BIG SHOT

THE PLAYERS: Sybil Jason, Glenda Farrell, Robert Armstrong, Edward Everett Horton, Jack LaRue, Arthur Vinton, J. Carroll Naish, Edgar Kennedy, and others. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Story by Harrison Jacobs.

NEWEST of the pretenders to Shirley Temple's throne is Miss Sybil Jason, who sings, dances, and mimics celebrities as she toddles through the Grade-A gamut of emotions in Little Big Shot. Appearing much more like a dwarfed young woman than like a child, Sybil displays a surplus of talent. But it's extremely doubtful that she has enough baby charm to become a cinema favorite even in this year of child stars.

Set against a Broadway background, Warner Bros., with a sharp eye to the ingredients which made Little Miss Marker such a success, have fashioned a story which gives its tiny star a chance for every sort of scene. She impersonates Mae West and Garbo, leaving the field practically open for some bright kiddy who will imitate no one. She cries over a lost dog and she cries over being sent to an orphan asylum. She picks up gangster slang and she gets a song-and-dance job in a penny arcade. Her greatest achievement, however, is in showing a couple of petty racketeers (Edward Everett Horton and Robert Armstrong) the true way to happiness and love.

Sybil falls in with these slickers when her father is bumped off by a gangster. At first they try desperately to get rid of her and even go so far as to leave her at an orphan asylum. But the girl refuses to leave them. Then the boys, with hearts of gold beneath their checkered suits, finally decide to keep the winsome lass, who repays them by becoming something of a small sensation as an entertainer.

A kidnaping and murder belatedly enter the scenario to give Little Big Shot a rousing melodramatic finish. Bob Armstrong does a really splendid characterization as the small-time trickster who sees the light. And Glenda Farrell and Edward Everett Horton are in their usual form. For all their help, the picture remains no more than a showcase for Miss Jason's bag of baby talents.

VITAL STATISTICS: Thanks to Liberty suggestion, Hollywood is beginning to rate everything with stars: Warners dub this a four **** cast. . . . Nigh-six-year-older Sybil Jason was born Sybil Jacobs November 23, 1929, at Cape Town, South Africa, daughter to Jack and Mary Jacobs. At the age of two totty began showing musical aptitude. Could sing and pick out melodies. Uncle Harry Jacobs, a London producer and jazzbandit, saw her do her stuff, which included an imitation at three of Maurice Chevalier, and had her imported to London, where she embarked on radio, record, stage, and film career. Has blue eyes, jet-black hair. Picked up her intricate dance routine for Little Big Shot in five days, whereas lots of lovely blondumbies can't get dance jobs because they are unable to pick up the simplest hoofing in five weeks. Has never been to school, but her studio teacher, Lois Horn, says she's trigger-quick in the upper story, absorbs like cotton wool, is not precocious but is precious, is in the fourth grade in writing and reading and the third in the other R. One of her front teeth went out under attack of a caramel during production and a new tooth had to be snuck in to avoid having to remake entire picture to that point. . . . Glenda Farrell's living up to the title of Blonde Dynamo. She relaxes at 100 miles an hour. Has invented a new dressing table built into a full-length mirror, the idea being to see yourself in toto at all times and also keep the table from cluttering up. Also has thought up a portable hat for girls who like to dehat and tuck it away in a purse, thus giving the brains a chance to flow untrammeled. Is a clever businesswoman and does a lot of real-estate maneuvering outside grease-paint hours. . . . Director Michael Curtiz fell headlong into a bathtub showing his cast how to do a scene. . . . Edward Everett Horton is too much in demand to sign a contract. Gets about $10,000 for every job and won't go back to the stage in answer to constant demands. Movies gave him everything he has, including a fortune, a large home, and what he treasures most—happiness. Isn't married, which may account for latter. Finishing Big Shot close to a sailing date for Europe, the Transcontinental Airlines agreed to push the Sky Chief a little to get him aboard the Normandie in time. Motorcycle escort met him at Newark, New Jersey, and rushed him to pier just as the boat was in two minutes of leaving.

★ ★ ½ JALNA

THE PLAYERS: Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, C. Aubrey Smith, Nigel Bruce, David Manners, Peggy Wood, Jessie Ralph, Molly Lamont, and others. Directed by John Cromwell. Story by Mazo de la Roche.

MAZO DE LA ROCHE'S famous Whiteoaks, one of the most popular families in modern fiction, find their way to the screen in a sincere and intelligent film. Jalna is certain to interest those who know the book, for it is a faithful translation, preserving both the flavor and the plot of the widely read novel.

But its very faithfulness to its source works against the picture as straight movie fare. In attempting to follow each of the many Whiteoaks at Jalna the picture becomes a sort of bucolic Grand Hotel, with the interest not focused on any one character long enough to give the story a heart.

Jalna is the name of the Canadian farm where the many Whiteoaks live. When the poet of the family, beautifully played by David Manners, gets his volume accepted, he leaves for New York and returns with a bride, Kay Johnson.

The story then pauses to treat the other members of the emotional tribe. There is the elder sister (Peggy Wood), who has never recovered from having been jilted in her youth; the spoiled centenarian (Jessie Ralph), who dominates the brood; two lazy uncles and a snooping boy and a bashful adolescent. Rennie (Ian Hunter), who holds the brood together, and another young brother complete the group.

Though the film is content to wander, which it does pleasantly enough, there is one highly ironic and dramatic scene wherein the poet, hoping to fake a suicide, accidentally kills himself.

Headed by the soundly competent Kay Johnson, the entire cast is somewhat more than capable in nicely balancing roles, notably Nigel Bruce and Molly Lamont as the hated outsiders.

VITAL STATISTICS: RKO is a great believer in novels that seem unscreenable owing to generally prolix novel style and has been pretty successful with such. Can usually command a big seller, which no other studio will buy because book seems unadaptable to screen, at a reasonable price. Will film it without any big names and, by keeping production costs down to quickie level, make more out of it than another studio will make out of a B'way smash success purchased at $100,000. . . . Peggy Wood's stage successes include the works from Maytime in 1917 to Candida to King Henry IV to The Cat and the Fiddle. Her greatest literary achievement, aside from sundries in the home-body magazines, is her marriage to John V. A. Weaver, the perpetual freshman of American letters. Recently, when not trying to get back from here and there to her farm in Connecticut, where her hubby keeps a lamp in the window for her, she's been collaborating with Robert A. Simon, music critic, on an operetta. . . . C. Aubrey Smith played cricket for deah old Cambridge and captained the all-England cricket teams in their death tussle with Australia and South Africa. Jolly old cricket. Jolly old England. Jolly old Aubrey. Aubrey was also awfully good at soccer. Aubrey's been forty-three years a trouper, but let me see Babe Ruth playing baseball at Aubrey's age! . . . I'm told that society's loss is the theater's gain in the case of Kay Johnson. A direct descendant of Sir Walter Scott and dotter to the man who architected the Woolworth Building, nobody opposed her ambition to ditch the Social Register for the casting directory. In her class at Drama College were Pat O'Brien, Spencer Tracy, Alexander Kirkland, and she made her stage debut in R. U. R. . . . Modestly billed as South Africa's most beautiful girl, Molly Lamont of the gray-green eyes, brunette bob, 5-foot-4¾-inch height, lithe 110-pound weight, makes her American screen debut. She was born in Johannesburg; won fust place in a newspaper beauty contest, out of which came a contract with B. I. P. She has done forty pictures for old Roastbeefia. She pays no attention to diet; lives with her maw in a Hollywood bungalow. She confesses to having been a bit nervous at having been kept waiting six weeks on first arriving before a role was found for her. . . . Ian Hunter started under the handicap of the sobriquet London's Handsomest Leading Man and is doing his best to get over it. Came here to play Theseus in Reinhardt's Warner's Artistic Shakespearean Dream and will stay as long as he's kept working. Is also a Cape Town, South Africanite, son of nonpros. Is married to Casha Pringle, British actress, and there are two young Hunters, eight and five. . . . Theodore Newton's son of a Lawrenceville, New Jersey, boys' school teacher. Newton also taught in his day, but got his start when Ann Harding herself came down and coached him and his fellow workers in the Girard Trust Company's Philadelphia settlement-house stock company. Ann liked Theo's work and put the acting bug in his bonnet. . . . Halliwell Hobbes was born in Stratford-on-Avon and swam in the same swimming hole as did the Bard. Has acted thirteen different Hamlets and twelve different Shylocks.

★ ★ THE BLACK ROOM

THE PLAYERS: Boris Karloff, Marian Marsh, Robert Allen, Thurston Hall, Katherine De Mille, John Buckler, Henry Kolker, Colin Tapley. Directed by Roy W. Neill. Story by Arthur Strawn.

HAVING frightened the wits out of everybody else, bogeyman Boris Karloff goes about scaring himself in his latest goose-flesher, The Black Room. This is a lurid tale of twin brothers: one a kindly gentleman and the other a complete scoundrel.

Laid in a turbulent mythical country, this bit of folklore is based on the rather novel theory that whenever twins are born to a certain family, one shall kill the other. So, in a deeply gruesome manner, The Black Room follows the two brothers (both played by the versatile Mr. Karloff) until the evil one succeeds in sticking a knife in his brother's manly chest. This, however, is not strictly according to the legend, for the noble brother is the one slated to do the killing.

How the noble brother works his revenge from the grave and fulfills the prophecy gives The Black Room a neat twist in gory doings. With Marian Marsh supplying the screams and Robert Allen being a straightforward juvenile, Karloff's latest offering can be listed as a satisfactory chiller.

VITAL STATISTICS: For the first time in many a moon, Karloff is not weighted down with seventy-five pounds of padded awfulness and made into a hideous thing. Gets his characterization with nothing heavier than a brain and a wig. Offstage Karloff—born William Henry Pratt—is a quiet-living, self-made, well bred, civilized fellow who has read all the books you see on the shelves of his Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, suburban farm home. Naturally he is tan-skinned, sensitive-featured, almost black-eyed. As hangover from his days as a peaceful Ontario farmhand, he loves to cultivate his garden around home and gambol with Violet, his favoritesow—sent him, rigged in pink ribbons and smelling of perfume, by ribbing friends anxious to see him started as a Beverly Hills farmer. Karloff is considered one of the best actors in Hollywood, yet rarely gets the opportunity to show his stuff as a sympathetic lead, which he really can be. Karloff thoroughly enjoyed playing without puttied-on ghoulishosity. Limits himself, despite considerable earnings, to but fifteen dollars a week spending money—rest of money going into trust fund. Has swimming pool on his Canyon farm—a perfect gentleman's miniature farm—but cannot swim. Never tries, because water is overhead all parts of pool. Has never thought of letting it out to knee-depth! . . . Double exposure for dual roles is done by masking half of the film for first shot; threading in back in camera with that half masked, for second shot. It is one of the oldest gags in picture making, and is still done the same way as it always has been. . . . Camera in silent days weighed but eighty pounds. Today, with sound and more gadgets than on an airplane dashboard and more pulleys than on an excavation job, it weighs about twelve hundred pounds. . . . Katherine De Mille was adopted at nine by Cecil De Mille when her parents died: father in war, mother afterward. Father's name was Edward Gabriel Lester. She's a Vancouverite, and hopes to be a movie producer some day. Got her start without Cecil's help, choosing to struggle for it. . . . Marian Marsh earned her first do-re-mi as a dancing teacher. She was ten. She was born on the island of Trinidad; didn't come here till she was seven. She was kicked around in horror once before, as Trilby in Barrymore's Svengali. . . . Robert Allen's father has always believed Robert should be kept low on pocket money but high on work. Had to swing picks, drive trucks during college vacations (Dartmouth), smile for collar advertisements, and act in stock afterward before finding his own way up in Hollywood. He was born Ted Baer, in Mount Vernon, New York —no relation to Max, leading defeatest of Braddock's Defeat. Is a good boxer.

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½ ★ HERE COMES THE BAND

THE PLAYERS: Ted Lewis, Virginia Bruce, Ted Healy, Nat Pendleton, Harry Stockwell, Donald Cook, Spanky McFarland, Addison Richards, Robert McWade. Directed by Paul Sloane. Story by Paul Sloane, Ralph Spence, and Victor Mansfield.

HERE COMES THE BAND opens with a war scene of weary soldiers trudging through a muddy field with bombs bursting around their heads. Then Ted Lewis and his band come to the rescue. His music stops the bombs, dries up the mud, and so fills the soldiers with pep that they can barely contain themselves as they march.

After that surprising sequence the film jumps to modern times and follows the careers of two veterans (Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton), now taxi drivers with musical ambitions. Then the plot, which bobs up in the most unexpected places, decides to tell of a young song writer out of work. At this point about four plots begin working at the same time.

Finally all the stories get together when the song writer sues a plagiarist. To prove that the melody is his, the resourceful composer rounds up Indians in full feather, hillbillies, cowboys, and stevedores, and drags them all into court. Then he shows the judge just where he got each part of the composition. This convinces the judge and confounds the plagiarist. Afterward there is a parade.

We don't know why, either.

VITAL STATISTICS: Frizzle-haired shrill-clarineter Ted Lewis is the son of Leopold Friedman, Circleville, Ohio, merchant. First public appearance was with Circleville Boys Band at the St. Louey Fair. Afterward was thrown out of the band for jazzing The Holy City on the clarinet. Took the idea to Coney Island, which was much more appreciative of such art, and became an immediate hit and insult to Brahms. From there Rector's claimed him. Wife is business manager. Probably is first jazzbandit in the world, taking the idea from Africa and putting it on a paying basis. Is definitely originator of reedy, shrill, hot untrammeled jazz, as against smooth, svelte patrician jazz, full of subtle horny shadings. Lewis, through all the years, has cleaned up a fortune but has never changed his playing style. To shrill pipings Lewis adds a sentimental, coon-shouting, tear-jerking, and vodvil conception of dramatic reading of singing. Is probably first introducer of chorus singing in jazzing. . . . Director Paul Sloane had a crack at writing this one. Is a New York boy; and with Deems Taylor and James Kevin McGuinness is among N. Y. U.'s more distinguished alumni. Loves gayety; puts his suppressed desires on the screen; thinks it's because he was starved for play as a boy. . . . Ten cameras marched steadily alongside the parade in film, catching all angles. The infant in the picture is Spanky McFarland, is an Our Gangster, and show me the Hollywood picture that can be successful without a child today! . . . Virginia Bruce played the whole picture without make-up, her extraordinarily clear complexion making this possible. Postponed a Honolulu vacash to make this. Her clothes in the picture are all taken from 1917 fashion plates, pleating and ruffles setting off milady's charm in those bloody days. Says 1917's almost parallel to 1935 in style and—who knows?—maybe the hobble skirt'll be back any day now, fellers.

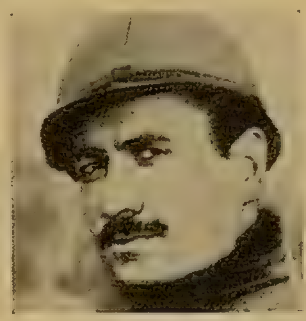
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta.

★★★—Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—What man, prominent in world affairs today, is shown in the accompanying photograph?

2—What governor of a state in the United States of America resigned and became president of an independent republic?

3—Can any lawyer try a case before the Supreme Court of the United States?

4—What famous motion-picture star was christened Lucille Le Soeur?

5—In a fight between a lion and a tiger, which generally wins?

6—What motion picture was the first to be exhibited on Broadway at box-office prices equal to those charged for the legitimate theatrical shows then running?

7—Who originated the question, "Who's loony now?"?

8—What two famous men in the present century were buried on mountaintops?

9—What famous prize fighters were known by the following nicknames: the Boston Strong Boy, the Durable Dane, the Orchid Man?

10—Do all United States senators actually read the bills they vote on?

11—Where and when is it obligatory to wear full evening dress in the morning?

12—What disease is spread only by the female of a certain subvariety of insect?

13—What professional bandit went under the name of Mr. Howard?

14—In law, what was the origin of the term "mortgage"?

15—Where in North America is there a seaport in a volcanic crater?

16—Who was "the Emperor of the Sahara"?

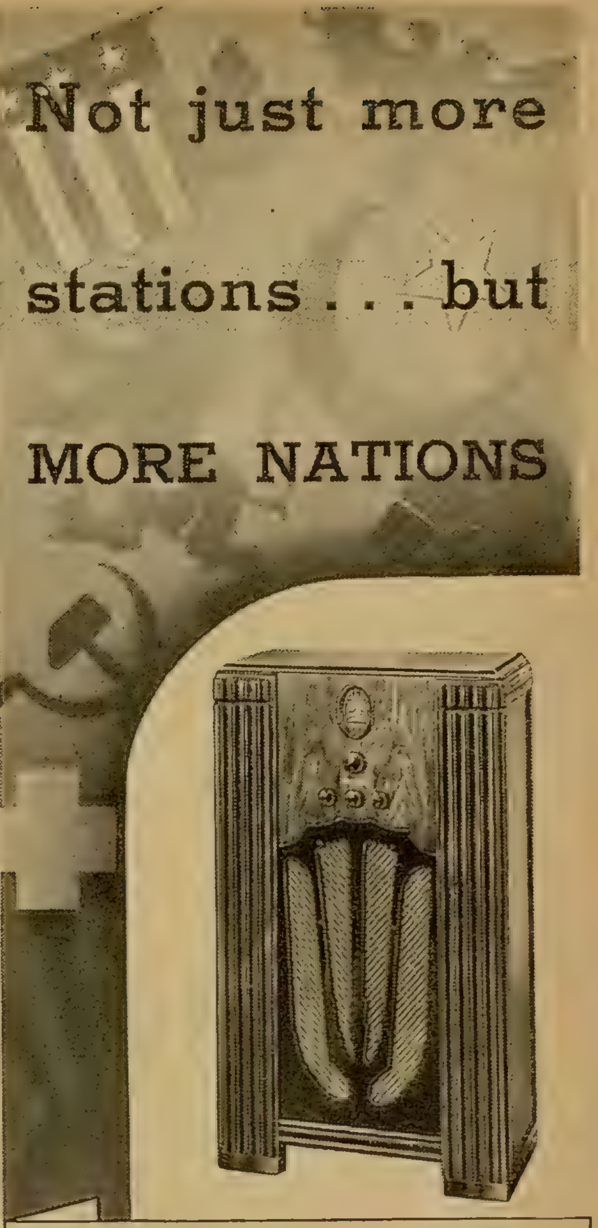
17—How did the Virgin Islands get their name?

18—Was Lawrence of Arabia's real name T. E. Shaw?

19—What man attained national interest a decade ago because of being trapped in a Kentucky cave?

20—Is any living person eligible to be the next Prince of Wales?

(Answers will be found on page 47)



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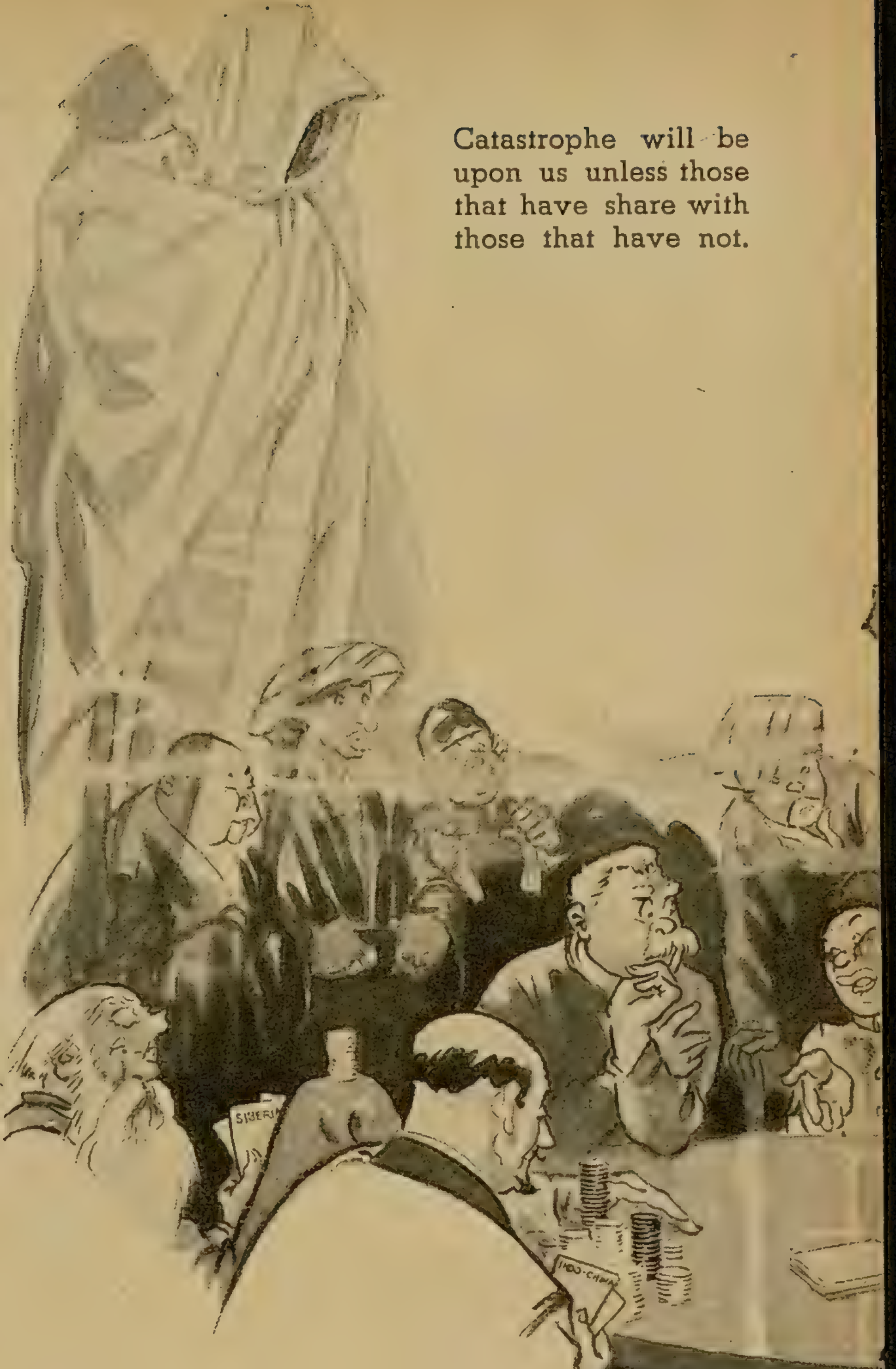


Catastrophe will be upon us unless those that have share with those that have not.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ITALY must expand or explode." This statement was made by Il Duce to George Sylvester Viereck some years ago. The legions of Mussolini marching into Africa may lay the foundation for a new Roman Empire great enough to give the Italian people a chance to breathe. If Mussolini succeeds, Italy will expand in Africa without exploding in Europe. Let us hope that this may be done without improperly exploiting the rights of other people.

What Mussolini said of Italy holds true equally of Germany and Japan. Every statesman will admit in private conversation that Germany, Italy, and Japan need reservoirs into which to pour their man power and from which to draw those necessities and raw materials which nature denied them. But the great possessing nations—Great Britain, France, the United States, and Russia—are unwilling to grant to their less fortunate fellows more than crumbs that fall from their colonial table.

Hate, suspicion, and economic disaster walked in the trail of the so-called Peace Treaty of Versailles. The Peace Treaty deprived Germany of all her colonies; it did not fulfill the colonial promises made to Italy; and Japan was held in check. As a result, Germany produced Hitler, the overcompensation of her inferiority complex; Mussolini stirred up trouble in Europe; and Japan is looking for her easiest and most effective channel into which she may pour her superfluous population and trade. There can be no stability until the vital demands of these three great nations are met. I do not recommend annexation by force, nor the ruthless exploitation of native populations, but some satisfactory arrangement should be reached.

Would not Germany be less likely to boil over if she got back the colonies mandated to her enemies? There are, possibly, certain regions that, for vital and strategic and other reasons, cannot be returned. But all legitimate German wishes might be met by various devices.

For one thing, it should not be impossible to revive the agreement between England and Germany made shortly before the World War. It is generally understood that there was a provisional treaty already initialed by the British Foreign Minister, which gave Germany the right to acquire by purchase the Portuguese colonies. If the Reich receives some of its old colonies, and if

A Message from Dr. Hjalmar Schacht

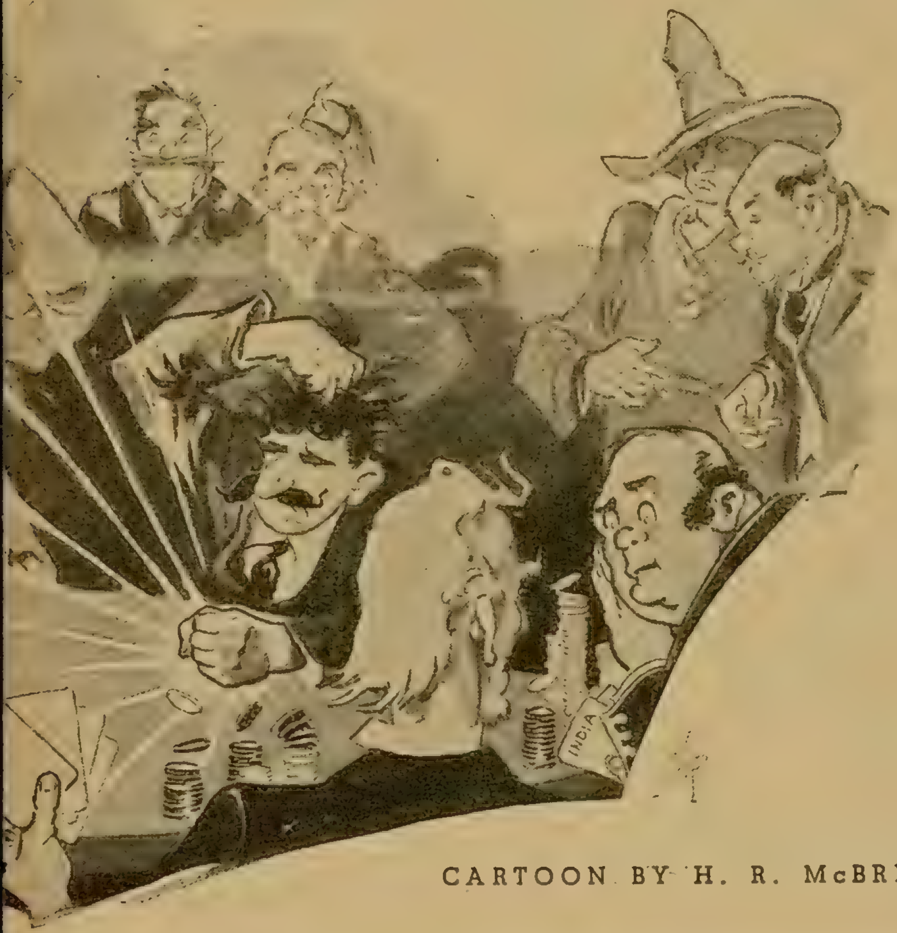
The article is a remarkable document on the status of the colonial question, which was touched upon by the Leader and Chancellor in his great speech in May. It shows remarkable journalistic intuition to debate the question at this time.

Your request for a contribution by Dr. Schacht on the question cannot unfortunately be complied with. Dr. Schacht is an active member of the Cabinet, and as such is not in the position to promulgate any new interpretation of the colonial problem.

—*Reichsbankdirektor Waldhecker.*

she can purchase the Portuguese colonies and maybe the Belgian Congo, Germany will be kept busy. Her thoughts will not steal toward her neighbors' property in Europe (although certain adjustments in the East would still be advisable). She will exploit her matchless energy for the commercial penetration and cultivation of a large colonial empire. It was Bismarck himself who urged this policy to keep France from becoming too restless after her defeat in 1871. It was Bismarck who aided France to acquire more colonial territory. The world cannot deny to the German what it freely gave to the Frenchman.

A contented Germany and a contented Italy will be more efficient guaranties of world peace than any pacts or treaties, secret or avowed. The problem of Germany and of Italy is important to the United States because the world is a living whole. The problem of Japan is of even more immediate consequence to our country.



CARTOON BY H. R. McBRIDE

An Eminent Statesman Envisions a Daring Plan for Peace—Redistribute the Earth's Territory, He Urges; Chaos Will Come If We Don't

by

COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

Most Westerners look upon the Japanese as the most likely breeders of serious international trouble. They recognize parts of Central Europe as disturbing areas, but it is felt, rightly or wrongly, that with the Great Powers bent on peace, any trouble arising in this part of our mundane sphere may be localized.

With Japan it is different. Japan cannot be controlled. It looks as if she intends to carry out any policy that appears to her leaders as of benefit to the country's larger purposes. Already several major moves have been made in this direction. One was the withdrawal from the League of Nations in order to have unrestricted action. Another was the notice that she had no intention of renewing the Washington Naval Treaty.

From my point of view both were mistaken. My sympathy is largely with the Japanese and what they seem to have in mind. But I think they are choosing the wrong time and the wrong methods of bringing it about. The world is in too much turmoil now. It needs composure if it is to right itself. Let the constructive forces at work in almost every country succeed, and what Japan desires will come about easily and naturally.

It is understandable that Japan should wish the dominating influence in the Far East, and she has a right to demand an outlet for the crowded population within her restricted borders. There are still vast waste places throughout the earth. Why not allow the Japanese to make them productive and add to the wealth and happiness of mankind? Heretofore such things have been accomplished by war, but we want no more wars of aggression. Why not see whether the problem cannot be worked out to satisfy the Japanese without antagonizing other Great Powers?

I have had the opportunity to discuss the problems of Japan with some of the wisest of her statesmen. These conversations have opened my eyes to certain facts which I had hitherto only dimly perceived. I had been somewhat prejudiced against Japan by the clamor of her militarists, and by her refusal to co-operate with other nations. Today I see the situation in a different light.

There are two opposing groups in Japan, one led by the younger militarists, and the other by such mature statesmen as the Count Makino. The situation there is not very different from what it is elsewhere among the Great Powers, including the United States. Blatant propaganda for increased armaments on land and sea

George
ernard Shaw
Says:

Colonel House's article
ems to me to be out of date.
is pre-Manchukuo; and is
itten apparently in igno-
nce of the amazing development
d moral and political leadership
hieved after 1929 by the U.S.S.R.
d what about Home Rule in
rica and other "waste places" of
e earth? People who say now-
ays that they must expand or ex-
ode run the risk of being told to
plode and be damned.

Wide World photo

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SAN JOSÉ (AMORC) CALIFORNIA

Viscount Snowden Says:

THE article by Colonel House raises a question of fundamental importance to world peace.

Disguise it as we will, the causes of modern wars are the commercial rivalry of nations and the need of cramped industrial countries to find an outlet for their increasing population. The first is the more important. The tropical and semitropical areas can never provide a permanent home for a white population. White men will go there in a spirit of adventure, or to exploit the native resources, but will never settle there permanently.

Pursuing this policy of capitalist appropriation of native territory, the British nation has acquired over 5,000,000 square miles of overseas dependencies. France owns nearly one half of Africa and over 300,000 square miles in Asia.

The provisions of the treaties following the Great War were framed with the object of preventing the commercial revival of the defeated countries. Germany was stripped of her colonies, which were appropriated by the victorious Powers under the specious pretense of a "mandate."

The development of capitalism in Japan has driven that country into the arena of world politics and into a policy of imperialism. Denied the opportunity of an outlet for that part of her population which is surplus under capitalism in Australia, America, and Canada, and even in the islands of the Pacific adjacent to her, she is pursuing a policy of extending her empire over the countries of eastern Asia.

Japan's policy is as clear as noonday. She is now extending her influence in China, and is obviously bent on the complete political and economic subjugation of that vast country.

In pursuing this policy Japan is bound to come in conflict with the industrial countries of western Europe and America. They cannot quietly watch the closing to their trade of the greatest potential market in the world.

Japan is emulating the imperial policy of the other Great Powers. The white races have now wholly appropriated the territory and political government of Europe, North and South America, and Australasia, and 97 per cent of Africa and a vast part of Asia.

The future relations of the white and yellow races is the greatest problem before the world; and European and American statesmen appear to have no idea of dealing with it beyond preparing for armed resistance to the yellow races.

In view of the probability of such a terrible calamity as this arising between the West and the East if the present imperialist policy of nations be pursued, it is a matter of life and death at once to abandon this vicious policy, and to substitute for it one which will throw open to every race and nation access to world resources.

By no moral right may the ownership and control of the resources of a territory be regarded as the absolute monopoly of the people who happen to be settled there; much less the property of an alien Power which has acquired possession by conquest.

The raw materials which are necessary for the commerce and sustenance of every nation are not equally distributed. Oil, iron, coal, cotton, and tropical products are confined to certain parts of the world, and it is utterly indefensible to regard these resources as the monopoly of a few.

What, then, is the alternative policy?

In a sentence, the solution is to act in spirit and in deed on the high principles so often declared during the Great War, and embodied in Wilson's Fourteen Points, and expressed in the conception of a League of Nations.

The policy of greed and grab will have to be abandoned. The rights of every nation will have to be admitted.

But to secure the distribution of world resources so as to give every nation the measure of its needs does not need wars. It requires only an appreciation of the common benefit to be derived from mutual trade.

It may be that the wise suggestions made by Colonel House, and which I have tried less powerfully to support, will be looked upon as too idealistic for a world consumed by jealousies and intoxicated with national egotism.

The nations of the world are committing slow suicide by their policies of trade barriers, and by their efforts to maintain an impossible self-sufficiency. This policy in recent years has destroyed half our former world trade and thrown thirty million persons out of employment.

There are two outstanding questions today which are quite within the power of enlightened statesmanship to settle. The first is the return to Germany of her stolen colonies; and the second is the settlement of the dispute between Italy and Abyssinia. The return of the German colonies presents little difficulty. If a peaceful settlement of the Italian-Abyssinian question cannot be found, no man can see the outcome of the dispute. It may well lead to a more devastating calamity than the World War.

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makes the public believe that the safety of their country is in danger. Until recently an overwhelming proportion of the Japanese desired peace and believed that it could be assured by a decrease in armaments rather than by violent increases. This opinion may still be in the majority. I hope it is, but the militarists are more noisy there, just as they are here.

The militarists are isolationists. Clamoring for a big army and a big navy, they want to live without interference, or co-operation with the rest of the world. If this party gains control, trouble will almost certainly be the result. But I have confidence in the sober judgment of the masses of Japan, and if we do our part, the future will see us working with them for a common purpose.

This can never be done by taking a narrow, isolated, and wholly selfish view. If we and other nations contemplating policies based on unenlightened national egotism should carry out these intentions, failure is inevitable. It may sound well to insist upon living within ourselves and being self-supporting. A prohibitive tariff may seem sound economic sense. A refusal to take any part in discussions and settlements of international problems may seem wise. But, as a matter of fact, it cannot be done by such a nation as the United States. Isolation is manifestly not our destiny.

In almost all countries there is a strong sentiment for isolation. With human society organized as at present this is practically impossible. If complete chaos should be the outcome of the present disturbance, and we should evolve a different scheme for carrying on the world's affairs, this might be done. But if we plan to right our problems and go on in some such way as we have in the past, we need more rather than less international co-operation. India, China, and perhaps even Russia, might exist and be content to live entirely on their own resources, but not Americans. If isolation, autarchy, narrow nationalism is the best that our virile, courageous, highly educated one hundred and thirty millions of people can do with the wealth and the machinery they have created from their mines, from their factories and their land, then the American experiment is not worth while—we have not justified our existence.

I refuse to be a pessimist. America is not at the end but at the beginning. It is my belief that steadily we will advance along the path we have chosen. We will make the world a better place in which to live, and lift mankind to a higher and better plane.

We cannot refuse to be our brothers' keepers; we cannot "disinterest" ourselves in Europe and Asia. Chance, destiny, or fate—call it what you will—has given us an opening to take leadership in the effort toward the betterment of our race. If we heed the isolationists we shall become the China of the Western World. I say this with all respect for the Chinese. They are a remarkable people, with a unique civilization behind them, but their theory of government is centuries behind the times. They cannot cope with the thought of the rest of the world, or of their virile neighbors, the Japanese, who are becoming more modern than the Western peoples themselves.

The yellow race, led by its most progressive members, will coalesce eventually. It is desirable that this bloc—almost inevitable if to the weight of numbers is added the new impetus which China as well as Japan has received from the Western world—should not be imbued with antagonism against the white race. But it will be thus imbued if we are unwilling to envisage a new deal internationally as well as nationally.

Germany will be dissatisfied until she regains what the exile in Doorn has called her "place in the sun." The tension in Europe will lead to new disasters unless the imperial urge of Mussolini has the opportunity to spend itself on African soil. Japan will see red until her crying needs are acknowledged. The four Powers possessing the world — Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States —must realize that mankind can no longer be governed by the adage, "He that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

Just as social peace cannot prevail without some adjustment of the capitalistic system, so international peace cannot be preserved without drastic territorial readjustments. Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States must receive Italy, Germany, and Japan on terms adjusted to present world conditions and recognize their insistence upon being given their proper part of the colonial resources of the world. Chaos and catastrophe will be upon us unless those that have among the Powers are willing to share in some way with those that have not.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 43

1—Mussolini.

2—Sam Houston was Governor of Tennessee, from which office he resigned. He later became the first and only President of the Republic of Texas.

3—No, not unless he has been specially admitted to practice there.

4—Joan Crawford.

5—Generally the lion.

6—The Birth of a Nation.

7—John Chaloner, the late millionaire, committed by his family to an institution, wired this inquiry to his brother when the latter married the opera singer, Lina Cavalieri.

8—Buffalo Bill in Colorado, and Cecil Rhodes in South Africa.

9—John L. Sullivan, Battling Nelson, Georges Carpentier.

10—Ninety-four of them do so, but two senators are blind.

11—In France and some other European countries, at all fashionable society weddings when they take place in the forenoon.

12—Yellow fever; caused by the bite of the stegomyia mosquito.

13—Jesse James.

14—In old French the word means "death pledge" by means of which a man gave first claim on his property after his death.

15—In the tiny island of Saba, West Indies. Travelers debarking there use ponies in climbing 2,000 feet up to the town.

16—Jacques LeBaudy, eccentric Frenchman, later shot to death on Long Island.

17—Columbus, who discovered them, was baffled by their number and called them after "the eleven thousand virgins of St. Ursula."

18—No. His real name has never been revealed.

19—Floyd Collins.

20—No. The title itself is not hereditary. Each King of England may create no one but his eldest son Prince of Wales, and the present heir is not married.

Geo. O'Neill, State Auditor, Pierre, S. D., and daughter.

I discovered a new thrift idea

Gentlemen:

I've been prompted to write you many times about a test I made of your motor oil.

I drove my last car 52,000 miles and didn't have the motor touched until it had gone 42,000. Then I had the valves ground, and the mechanic marvelled at their fine condition. I attribute this mainly to the use of Quaker State.

On several occasions, however, I was prevailed upon to change to another oil. When I found I was forced to add more oil between changes than when I was using Quaker State, of course I went right back to Quaker State.

So I can truthfully say that, in the long run, I find Quaker State is much more economical than using ordinary brands of motor oil.

Sincerely,

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Public Sweetheart

NUMBER ONE

by DORA MACY

AUTHOR OF NIGHT NURSE

READING TIME ➘ 35 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

BUT when I sat beside Archie and he laughed his old remembered laughter . . . when he fell asleep holding my hand, a look of peace on his face . . . when he seemed to improve every day . . . counting the moments when the boat nosed down the river to a new life . . . I couldn't turn back. Because I loved him. And he loved me. And nothing much else mattered.

Mama never saw Archie once while we waited for sailing date. Cynthia and Hinky were in Florida. Rita was on the road. Cookie was in Europe.

On the ship, she occasionally sat beside us. She spoke to Archie as one would speak to a stranger. And was silent the rest of the time. He stood the trip beautifully. Because there was spiritual release to sustain him. Because it meant freedom. Because we were together, hand in hand, as he had so long dreamed.

When pressed or cornered, mama repeated her lesson:

"He's my nephew by marriage. My only living relative, outside of my children, of course. We felt the California sunshine might help him recover his strength."

We settled down, and Archie and his male nurse were part of the household in a few weeks. I started a picture a week after our return. I felt both shy and defiant. But I had friends. And they were swell. A little curious the first few months perhaps, but damn decent.

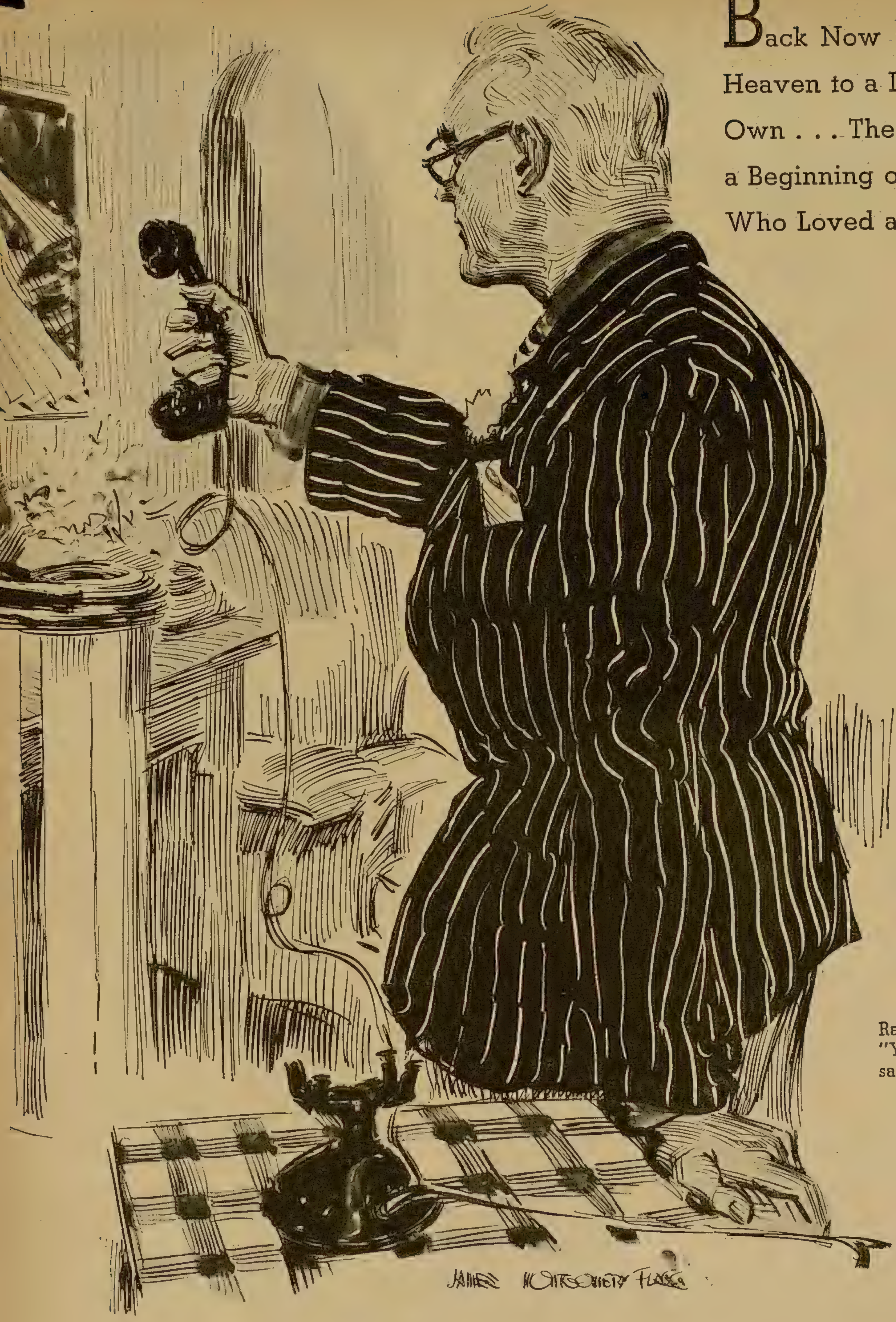
We were happy. In spite of all the curses and disapproval. Archie and I were as happy as we knew we'd be.

He'd read aloud to me. I never read if I could help it—I had to keep my eyes nice and blank. We played chess, and I grew to love the game. We did crossword puzzles, with Archie chortling over my spelling. We sang together, and he played the guitar; night after night we sang together, all the old songs. We made up little tunes.

In our own projection room we saw every movie released, and studied them. And Archie rehearsed me and cued me, and pointed out faults and weaknesses, and we'd work over them together.

My work was new, it was exacting, it was more of a strain, these talkies, than anything I had ever tackled

Back Now from the Gates of Heaven to a Little World of Her Own . . . The Story's End Brings a Beginning of Life to a Woman Who Loved and Lost . . . .



Ratzy suddenly turned to me. "Your long-distance call," he said, the phone in his hand.

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

before. Each picture a gamble, styles changing so fast.

Through my own channels I got reports of Archie's children for him, because they wouldn't write him. And together we discussed them and the possibilities of their futures. Nothing was a forbidden subject; no thought was too private to share—we made a special habit of revealing ourselves to each other—examining each other, trying to figure out what made us tick and where we made mistakes. But I couldn't tell Archie about Boof. Though I started to every time. It might hurt him, that I'd never let him know about his son. That I had walked off and "deserted" the boy. It was too late now. Too late for Archie to do anything but regret.

And I never told him about helping his kids. Because somehow I felt shy. I didn't want thanks or credit. It was nicer for him to feel life had handed him and his a few breaks.

And I wondered, often, what he didn't tell me. There must have been things, because that's the way human beings are. Certain barriers you cannot cross. Because it's better so. We were so happy. We appreciated our happiness as no two people ever did; we were damn careful to let nothing affect it if we could help it.

One day a lawyer from the office came out to see Archie about an old contract which Archie had drawn up and which was causing trouble. Archie went into a huddle about it, studying it for days. Looking up the law on prior cases. Several of the staff came out for conference, and Archie presented his solution. It was very involved, and I couldn't understand it. But it worked like a charm, and Sidney raved.

A few days later they brought him another mess to figure out. One he had never heard about. Archie sent for the people concerned and talked with them a whole afternoon, my secretary present. He tripped them into admitting their real plans—and phoned Sidney the result.

After that he was back on salary. All of which, of course, went to Fernand. Complete. She wrote a stiff letter saying that she didn't need or want it, and that she was accepting it for the children. No news. Nothing. A letter that slightly depressed our first Christmas together—his first Christmas away from his children.

We built on a library. An office for Archie. And Sidney sent up a secretary to work with him daily. Four hours a day were as much as Archie could give, with all the routine of his necessary care.

It was just after New Year's that mama passed away. Always, when I was working, I'd stop in her bedroom on the way out in the morning. Which was often as early as six thirty. Mama slept very little. Frequently she was awake when I went in—and sitting at her window.

"Good morning, mama. How are you?" I'd always say.

SHE would let me kiss her cheek without a move of response. And she would never answer that question.

"Is there anything you need, mama?"

"No," she would answer invariably. "Nothing I need or want from anybody."

But on that particular morning when I looked in she was sleeping. I went over and kissed her, and she stirred with a heavy sigh. I tiptoed out of the room. At eleven Archie phoned the studio and talked to Sidney. Her maid had looked in several times, satisfied that mama was sleeping. At ten she had become slightly nervous because she realized mama hadn't changed her position.

Sidney came to the set and called off the day's work. He drove me home.

"It was a peaceful death," he kept saying. "I've always said I hope I go off in my sleep—without a struggle."

"Struggle, Sidney? She's been dying for years. Ever since Mildred went."

"I know, dear." He patted my hand. "I know. She's got her rest at last, now."

He was right. It was the only way to feel about it.

Teddy and Zona came down and stayed a few weeks. The estate was settled. Mama's will was definite and explicit. There were endless bequests, remembering people I had forgotten. When all was done, there was over two million to be divided between Teddy and me.

He sat there, my brother, throughout the whole reading, leaning back in a huge chair, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, his hands crossed over his stomach. He did not even rise when the lawyers left. When I came back in the room he and Zona were still at opposite sides of the room. Archie was lighting a cigarette.

"What are you going to do, Teddy?" I asked.

"I wouldn't touch a cent of that rotten money," he said shortly.

Zona stood up.

"IT'S a big temptation, pal," she said.

"Not to me it isn't." Teddy shook his head. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do with it, Vi. I'm going to give it away. I'm not even going to pay one bill we owe with it. It's going to the cause. Every dime."

"Communists, you mean?"

"That's what I mean. How about it, Zona?"

"O. K.," she said flatly. "We can get along as we are."

Archie blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

Teddy stood up.

"Good-by, Vi," he said without putting out his hand. "Our bags are packed. We're taking the next train. The lawyers know our address."

"Good-by, Teddy. Good-by, Zona."

"So long," she said. "See you in hell."

They left the room, and I didn't follow them. Archie took hold of my hand. I stood beside him, and in silence we listened. Until we heard them leave. And we were alone.

We went on being alone, too. Right on in the house together. And if people talked, I didn't hear them.

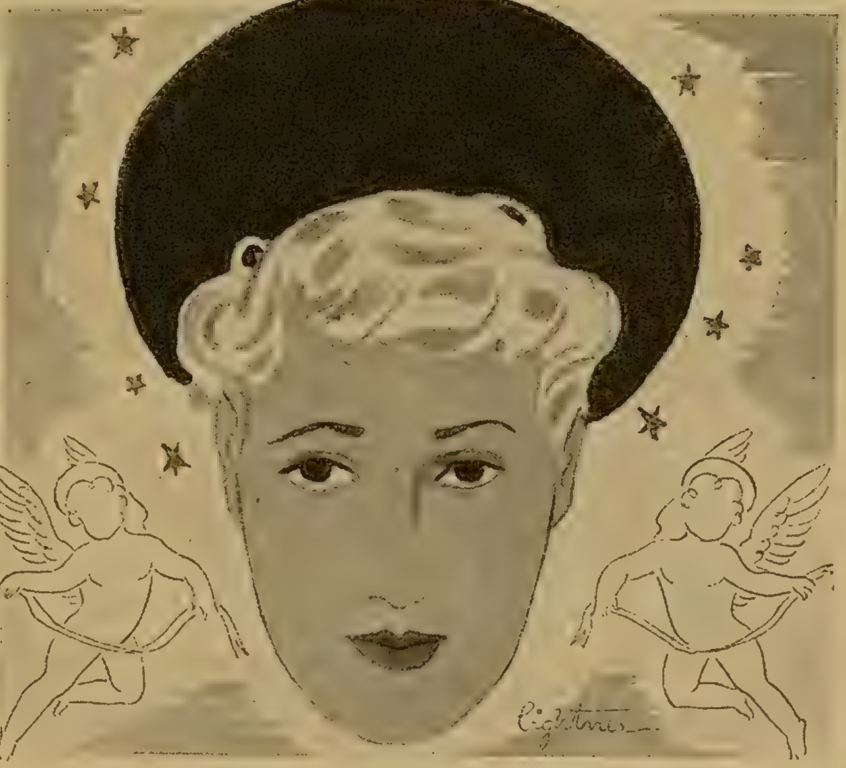
There is so little you can say about happiness. Happiness is fragile, tenuous, a bubble that floats, a melody never forgotten . . . understanding, contentment, peace. They are too great to be explained . . . the tender intimacies, the silly secrets . . . too precious to be described . . .

Life was not uneventful that year and a half in the house together without mama. Cookie came and stayed with us while her husband was off on a fishing trip. A restless Cookie, who had lost out completely when talkies came.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

If you are going in for evening headgear—and who is not for the first fall dates?—get out all the pictures of angels and seraphim you can find and copy your halo from them. This will constitute a real reason for the boy friend to call you angel this winter, particularly if you have your halo in gold or silver cloth. If you prefer you can go royal with a crown, or—sponsored by Molyneux—perch three or four roses on a green chiffon tied around your head with the posies over the left eyebrow. If you would be a Lillie Langtry, stand an aigrette straight up in the middle of a velvet bandeau.

DORA MILLER.



And when Cookie left, Cynthia came. She always followed Cookie up to get the news. Hinky and Archie had grand times together. Yet we were glad when they left a month later. It was so much grander to be alone.

I made picture after picture. Then weeks of bliss in between, just being with my love. One of Archie's twins fell off a horse, and for days we sat, nervous and silent, waiting for news. And Fernand said over the phone that even if Archie came, she would never let him see his child—never let him enter the room. And the kid got better—and was not lamed. But Archie was older, and tired more easily after that. It had been a terrific strain on him.

There was the night when, without warning, we heard Lora's voice over the radio. And telephoned wildly to the Eastern studio. Yes, Lora O'Riley. And Archie sat in front of the big box, hands clenched, and the tears dropping on the carpet.

We wrote her how happy we were for her. Our letter was returned unopened.

The studio obliged us with her history. Her husband was Colonel W. C. Powers, retired. They lived in New York. She had been on the air over a year. They gave all her old Caper history. Archie wrote to Colonel W. C. Powers. There was no answer.

It was about that time that the government caught up with Pepa, with all his pull, and he was put in jail merely for dodging his income tax. And Cynthia, always rushing to the rescue, wrote of Rita's complete collapse. They tried to straighten her out, Hinky and Cyn, but she was doping. They turned her over to doctors for a cure. That was her first cure. But there was no cure for Rita in this world.

HINKY and Cyn went to live abroad. Taking their children with them. Or rather, Wally's children, though Wally never saw them. The John Smiths closed their orphanage, bade America good-by forever, and settled in France. And became peculiar and world-of-their-ownish, so that it wasn't even much fun to write them. Not that it mattered.

Archie and I had our third anniversary. A cake and silly presents. I wore a lei of gardenias. . . . Alone together. And started our fourth year. Knowing it was a little extra time given us. Knowing that despite the world, we had been happy together these three years of precious companionship in the face of curses, of doctors' prophecies, of scandal whispered softly—a rare and peaceful intimacy that had been worth the heartaches given and taken. . . . Knowing he was weaker. His time very limited now. I dreaded to leave the house—resenting the hours away from him.

He caught influenza, and lasted four days.

He died in my arms.

Nothing else matters in all the

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SHAVE! GOSH, HOW I DREAD IT WITH MY TENDER SKIN!
I'LL FIX THAT UP! EVER HEAR OF COLGATE'S SMALL BUBBLE LATHER?
SAY, THAT'S SWELL . . . SAME BLADE . . . SAME BEARD . . . BUT ALL THE PULL IS GONE!
SURE! AND YOU'LL FIND YOUR SHAVES LAST LONGER BECAUSE THE BEARD COMES OFF AT THE SKIN-LINE.

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AFTER SHAVING
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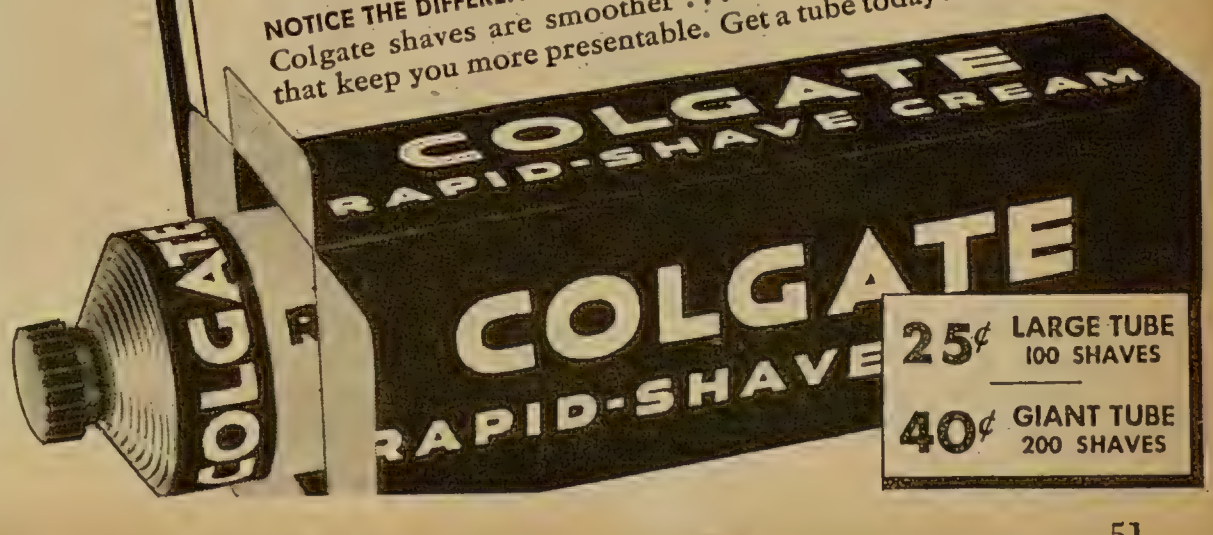
AFTER SHAVING
COLGATE'S SMALL BUBBLE LATHER

ORDINARY SHAVING CREAMS, as this greatly magnified bubble diagram shows, lather up into big bubbles that hold *air*, instead of *soap film*, against the beard. That's why whiskers are only *partly* softened—why blades pull and give you a ragged, uneven shave.

COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM makes millions of tiny moisture-filled bubbles that get down to the *base* of the beard, and soak each whisker soft *at the skin-line*, where your razor works. Thus, Colgate small bubble shaves are smoother, *closer*. They last hours longer.

NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE in the "after-shaving" side of these diagrams! Colgate shaves are smoother . . . cleaner . . . true "all-day" shaves that keep you more presentable. Get a tube today for better shaving!


COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE
COLGATE

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

world. Except that he died in my arms. His last words were "Thank you."

Fernand claimed his body and demanded its shipment. And Sidney said there was nothing I could do. No time for a fuss. No good in scenes. Just take it. He was hers. He belonged to her.

Sidney went with me to the train. The baggage car was filled with gardenias. And I stood and watched it out of sight. And didn't cry.

I went back to the studio and tried my damnedest to finish the picture. But things were all stiff and crusted inside me. They knew I was trying. I knew they were helping. They rewrote the end; they built scenes up I wouldn't have to appear in. The picture was my first big flop, despite lavish advertising and press stories.

Every night somebody was at the house with me. People were so kind. Tiding me over. Suggesting. Mostly they were girls I had known since I came to Hollywood. All very dear and nice but not my own. And they were busy. They had their careers—or their husbands and children.

SIDNEY insisted I go abroad. I went and stayed with Hinky and Cynthia a while. But they were terribly happy. With a houseful of boisterous, very modern children—Wally's children—who treated me like a hotsy-totsy grandma. And I didn't belong. Their happiness was theirs. I was very dear—but an outsider.

They rose to the need, however, and gave me a hell of a talking-to. And I had to agree. Yes, yes, they were right, of course . . .

They did bolster me a bit. They put aside all their plans to see me down to the ship. I met a few people I knew on board, and tried to be very gay.

Following Cynthia's shrill advice, I stayed in New York long enough to have myself done over. And laid up a wardrobe that startled even me. I still cut a figure. I still had dash. It felt pleasant too. I enjoyed it. Until I went up to see Rita, who shocked me so that my blood ran cold. Talking bad Italian and laughing as she showed me her bankbooks insanely scrawled with figures.

I talked to her doctors. They seemed chary about any definite promise. And they questioned whether Miss Hartley could afford to continue the treatments much longer. Poor Rita, who had feared poverty; lived on eggshells to sock away a safe sum . . . shot the works for Pepa, for whom she hocked everything he had ever given her.

I had her affairs looked into. She had been done in right and left. I turned them over to a lawyer I knew, and he promised to watch over her. He wrote later, suggesting a more modern nursing home, stressing the fact that she was bitterly unhappy where she was. He had found a woman who devoted her life to such cases, and he would like to put Rita in her care.

I O. K.'d it.

Back in Hollywood. Being very gay. Being full of pep and ginger. Going everywhere I was invited. Having people visit me for weeks at a time. Joining clubs. Pushing back into the regular interests. Finding them terribly dull but not knowing what else to do, and one had to keep occupied or go mad. One had to keep in the race. It was awful to feel dropped by the wayside, the others marching on, unseeing.

My new picture started. A great story. A classic. But I hated it. It seemed dull and stale and flat. I couldn't work up any conviction. And then one day I found myself saying words to the biggest male star in the ring, and I found myself laughing impatiently.

"My God!" I said. "Why am I saying the lines like that? They're so silly. It isn't *real.*"

Both the actor and the director broke out into words, but I wasn't listening. I was looking down at my idiotic grandiose costume, supposedly an average married woman, dressed as no duchess could afford. I was looking around at the sets. And at the painted faces all about me. It was all so absurd. So stupid. So utterly, utterly meaningless.

I walked off the set. And waited in my dressing room until the director came. I tried to explain to him. And when Sidney came, tried to explain to him.

"I just don't believe it any more, Sidney," I said earnestly. "I can't do it if I don't believe it. It's not *real.*"

He looked at me as if I were mad. And walked out of the room. I got dressed slowly, a little terrified. Knowing I'd closed the door. That I was finished.

Sidney was decent enough to drive me home. He stayed and talked to me. Talked and talked.

"Life must have something else, Sidney," I kept saying. "Not the same stories, the same emotions, the same forced tears, the same hollow laughs, the same gags, the same loves, the same scenes."

"You're punch drunk," he said. "Take a year or so off. We'll be right ready when you get around to us. You won't find a better life. You'll be back."

"Thanks, Sidney. I'll never be back."

"I won't give out that word. And don't you. You may be sorry. Any life is a hell of a life. Everything goes stale once in a while. Get yourself in shape. Think it out. And come back as fast as you can—before it's too late."

I CLOSED my home. I couldn't bear it—alone. I wired Cookie, and she asked me to join them in Japan. It was somewhere to go. Somebody who wanted me.

We had fun in Japan and China. Except ever so often out of a clear sky Wally got disgustingly tight. Fighting tight. Insulting to everybody, high and low. With Cookie smoothing them out, and Wally never remembering the next day. I left them in India. I couldn't stand it. Cookie loved Wally and I didn't. That made a difference. No man I ever met was more amusing and stimulating, more generous or sentimentally sweet than Wally when he was sober. Cookie was the youngest of all of us—she could stand his pace a few years more, surely. Maybe by then he'd burn out a bit. But certainly I didn't have to stick around and burn out too.

I headed aimlessly for civilization.

I stopped over with Cynthia and Hinky. And got a nice shock. Cynthia was on the verge of having a baby—at her age!

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WORTH LOOKING FOR

"I want to give the world another Hinky," she kept saying a little feverishly.

I stayed over. And saw her through. And, later, I went to a small French church and was little Hinky's godmother. Cynthia was fine—but a little slow in gaining strength. And when they returned home, I offered to settle down with them and give them a lift.

"No," said Cynthia's and Wally's eldest boy with bland frankness. "We all love you, Vi, but we're queer people. We're all very happy just by ourselves. Hinky and Cynthia and us."

"The two Hinkys and Cynthia and us," added his sister.

Hinky looked up with a woolly expression.

"I guess you understand the kids," he said shyly. "We never make apologies for each other, but they don't mean to hurt you."

"Sure," I said. "I understand. I have to get back to my work anyway."

They were swell seeing me off. And of course I wasn't hurt. It was grand knowing they were all happy together. A closed corporation.

I had to get back to my work. I kept telling myself that. It was awful not to be at work. Not to have regular hours.

I met a boy on the boat. He said he had met me before at a dinner in Hollywood. I knew his name of course. Roland Hass, the cartoonist. Who went by the unfortunate name of Roly—a perfect handle for people to tease me about.

HE was handsome. He was successful. At twenty-eight. He was earnest. And a little bewildered by success that had hit him full force in two years. He had money rolling in. He was alone. And a little afraid. Of himself. Of success. Rambling on and on of how success had ruined this one and that one.

"Now, you," he said frequently, "you had enough sense to stop while you were big. You knew when to quit. I admire that."

"Ummmm," I said wisely.

He was fun. Attentive. A little adoring. Clean and terribly in earnest about everything.

I wasn't staying over in New York. Who was there for me? Strangers. I'd be on parade. I was a little tired of parades—and yet I missed them.

Roly took the train back with me. For once I didn't sleep across country. We played cards. I found myself cutting down my drinking. Because he looked so sorry for me.

"I know your story," he said one day, holding my hand. "There isn't one woman in a million who would make a guy's last few years happy like you did—and there isn't one woman in ten million who could get away with it as graciously as you did. They all honor you for it."

And I would gaze at him and think, "Well, it sounds pretty, but the boy will get over it. He thinks he under-

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stands, but he doesn't. Those years were my heaven . . . I've had my heaven . . .”

Sidney gave me a shot in a picture. I'll hand him that. He'd never let me down. His every word and gesture made me feel I was on the inside, in the know, behind the scenes. But it seemed things were changing. I was to be a featured player--not the star of the picture.

Which made me good and mad. My last real mad. Mad enough to take a hunk of my money and produce my own picture. Which would have been all right if everybody hadn't horned in. As if it were easy pickings. Until I didn't know whom to believe or where to turn.

Well, Sidney had warned me not to try producing—but I hadn't listened.

Roly was with me when we saw the preview. Outside of San Francisco.

“Can it!” I said. “It's foul.”

And Roly drove me back to my home.

“GOD, you have courage,” he marveled. “I think, Vi, without a doubt, you are the greatest woman in the world. For character.”

“Roly,” I said. “You mustn't talk to me like that. Because I'm very lonely. And some day I'll believe you.”

“I love you, Vi,” he said, going sixty miles around a curve.

“Oh, no, you don't,” I protested. “You idealize me. I don't know why. I've been no lily.”

“I hate lilies. They have no fragrance.”

“Cut it, Roly. I'm an overgenerous forty. I'm washed up. Finished.”

“Then you can concentrate on me. I don't want to go to hell. You've been there and back. You can keep me out of it.”

“No, dear. I've been to hell, but I'm not back yet.”

“All right. I'll bring you back. Vi, listen. I'm not a girl chaser. I don't want home and children and all that. It's just not in my line of thought. I want a pal. Somebody who knows the works. My whole life is in my work. You know what that means. Few women do. You know this crazy game. I don't. I'm getting by on luck and nerve. I don't want to be a flash in the pan. I have great dreams. More than my life can accomplish. I want to accomplish them. And not be sidetracked. It would wreck me. You're beautiful. You're wonderful. You've taken it on the chin. You're no fool. You've been loyal and courageous, whatever your mistakes. You've had your career, and you know it's over. You won't be wishing and longing. Darling, come, be my very own. Take care of me and show me the way. I'll be good to you all my life.”

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We drove a long while.

“It sounds so neat,” I said when he left me in the driveway at dawn. “But I'm a bad girl, Roly. You need some one fresh.”

“I hate 'em fresh,” he said. “They scare me. I've seen what they've done to other men.”

I went into the great lonely house and thought it over. I thought it over all night walking up and down. I thought, I'll show him how bad I am. I'll show him my worst side. And the kid will walk out.

But it was too much trouble, so I stood him up for dinner the next night and flew to New York. Why? Just some place to go—to get away.

So I came to in New York one day and faced myself. I went into a church. I don't know what religion. But I sat in a dark pew at the side and thought . . . and looked at the altar, and cried out for help. Because I wanted Roly, or at least I wanted his faith in me.

I had nothing. I was forty-three. I was still prettier than most women. A bit artificial, but people called it smart. I might live for years and years, with nothing to do. That was poisonous enough. That was vacancy, emptiness in the morning, fright in the night. But I had worked hard all my life. Since sixteen. Earlier. I had denied myself food. I had lived their rules. I had taken their slaps, their salutes, their cheers. And nobody wanted me any more. Everybody was nice to me. In Hollywood they kissed my cheeks and laughed behind my back. They called me a has-been. But the public liked me. They still gathered in groups at a station. They still wrote for autographs. They remembered. The organizations remembered me. I was a good number. I would give to this and give to that, and make appearances, and do a dance, and make a speech, and cut a cake, and oftener and oftener interest myself in this case or that, with special backing.

I had money and looks. I had nobody to care. Nobody who needed or wanted me. Mildred gone. Mama gone. Archie gone . . . gone forever. Boof wouldn't speak to me. My boy thought me damned. He and Lester had each other. Soon Boof would marry and would face his own world, God sustain him! Poor kid. With principles, and money. Gene had gone back to Poland to live his old age on my money. Bert was gone, never having to face all these years, dear Bert. And all these people I had helped?

ALL these people I had helped? Meaning the best; doing my silly mistaken damnedest. Archie's children. I had paid for their education, their clothes, their parties and toys. I had shown their father the way. I had loved him beyond measure and understanding. I had let him die happily. They didn't know. They listened to their mother and their aunt, and didn't know. They thought as they said . . . my name was poison to them . . . the woman who took their father and kept him.

Tommie's son. He didn't know I had helped him either. Which of course was right.

Lora hated me. Singing her heartbreaking tunes before a mike. A good woman all her days, undeviating—unforgiving. She had her retired colonel, her son, her family, her work. She deserved them all, I guess. Maybe she had lived her hell. And helped to make mine. Fernand hated me. God knows where she was. Probably with Lora, but I hadn't interest enough to find out. What the hell did I care! Grenadine curls, skipping rope, having babies, and telling a man he ought to die quietly, decently, with respect for the kids that youth brought to being; reading curses in a harsh unflinching voice out of God's book.

Cynthia and her Hinky and her kids were happy. Sufficient unto themselves.

Rita, partially cured. Pepa was out of jail long since and back with his wife, subdued. What could he do for Rita?

Cookie would stand by me when she could. When Wally would light for six or eight weeks and stay put. Cookie comforted me, and I comforted her, and she knew and understood. It took her three hours a day with beauticians now, hired on yearly contract, but she still held Wally, drunk or sober, and held him willingly—whole-heartedly. "I'm perfectly happy," she'd say to every one now, having reached the dangerous point of voicing her fears, "but I'm only afraid Wally will have to pay the price some day, and I can't stop him."

I was better off than any of them. I knew that. I was sane. I was fairly pretty. I had all my senses. I had friends—loads of friends, who didn't belong.

In two years Roly has stuck. Laughing at my attempts to show him I'm a back number. He thinks he needs me, that boy. I can help him. He loves me. I don't care if it doesn't last. But the thought of marriage to Roly tired me. He was so young, so involved with being tops. It meant playing the game all over again—facing that elbowing hyena crowd. Surely I had walked that fire! He would only last a few years—a dozen or so—that's all any of us last without cracking inside or out. I can't go home alone any longer. I have faced my thoughts. There is no answer.

Maybe there is an answer. Such as Teddy has. Pinched and bitter, full of violence and hatred. Wanting to blow up everything. Slapping on paint with palette knives in off moments. To save his soul. Letting his Zona live with a dock strike leader—not for love, but because it put fire into the strike leader.

I hope he has an answer to all the crazy world. But I cannot think there is an answer without God. We make enough mistakes with Him. Whatever it is. Love. Principle. Divine law. The power of thought. Love thy neighbor as thyself. Whatever it is. Tolerance. Compromise. Humility.

I FELT sure of very few things. But I felt sure that Roly loved me. He didn't care that people were laughing. Saying I'd robbed the cradle.

I stood up. The church had become coldish. I'd go home and call up Roly. And say yes, Roly. You will be the dusk, Roly, before the absolute darkness. . . .

Some one bumped into me in the gloomy vestibule. A man in a very wet and unpleasant overcoat. I mumbled, "Pardon me," and went on, not listening to his words. . . . For a moment it seemed that his voice sounded familiar. But I shrugged and went on. Who would I know in a church?

Outside, Fifth Avenue was early dusk and thick with rain. The taxis and cars sliggle-sliggled in the wet and sounded pleasant and busy. People going places. I walked up a block, across the street, and in a heaven-smelling shop I bought a gardenia.

"You're all wet, lady," the old man behind the counter said.

"You're telling me!" I said bitterly, and went out.

On the street a car drew up directly in front of me. Out of it crawled a large man. Opening an umbrella dexterously as he emerged.

"Where are you going, Vi?" he said.

I looked at him and smiled.

I considered him carefully, the rain spongy between us.

"RATZY," I said, "if I stood here all night and figured, I couldn't have thought of some one I'd rather see."

"Get in," he said, grinning broadly.

"How's for a party?" he said.

"Oh, all right," I sighed. "Let it never be said the Chester animal refused a party."

"You mean you'd rather not?"

"I mean," I said, "that I'm game for anything. But if I never saw a party again I wouldn't weep in my pillow—in any one's pillow, Ratzy."

"Thank God! Are you free for the evening?"

"Free as advice. Only I have to make a long-distance phone call."

He leaned forward and spoke to the driver.

"You looked very sweet in church, Vi," Ratzy said.

I snapped on the car lights and peered at him.

"I had no idea you had the streak of a saint in you," he said dryly.

He was clawing absent-mindedly through his clothes for something he had evidently misplaced.

"So it was you I bumped into? And I should say something about a small world."

"Small world nothing. You haven't been answering phones. I doubt if you even look at the names or messages. I have had a weary day following you."

He leaned over to fuss with flaps and pockets in the car upholstery and finally found a large and clumsy cigar case. He sat back with a childish puff of satisfaction.

"You see, Vi," he continued, "when anybody tracks you down the way I have, they have a favor to ask.

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I'm in rather a spot and I need some help from you."

"Money?"

"No. No, not money. We'll talk about it later—it's a long story and it requires a lot of careful consideration."

I felt bored and dull and sorry I had ever climbed into his car. I was a fine one to ask about problems that needed long consideration.

He sighed and selected a cigar from his thick old-fashioned silver case.

Amused, I took the case from him and examined it. On it was engraved the face of a child, crude but certain. No mere decoration. I remembered far off that Ratzy had once had a child who had died very young. In one corner on the case was an inscription. Somewhat dirtied and hard to read even in the lights of his car . . . "To Morris, remembering, Rachel . . . 1912."

I gave it back to him, and we drove in silence. Up out of the city. I didn't care where I went. 1912 . . . I was going through my Lester hell then . . . Ratzy was making his reputation producing shows . . . making stars . . . weeding out beauty from thousands of hopefuls. . . . That was before the war, before phoning to Europe, before common radios, before talkies. . . . Maybe that was before civilization. When his Rachel gave him a reminder, perhaps hoping to hold him. . . .

I glanced at Ratzy, chewing a new and long cigar. He had lots of hair and it was white. Mine was partly white but nobody would dream . . . Pretense, Vi. This man has no pretense. He's crass. He's man. He always will be.

HE looked at me and smiled. Took my arm and tucked it under his.

"Rather not talk?" he said.

"You bring back so much, Ratzy. I think—I'd like to go home if you don't mind—and talk tomorrow night."

"To the hotel? I'm sorry. We're too far away. You'd better eat first. Myra, she has wiener schnitzel tonight, I think. She promised me. You bring back so much to me, too, Vi. That gardenia is not fresh."

"I just bought it," I said sharply.

"They gypped you."

He reached over and took it from my coat. Lowered a window and tossed it out into the black rain.

From a little box at his feet he took out a bunch of flowers.

"Good grief, Ratzy, I'm not pink sweet peas!"

"A gardenia's only a man's dream."

"And sweet peas?"

"A MAN grows them with a lot of care. Planting them in little trenches. Building them up around their roots. Giving them brush to climb on safely. Picking them while they are fresh, so that there is room for development. They are not moonlight. They are sunshine and careful attention."

"Ratzy, are you proposing again?"

"No. I never would propose twice. What are women? Nothing but flowers. Some flowers give off opium. Some flowers can be brewed and are healing. Some flowers are bitter and colorless. I am a great farmer. Did you ever farm—seriously?"

I laughed. We turned into a long driveway. Even in the rain I could see wide and comforting trees, a beautiful big bit of lawn tucked under the chin of a low white house.

"Ratzy gone rustic," I chirped.

"I'm getting ready to be married," he said.

"Really, Ratzy?" I put my hand on his. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"I'm sure of it, Vi. She's a wonderful woman. We understand each other."

"Is her name Myra?"

"No. Myra's my married daughter. She's just here a while to get the place fixed up for the bride. I want you to look it over and see if we have forgotten anything. I want the place to be—perfect."

"It won't be anything else."

The car drew up to a long old-fashioned piazza.

"The air smells sweet, Ratzy."

"Because it's a long way off," he said with high satisfaction. "I found a great trick, Vi. In giving up trying to live in the world. Bucking the world. Facing the world. It's better to make a world of your own. A little one. But your own. You enjoy it."

Inside, a tall heavy-jowled woman greeted us. Myra, with a coil of dark-red braids. The ceilings were low. The lights were very soft and gentle. Fires crackled on hearths and there was a tang of applewood in the white simple rooms.

"But you're late, papa," Myra said, fixing a Dubonnet. "So late, dinner's spoiled."

"We'll have scrambled eggs, then." He laid his cigar on the mantel and Myra automatically tossed it in the fire. "My own eggs, Vi. They cost more to raise than to buy. But they're eating."

"You and Myra have done a sweet job here, Ratzy. It isn't a production; it's the real thing. It's going to make some woman awfully happy."

I smiled at them both as Ratzy accepted a Dubonnet from Myra. I felt lonely. I could have had this man once. I could have had all this. . . .

I drank my Dubonnet slowly.

"Better wash up now, Vi. If you're damp, Myra will lend you a kimono or some overalls, won't you, Myra?"

I washed up hurriedly, knowing that Myra, with all her devotion, was truly annoyed at the delay. The huge room turned over to me was silly with gingham wall paper. The most comfortable-looking beds, very low and broad. One of Ratzy's dead cigars on the gleaming white window sill. I smiled and threw it into the crackling fire.

IN the bathroom I found a pair of overalls. Blue taffeta. Absurd, with a white chiffon peasant blouse. And just my size. I put them on, and glanced in the mirror. With a brush I freed my hair of its kept waves. Brushing it out the old childish way. Back in the big gingham bedroom I sat at a pine dressing table and pinned on the tiny cluster of sweet peas. I stared at myself in the mirror. I didn't look old. I looked entirely different in the silly overalls with my hair brushed out and sweet peas under my chin. Surely I was young enough to have lots of life ahead. If only I wasn't too tired to take it.

I was about to turn away when a framed picture caught my attention. Unbelievingly I gazed at it. Boof's face looking me straight in the eye. A very recent picture of him surely. He was a man now with a very clean-cut jaw and unflinching eyes. I picked up the picture and hugged it closely. There was writing across the lower right-hand corner: "To Mother, with the affection I have always wanted to give."

How long I stared at it I don't know—forgetting Myra and her impatience. Thinking instead of all the picture meant—and wondering. And as I looked around at the silly blue-gingham room and the absurd overalls that were exactly my size, I began to realize whatever miracles Ratzy had performed he had thought of everything. Provided everything, down to the picture of the only person I ever cared for waiting to greet me with

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the only message that I wanted to hear.

As I went down the stairs, Ratzy suddenly turned to me.

"Your long-distance call," he said, the phone in his hand.

"Who?"

"Did you want to speak to your Roly?"

"How did you know?"

He shrugged and took a cigar out of his pocket.

"Not another before dinner, Ratzy," I said, and he grinned slowly and put back the cigar. He came over and took my hand.

"Roly's waiting," he said. But even when I took the phone he didn't let go of my hand.

I greeted the boyish voice at the other end of the continent.

I said: "Roly, I've come to a decision. For good and all, darling. For better or for worse. I'll always be a sister to you. . . . You're sweet to feel badly. I've just found wisdom. I'm not going to try to keep up with the world. I want just to make a world of my own. Just a little one. But my own."

I hung up, and Ratzy sniffed heavily.

"Can you cook eggs?" he asked. "Myra's gone along home, since the chauffeur was free."

"Why?"

"She thought after all these years we might naturally want to be alone."

After a few moments he said, "It wasn't my ambition to make you cry."

"I'm not crying," I snapped. "Ratzy, tell me about that picture upstairs."

He smiled and bit his upper lip.

"He is a great boy," he said. "I have had lots of long talks with him. He is just getting to the age where he can think for himself. Very interesting age, Vi. I'll tell you all about it and, if you like, he said he would drive over this week-end and visit us."

"Visit us?" I echoed.

"Yes, he might even come to the wedding."

"Ratzy," I said seriously. "I never had any man prepare a home for me before. With such thought. Knowing what I needed to carry me on. I don't think I ever really knew the feeling before of being a bride. Maybe I even love you. Maybe I do. Because you're kind, and wise, and fine. All my life you gave me the best advice. Only I never took it."

"You will now," he grinned. "And don't worry about love, Vi. We all think too much about it. We'll be kind to each other. We've both gone a long road, and now we can sit and rest and let the others strain. We'll take care of each other. Don't tell me that isn't love."

"You look like a very famous painting, Ratzy," I mused. "I fell in love with it when I was a little girl. I'm not smart enough to know painters or their work. But it's a doctor, very, very wise, sitting beside the bed of a child."

"Listen," said Ratzy. "I know you can act. I just want to see if you can cook. The eggs are waiting."

So this is my fifth marriage.

And God, please, this time could I have a break?

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS** by John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A companion volume to Huntingtower, a story of adventure. John Galt on a walking vacation gets mixed up in the politics of Evallonia. He does a grand job, and is a likable hero.

★ ★ ½ **TIME'S DOOR** by Esther Meynell. The Macmillan Company.

A young Italian violinist has the unusual experience of seeing into the past and knowing Bach and others who lived one hundred years before. Giovanni's love for Catharina, daughter of the great composer, seems a beautiful and tragic thing.

★ ★ **THE VICOMTE IN THE KITCHEN** by Vicomte de Mauduit. Covici, Friede.

A few startling and new hints that alone make the book worth while. Hints on cooking and preparation of food. The Beverley Nichols of the household.

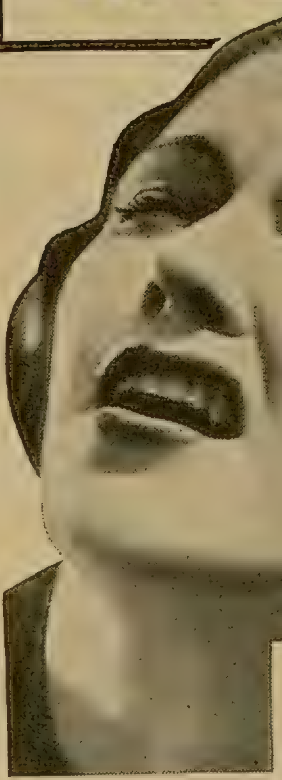
★ ★ **NEW GOVERNMENTS IN EUROPE**
★ ★ **DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENTS IN EUROPE** edited by Raymond Leslie Buell. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

These two volumes present a thoroughgoing comparative study of modern governments. The first analyzes the causes for and the working of dictatorships in Italy, Germany, Russia, Spain, and the Baltic states; while the second describes the democratic governments of England, France, and Switzerland.

★ **GOOD-BYE FOR THE PRESENT** by Eleanor Acland. The Macmillan Company.

An English mother sentimentally tells of her own childhood and, with equal sentimentality, writes that of her daughter who died at the age of eleven.

"I COULDN'T TAKE A STEP IN PEACE!



Every Move, Every Position, Cost Me Pain"

ANY person with Piles knows what suffering is. Piles cause you physical suffering. They cause you mental distress. They make you look worn and haggard.

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All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms described. But a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Just put your name and address on a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the free tube. Write for it today and prove the needlessness of your suffering.

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FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

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ADDRESS____________________

CITY________________STATE________

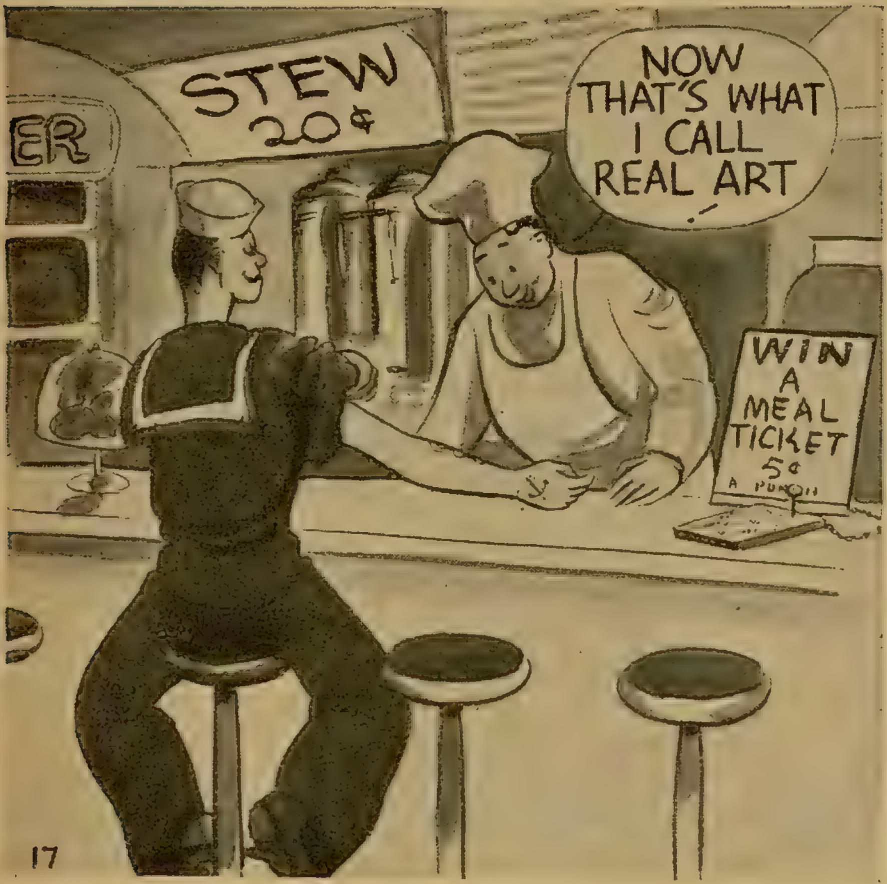
ONLY ONE MORE WEEK TO GO!

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

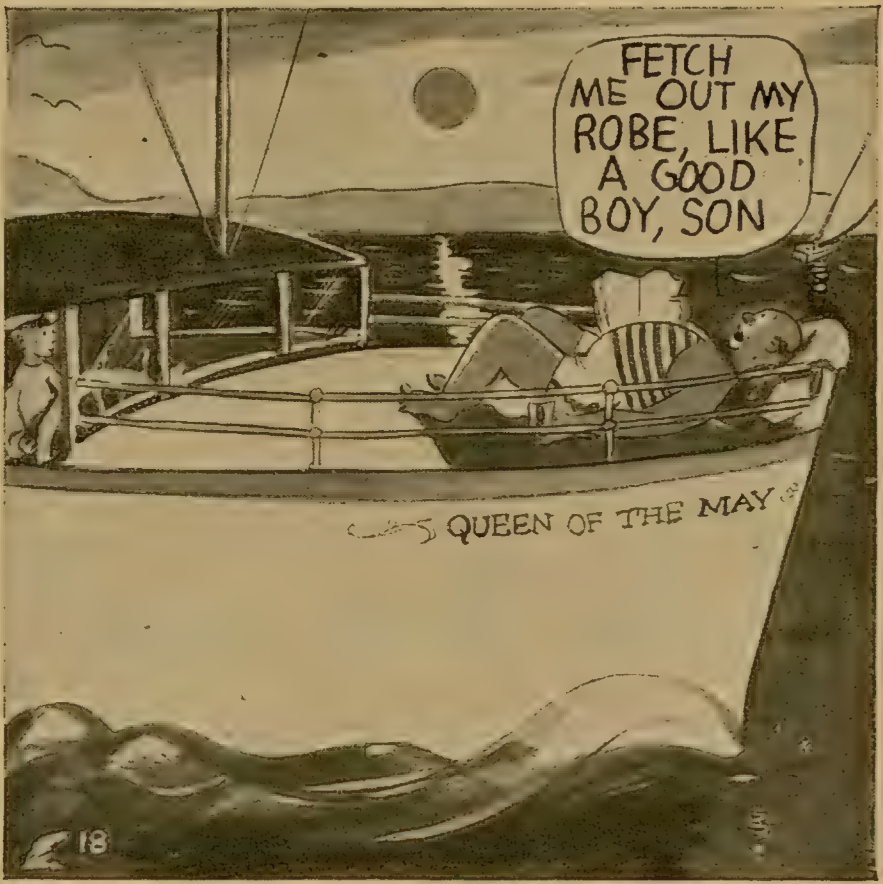
GAME OF MOVIE STARS

STAY IN THE GAME!


STEW 20¢
ER
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL REAL ART
WIN A MEAL TICKET 5¢ A PUNCH
17

DRAWING NO. 17

NAME OF PLAYER......................................


FETCH ME OUT MY ROBE, LIKE A GOOD BOY, SON
QUEEN OF THE MAY
18

DRAWING NO. 18

NAME OF PLAYER......................................

●

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two drawings each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion-picture player.

2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and underneath write the name of the motion-picture player it reveals to you.

3. When you have a complete set of twenty drawings named, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference rated on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Simplicity is best.

6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF MOVIE STARS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

●

DO NOT PREPARE ORNAMENTED OR ELABORATE ENTRIES

FIND the names in this week's drawings and you'll have but one more week to go in order to complete your entry in this $2,000 cash prize competition. If you have kept your entry up to date during the successive weeks of the contest your chance to win remains as bright as ever. You may collect the $500 first money! And that's a lot of money in anybody's language. Under the circumstances it would be folly to drop out of the game at this point. Stay with it and make the most of your opportunity!

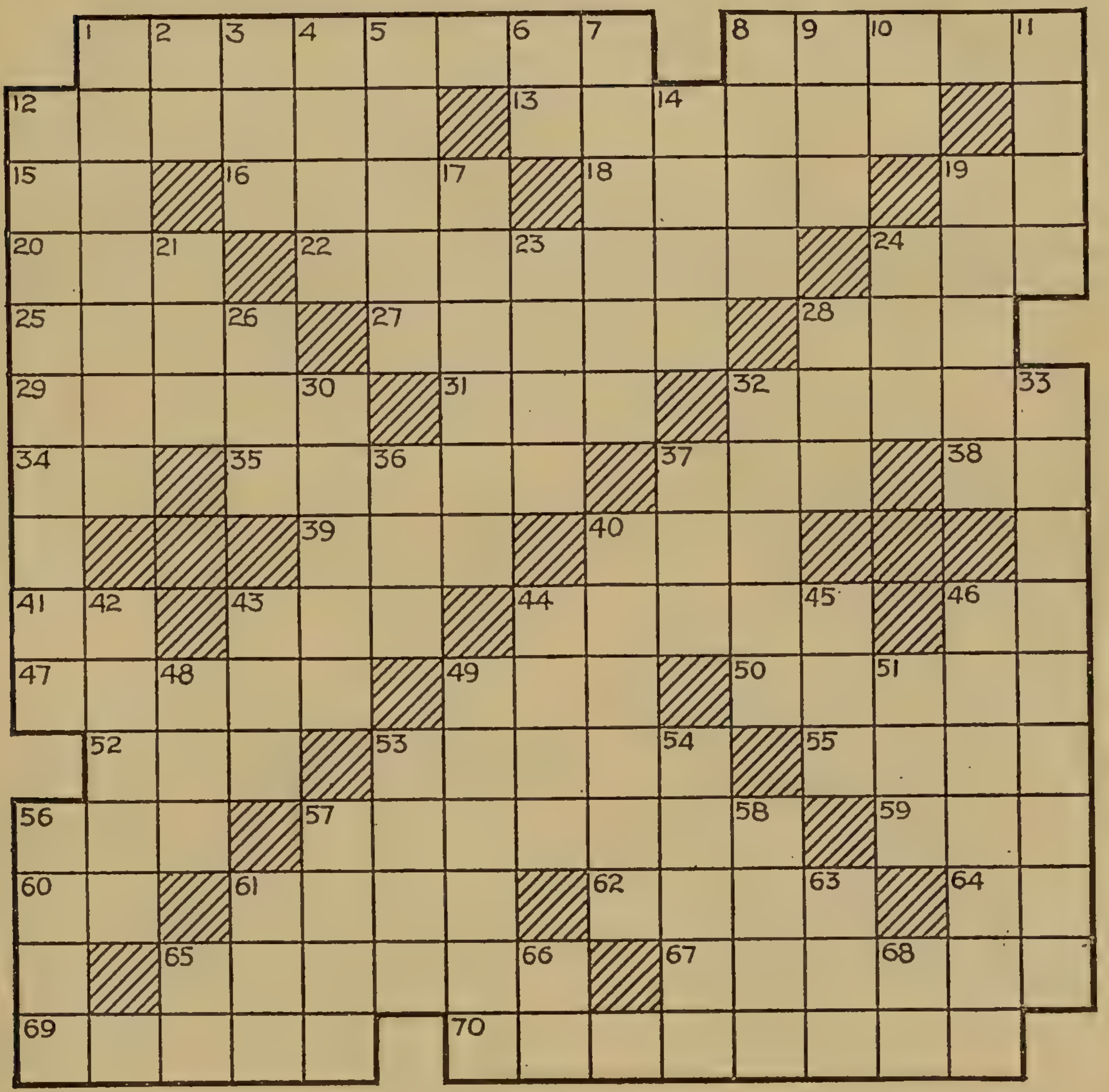
Please bear in mind that ornamentation and elaboration of your entry will have no weight with the judges in establishing the rating of your entry. Do not spend time and money needlessly.

THE LAST DRAWINGS IN THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Puzzle #33 9/14/35

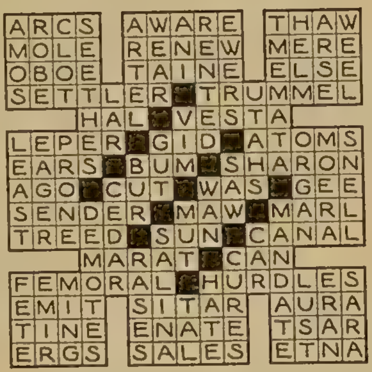
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 If man bites dog it'll show up in this
8 Old-timer among the salts
12 Member of the O'Brien family
13 Salamis caused his downfall
15 What a pull he has!
16 Li'l' ol' Hollywood (her sister's Dotty about the studios)
18 Perfect, and admits it
19 Second in command in the home
20 Flatter syrup
22 He likes things in the raw
24 A girl most unlike mother
25 To take things in a big way
27 He just hangs around and doesn't care if he makes a living or not
28 I can remember back when this was just something full of beans
29 Suckeroorals
31 Something the younger generation likes to get to the inside of
32 Pie samples
34 Roman headwork consisted of this
35 Painful spot resorted to in midwinter
37 Chickens get this
38 An Ed Whinny
39 Put a man on this and it'll be darned Teuton
40 The man from the sun
41 Something no woman in the world can write before her name
43 This is really yours
44 This asks questions, breaks windows, and gets all jammed up
46 He was a smashing success at Notre Dame (abbr.)
47 Where love birds roost after nightfall
49 To press a suit for the love of it
50 This is on the up and up
52 The best known pop in the world
53 Not long on the long green
55 Just a good old horse
56 The appeal of the wild, wild woman
57 Ground worker



Answer to last week's puzzle

59 Big Frog pond
60 Abie's coming-out place
61 This was new in 1933, F.O.B. Washington, and everybody was supposed to get one
62 The more elaborate her outfit the less likely she'll do this
64 An incredulous state (abbr.)
65 Kind of arguments tenants have with janitors
67 Whose is the doggiest passage on ice in all literature?
69 This always topped grammaw
70 A young smeller

VERTICAL

1 This is simply deadly
2 What he did before the gas attack (colloq.)
3 A gay party
4 What to do to prevent a bad burn
5 Best smellers from her best fellers
6 The most interesting kind of wife (she's usually battle-scarred)
7 Kid stuff
8 The nearest thing he chose before making his hit with the ham
9 What he used to forge a name for himself
10 She's always ready to leave for Europe on a toot! (abbr.)
11 Where the knight landed when her husband came home unexpectedly
12 Here's where you get a cue (plural)
14 This dots the dotted Swiss
17 This is donned on the bridle path and leads to the altar
19 Short things his breath came in as he pressed his suit
21 A high ball when you're Moody
23 A cuckoo bird always found in a dive
24 A crossover to the world of spirits
26 W. C. T. U. toddy
28 A Toidy-toid Street doiby
30 Inner fire escapes
32 When business is good these ring like fire alarms
33 These contain Mexican beans
36 All you need for a quick opening
37 After a dish of this, you sing Farewell to Thee (Hawaiian)
40 These make the woman's tennis fan's breath come in short pants
42 A dog gone animule
43 Unpopular levy
44 What people are keeping in their underwear these days
45 Jitter zoo (abbr.)
46 A well known climber, he gets all hot about his business but will always answer the call of a siren
48 One of the few things that don't enjoy a hunt
49 Sardines that made good
51 What wives rarely take before they throw things
53 The first resting place
54 Johnny's mirror
56 Mother's Monday-morning's morning
57 There's nothing phony about this
58 Good Americans love this
61 Nature's eye-opener
63 A grand and a couple (abbr.)
65 Word from a chuckleheaded villain
66 Scene of most of Washington's Follies
68 Der paron's so!

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

I'LL FIX THAT CHAIR GOOD AS NEW WITH PLASTIC WOOD

Figures in illustration made with Plastic Wood

Anybody can do a fine job of repairing quickly—**broken chair, holes in wood, loose casters, nicks, cracks, screw holes, loose drawer pulls,** etc.—with this canned wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it. It's wonderful. Try it. Paint, hardware and department stores sell PLASTIC WOOD for 25c a tube, 35c a can.

A Dog Soap at last *that*

Now, when you wash your dog, you not only clean him perfectly but you also stop his itching, give him a "dog show" sheen, stimulate hair growth; kill fleas and lice, destroy "doggie odors." Outlasts two ordinary bars. At drug and pet stores, 50c, or write us direct. William Cooper & Nephews, Inc., 1911 Clifton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

- Oils
- Tones
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All In One Operation

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

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STOP *that* ITCH

. . . IN ONE MINUTE . . .

Simply apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Quickly relieves the itching torture of eczema, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless, and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. *Prescription*

There's no need to follow a flat, tasteless diet. Scientists at Battle Creek have developed 47 foods which add tasteful variety and comfort to your diet. Endorsed by the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Write Dept. 122, for literature, prices and nearest dealer.

DIABETIC?

THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

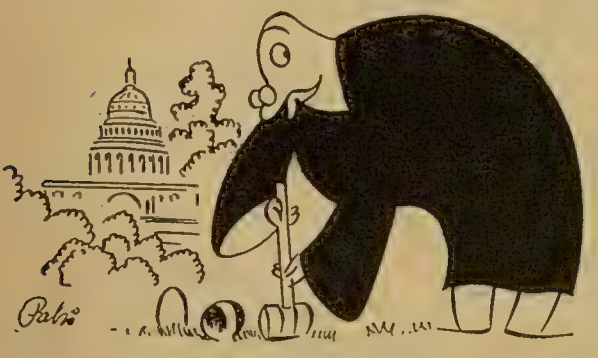
Vox Pop

RECOMMENDS A BBL

PHOEBUS, VA. — Mr. Macfadden's Don't Take Life Too Seriously (June 22 Liberty) was the best bit of philosophy in years. Into that vast procession of mysterious three- and four-letter Guardian Angels (NRA, AAA, etc.) I would introduce one more.

I would have the BBL.

Let every man awake each morning with a Big Belly Laugh at life in general. Let humor quickly dispel the grim specter of doubt and worry which is pauperizing people, killing old men, and demoralizing youth.



Suggestions: Either Ed Wynn or the Vox Pop Editor for next President. A complete croquet outfit to be set up on the White House lawn for the Supreme Court in order to keep them innocently diverted.

And here's a BBL to everything in general and an especially big BBL to Vox Pop and its goofy following.—*Charles K. Seyffert.*

FINEST COVER IN LONG TIME

LUBBOCK, TEX. — Congratulations! Your cover for July 27 is the finest I have seen for a long time.

I hope Mr. Hutchinson can obtain more photographs of this kind and that Liberty will continue to use them.—*A Liberty Fan.*

AND WITHOUT A CRYSTAL BALL

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is remarkable how Liberty seems to be in a position to foretell coming events whose shadows are not even seen by others.

At the time of the Stresa Conference, when it seemed as if France, England, and Italy were solidly united against Germany, Liberty (June 8) printed a one-page article by Essad-Bey predicting a Polish-German-Japanese alliance against Soviet Russia, with the silent backing of England. Since that time England has broken away from the Allied front by making a separate naval agreement with Germany, and Japan and the Reich are said to be near a pact.

Is the editor of Liberty a prophet or the son of a prophet, or where does the magazine get its secret advance information of pending international events? —*Walter Jasper.*

100 P. C. THRILL IN EVERY $

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—I think Liberty should bear the subtitle The Nudist Magazine, because it has exposed practically everything.

Sweepstakes, lotteries, horse racing, numbers, and most of my other hobbies have been explained in detail, so that I realize that I did not have a Chinaman's chance to beat them.

What a boob I have been to buck these games for the past thirty years! The strange thing about it is that I have no regrets. I have always received 100 per cent thrill from every dollar gambled.

Can any investor truthfully say the same about his investments?—*Fred C. Harrell.*

DEFENDERS OF G-MEN

WATERBURY, CONN.—It seems a shame to find that there is a person living in this country who considers himself an American and still writes such an idiotic and childish letter as did George Lockhart in July 13 Vox Pop.

Maybe Mr. Lockhart doesn't know the rigid requirements necessary for acceptance by the Department of Justice. I would therefore suggest that he send for the pamphlet giving such information, and if his brain can fathom its contents it will not have been in vain.—*Inherent Bully Too Lazy to Work.*

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Concerning George Lockhart's unreasonable letter on Glorifying the G-Men, he shows that he hasn't " been around "; that he is completely ignorant of accepted facts; and that he is—pardon the expression—a confirmed old sourpuss.

To whom does Mr. Lockhart attribute the downfall of the so-called " public enemies "—to the " man on the street " or the " man on the beat "?—*J. Skeehan.*

[Among the many other defenders of the G-Men who wrote us were: B. G. Anderson, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. E. Anthony, Muncie, Ind.; Morgan L. Amaimo, Boston, Mass.; H. R. Beedle, Chicago, Ill.; William Bradford, El Paso, Tex.; Fred P. Derbyshire, Chino, Calif.; Clyde Fishback, McCook, Neb.; Scott Han, Grand Forks, N. D.; Lucille Hays, Detroit, Mich.; Dr. Austin J. Kemp, Miami, Fla.; Herman G. Knupke, Honolulu, T. H.; James R. Lytle, Chicago, Ill.; Miriam Mehargue, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. G. Middlemann, Burlington, Ia.; A. Stanley Moreau, Brentwood, Md.; Johnny Moreland, Decatur, Ill.; J. V. O'Reilly, Atlanta, Ga.; John J. Randahl, San Jose, Calif.; J. A. Robb, Newark, N. J.; Herbert Ross, Leonia, N. J.; K. A. Shaw, Washington, D. C.; F. G. Swasey, Scotia, Calif.; W. S. Valentine, New York City, N. Y.; O. D. Weaver, New Albany, Ind.; C. P. Wright, Atlanta, Ga.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

OH, THE MOON IS FICKLE

JUNEAU, ALASKA—It was in 1927, I think, that I read an article in Liberty, by Professor Pickering, treating of the relationship of the moon to the earth, in which he claimed the moon was gradually receding from the earth, and after about 35,000,000 years it would leave the world in such a state of frigidity that all life would become extinct.

Now comes one Donald Furthman Wickets, in June 15 Liberty, telling us that in about 35,000,000 years the moon is going to erupt and send great hunks of hot stuff down on us, and cause such tidal waves that such towns as Chicago and Berlin will be submerged and all efforts of ingenuity will be of no avail, and again life will become extinct—unless some other imaginative comes along from California with a lead rope to jerk us out of the path of those huge meteors. —*W. A. Sherman.*

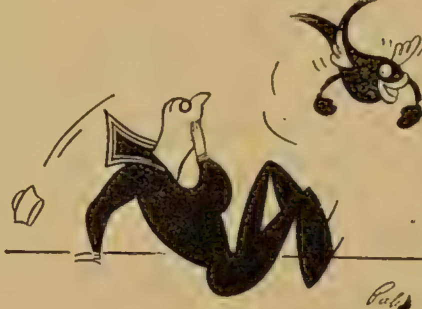
POLLUTING EVERY OTHER ISSUE

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Liberty seems more like good old Liberty with Bert Green polluting every other issue.

Great stuff. Keep it up!—*A. Steele.*

TWO BEAUTIFUL "SHINERS"

TIVOLI, TEX.—You asked for black eyes in July 13 Vox Pop. Here's mine: While at the wheel of the U. S. torpedo destroyer Bainbridge one night, when en route from Puerto Rico to Gibraltar, a flying fish came aboard with a strong tail wind, hit me in the right eye, knocked me down, and gave me a " shiner " that made the noonday sun look like the taillight of a lightning bug. It sounds fishy—and is fishy—but painfully true.—*L. M. Swift, Ex-U. S. Navy.*

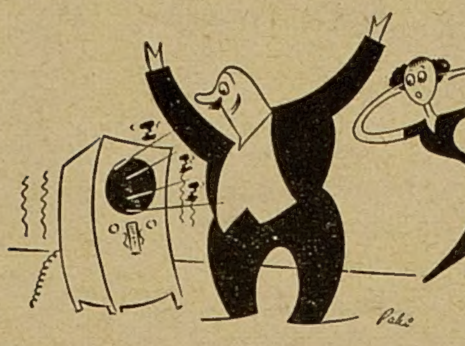


LOUISVILLE, KY.—Didn't you read the cable about Mussolini's nice " shiner " ? The story went that he fell off his horse during his morning ride and picked the " shiner " up off the ground. And in the evening he appeared with the black eye and its story at a reception at the British embassy in Rome. I wonder if the horse's name was, by any chance, Haile Selassie?—*Simple Simon.*

CURB THIS RADIO PEST

SEATTLE, WASH.—Of the various pests that infest the country the radio pest is perhaps the most common variety, since he is found in any locality between the Atlantic and Pacific. He is active at all seasons of the year, day or night. He invades hotels and rooming houses, is found in restaurants, stores, and other public places, not to mention private and boarding houses. In fact, no place is immune.

The average person with normal ears can enjoy his radio program without in any way annoying his next-door neighbor. Not so the radio pest. He must run full blast so it can be heard a block away if possible, or not at all. He is like the man who must have his whisky straight and strong or go without it.



Laws and regulations to curb this pest evidently cannot be enacted in a democratic country like ours.—*Professional Grouch.*

WANTS TO BUY THAT CUD-CHEWING DONKEY

Law Offices of Kay and Akin, Wichita Falls, Tex.—In July 27 Liberty you have an illustrated story of a donkey and mountain lions, in which some goats are mixed up.

I am not particularly interested in literary matters, but if this donkey is still alive, and I assume that he is, because they live to a great age, I wish to buy him, and will thank you to put me in touch with the owner.

I have seen many thousands of them, and this is the first ruminant that I have heard about. I gather from the text of the story that he chews his cud regularly. In fact I wish to exhibit this animal at the coming Texas Centennial, 1936, where I feel that he will be a great attraction. I am willing to pay an upset price of $4,000 for him, but would like to have the refusal at any price.—*John C. Kay.*

GREATEST RACKET

Princeton, N. J.—Why doesn't Liberty take up the cudgel and expose the greatest political racket on earth? It is the alcohol tax racket which will drive all users of alcohol, such as druggists and extract makers, to the wall unless they use bootleg stuff.

We all know how essential alcohol is in many lines of business.

Some can use denatured alcohol at about eighty-five cents per gallon, but the poor druggist and flavor maker has to pay around six dollars per gallon.

To make alcohol, it costs only twenty cents per gallon, according to government figures.—*W. W. Leggett.*

"FIVE BILLION IS CHEAP—"

Alameda, Calif.—It is noble of Mr. Macfadden to build up hope in the hearts of millions of the unemployed unfortunate ones by his editorial, Five Billion Is Cheap if Work Replaces the Dole, in August 3 Liberty. If he can help induce our government to do what *the people* want it to do, he will have done something for humanity and his life will not have been in vain.—*Frank Madden.*

Greenville, S. C.—Mr. Macfadden is damn right—five billion dollars is a colossal sum. Also, he is plenty wrong in his editorial when he insinuates that ten million people who are unemployed will receive five hundred dollars each. It is to laugh.

The writer has observed the workings of Mr. Roosevelt's so-called relief organization in five Southern states, and has noted that 80 per cent of expenditures went to crooked politicians and their satellites.—*J. C. Dodd.*

Chicago, Ill.—Thanks to Mr. Macfadden for his editorial in August 3 Liberty, entitled Five Billion Is Cheap if Work Replaces the Dole. It will do a lot of good.—*W. P. Starr.*

WE STILL PAY UP TO $500 FOR GOOD ONES

Santa Barbara, Calif.—A few years ago Liberty gave the short short form a great impetus by a standing offer of $100 to $500 a story, and that did more to stimulate good work on the part of the writers than tons of rejection slips have done. Many of the teachers of journalism of late have been telling their students it is just a fad, of no real value, and not to bother with it. I do not agree with them.

I believe if Liberty would again make this market interesting with a liberal standing offer, this form of writing could be brought to a high state of perfection.—*Grace G. Meinen.*

LET'S ALL GET TWO DOGS

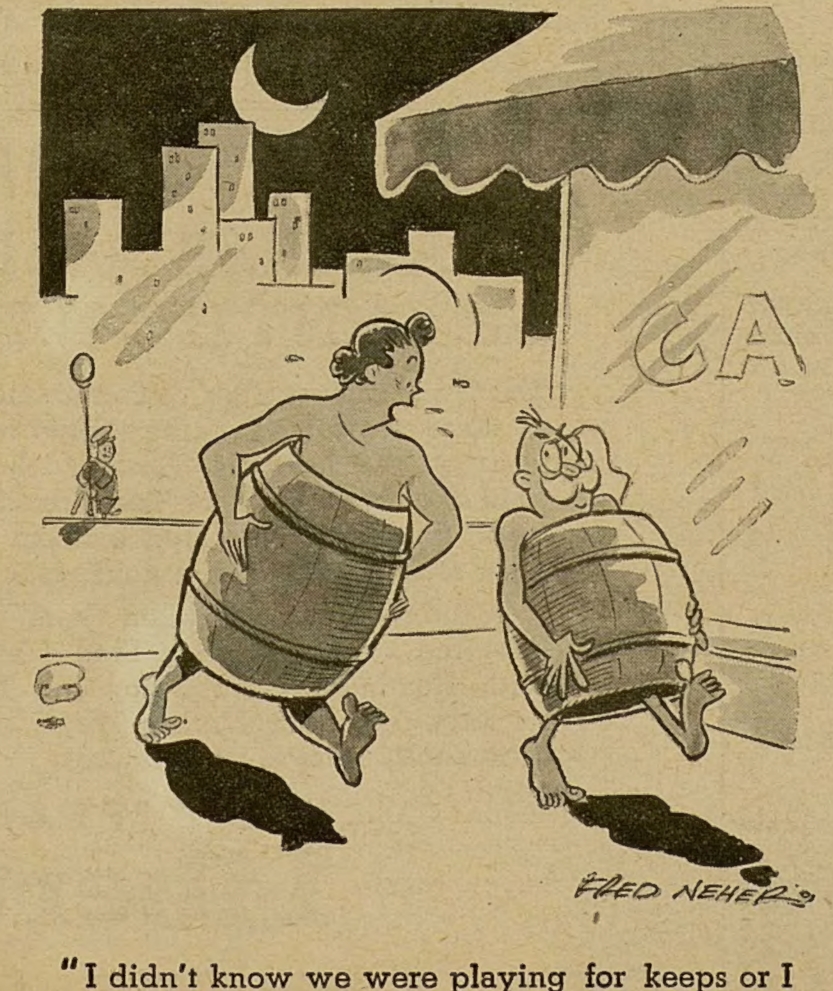
Millington, Mich.—H. C. Hamilton's Vox Pop letter (June 22) on dogs has given me an inspiration which I shall pass on to President Roosevelt. Why plow under so much wheat and foodstuffs when the dog can just as well destroy it? And as the authorities get from two to six dollars per year license on each dog, it would be much better than paying the farmers to plow it under.

Even puppies under license age will tear up enough clothes to keep the price of cotton up.

I don't own a dog but will get one right away to show my patriotism. Hooray! Let's all get two dogs and put Uncle Sam on his feet.—*O. F. Foster.*

Williamsport, Pa.—Mr. Hamilton must hate himself. I have two bird dogs and I certainly would rather feed them than six children—if they were to grow up and have a mentality like Mr. Hamilton's.

I have seen one child more destructive than six dogs put together. What does Mr. Hamilton think should be done about that?—*Just a French Girl.*



"I didn't know we were playing for keeps or I would have watched the cards more carefully"

URGES NEW ALIEN LAW

Gadsden, Ala.—I was the author of the Quota Immigration Law, but another vital move is an Alien Registration Law. Such a bill the writer introduced but the committee would not report it out. All aliens in the United States were required to register by qualifying as to character, morality, education, intelligence, and being self-supporting; the penalty for inability to register: *Deportation.*

The result: Al Capone would have been deported; the little thug who shot at the President at Miami would not have been here; and thousands of other alien criminals would have departed for other shores. If you desire your nation to be freer from kidnapers, racketeers, and gangsters, get behind your senators and representatives and urge them to pass an Alien Registration Law.—*L. B. Rainey, Former Congressman from Alabama.*

ACHING FEET

QUICKLY RELIEVED AND RESTED

Whenever your feet ache, sting, swell, or are sore, chafed or feverish—use Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm for immediate relief. Healing, penetrating; soothes irritated nerves, sore muscles and aching joints; reduces inflammation and swelling; dispels foot odor and quiets painful corns, callouses and bunions. Try it! 35¢—at all drug, shoe and dept. stores. For *free booklet* on Foot Care, write today to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 346 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

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FOOTBALL EQUIPMENT FREE!

Boys!

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COVER BY MACFADDEN STUDIO—GEORGE LARKIN

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In the same issue William Green writes that Labor Will Face the Issue Squarely, Fred MacIsaac entertains you with Hamburgers for Two, and Mrs. Oliver Harriman declares American Women Want Lotteries. Also Liberty's short short, articles, and features.

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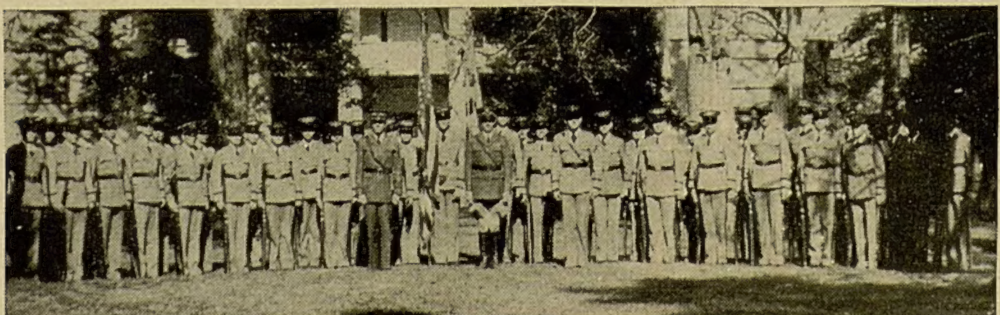

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